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THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

XV.—EN ROUTE AGAIN.



"SORROWS OF WERTHER."

"IT fills me with strange thoughts, this bidding adieu to Frankfort. I recall, dear madam, my previous exit from the same city. I was a boy then, and I was with a young friend, Hohenfels. I recollect how we sat in the theatre after they had put out the lights, among the empty stalls and in the smoky twilight. We wanted to destroy the illusion, you know: boys can afford to destroy illusions, because they have a vast provision of them remaining to draw upon in the future, and so they are pitiless toward their own card-castles. And then we got up and shook off the dust of Frank-

fort, and trudged on through Hochheim to the Rhine, and so to Schlangenbad and Langenschwalbach. Did you ever hear of the Stella, Mrs. Ashburleigh? The Stella was doing cachuchas in the Frankfort theatre then. The lightest heel you ever saw. Stella might have said, like Beatrice, 'There was a star danced, and under that I was born.' We two lads sat in the pit, recovering from our illusions and enjoying some raisins and filberts; and then in the darkness we heard Stella's husband saying, just as if he had spoken of a horse, 'I shall run her six nights at Munich,

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and then take her on to Vienna.' We were greatly shocked, and I suppose felt complacent in being shocked; for we knew we were a pair of fine sentimental fellows."

"I think I remember Stella and Anatole," said Mrs. Ashburleigh. "Stella



DANNECKER'S ARIADNE.

was as thin as a fiddle; and Anatole, who was her grandfather and very respectable, once danced his wreath off, with the hair it encircled."

"How little it takes to satisfy youth!" I pursued. "I know I thought Stella as beautiful as a bird, but it was before I met you at Interlaken."

The image of the theatrical goddess rose up for one moment beside the sublime actuality of the Dark Ladye who was deposited monumentally on a camp-stool. The triumph of the rich reality pleased me: for a single instant I just fancied the peerless Mrs. Ashburleigh curved across the footlights and raising her toe toward the boxes in the slow and measured style they practice in ballets. Her superiority was crushing: excelling as she did all women in everything, I need not say how instantaneously she finished the Stella. The poor chalky wreath of that performer sank beneath the weight of contrast like a stucco pedestal under a marble angel. Truly I had not, when I called Stella fair, en-

countered the peerless realism of British beauty.

"I have not danced, I think, since the death of Vestris," said my commander simply, and motioning for my field-glass with one imperial fore finger.

But where was this tagrag of conversation uttered? And why, if we were still at the sign of The Roman Emperor, was Mrs. Ashburleigh put upon so unusual a piece of hotel-furniture as a camp-stool? And why did I hand her the field-glass? And why did I recall a previous exit from Frankfort? From that city our paths were to lie far apart: she was going to Mayence, and I was returning toward Marly. Yet behold us still together, and evidently no longer amid the street-scenes or balcony-caryatides of Frankfort.

No. Frankfort is left behind, and I am on my route again. It is a naval edifice on whose unstable seats I am jotting down my notes. This fine river is broader than the Main. I am clear of Frankfort, and did the Fates encourage me I might go homeward. But here I am, pushing perversely forward instead of back, urged by another move on that chessboard of destiny which has already found me at many advancing posts of a fatal game—at Strasburg and Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden and Heidelberg.

I recalled to Mrs. Ashburleigh a previous exit from Frankfort. Let me recall this last to myself.

We left the house of Goethe, and the crippled Asmodeus slunk away with his stick as if he were vanishing into the ground.

"Goethe fatigues me," said Mrs. Ashburleigh. "His Werthers and Fausts are out of date: they hang on his shoulders like that eternal coat with the long skirts which we see in every window on the statuettes of Goethe. People may object to the modern spasmodic schools and their passions in tatters: passions in tatters are bad enough, but they are not so bad as passions from the ready-made

clothing-shops—things that did not fit in the first place, and are long since old-fashioned."

It was perhaps a little tyrannical, for she had made me buy the statuette whose protracted garments she was now using for her satire; but woman's tyranny is in proportion to her loveliness. I agreed instantly with all she said, and quoted Titmarsh's lines to the effect that Charlotte "was a married lady" whose passions were in the nature of bread and butter:

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.
Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Yet I could not help wondering if her feelings had not changed a little. In the old days by the Staubbach, when I stole from her album the stories about students and painters, would she have relished a sarcastic allusion to Werther? Fatigued with this psychological inquiry, I had recourse to a bit of the pumpernickel and sausage which remained in brown paper at the bottom of my pocket. I offered some to her, and she accepted it simply, spreading her bread and sausage with that large tranquillity that goes with great natures. Charlotte was eclipsed. So we brought up at the Bethmann Museum.

It is there that we find the Ariadne of Dannecker. I did not forget how I had once greeted the sculptor in his old age, in his room at Stuttgart, where he used to pass hours in looking at engravings after Canova's statuary. Canova, too, is out of fashion at present, and perhaps Dannecker also; and indeed I do not know how many of my boyish idols have not been laid flat or corroded by the purism of the modern critics, the Neo-Grec revival of the Second Empire, and the aesthetics of ugliness taught by English pre-Raphaelites. But, at any rate, Dannecker was another of the good genii of my youth—one who had met me kindly and bidden me good-speed on my pilgrimage. He had praised my Flan-

ders cognomen, reminding me that Paul Flemming was one of the old Minnesingers; and I made in return one of



VENUS OF MILO.

my best compliments, telling him that his head, with hair flowing to the shoulder and pale-blue eye, made him look like Franklin. Further than that I could not go as a connoisseur of heads or a connoisseur of Franklin.

But on reviewing the Ariadne at Frankfort in such company as it was permitted me to have, I hardly saw the technical merits of the work. I studied its symbol only. Immortal allegory of widowhood, eternal encouragement to second marriages, the myth of Ariadne in Naxos shines down through the centuries, casting a silver gleam of poetry on the very statistics of divorce-courts, and cheering, as with wine, whatever modern marriage-tables may chance to be furnished with funeral bakemeats. And I was looking on this figure with one whose claims, both to beauty and bereavement, were undeniable!

The Ariadne of Dannecker reposes upon one of the symbolic panthers which Bacchus brought over after his conquest of India, and turns forward and upward a soft forehead, from whence the new hope has just chased every lingering

shadow of desolation. Even so, it seemed to me, did Mrs. Ashburleigh, imperfectly supported by the remains of the spirit-trade, turn a trustful front to the

in a horizontal posture to indicate that she is not able to stand?"

I was relieved from replying to this conjecture, which I thought able but unlikely, by the assistant's putting the machinery in motion. The statue of Ariadne is occasionally turned round on its pedestal under a column of perpendicular light, which passes through a pink drapery, and gives to the revolving figure the hue and air of life. The pale nymph flushed, turned, looked slowly around, and softly guided her panther away from our indiscreet gaze, while carnation hues and undulating reflections played fitfully over her soft limbs. And again Mrs. Ashburleigh obliged me with one of her penetrating criticisms: "Just like the ballet, is it not?"

And indeed the exhibition is too theatrical. My guide continued, piqued perhaps by a little becoming sense of rivalry: "Was the Stella as pretty as this?"

"I don't think she was quite so stagey," I said.

Near at hand was a cast of the beautiful puzzle found at Melos—the Venus, or Victory, or whatever divinity it may be, who, with the arms she lacks the possession of, has drawn all the world in admiration to her foot.

"It has been restored at Naples as fondling a Cupid; it has been restored at Paris as disarming Mars; it has been restored at Brescia with wings, and made to write with a pencil on a shield. That armless figure," I said, "has set all the archaeologists to wrestling."

"I would restore it as a Diana," said Mrs. Ashburleigh, "and I would make her in the act of shooting an arrow at the entire race of impudent young gentlemen. The Dianas, you are aware, know how to make themselves respected."

"No, no," I said: "Diana is no such bitter enemy of a whole sex as you represent her. I can give you an argument. You remember, in the same Louvre which enshrines yonder Venus is the Huntress



HERR CUYPERS'S INCOMPLETED TASK.

dawning future, and just hold a marble ear in a receptive posture for whatever promise might be in the wind from the wandering Hymen,

whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

I have ever rejected, as coarse and unworthy, the specious explanation that the original Ariadne of Crete was an august but ill-advised princess who, after an unhappy love-affair, had rushed into habits of intoxication. Mary Ashburleigh, however, seemed to give some credit to this interpretation, or at least to have heard of it; for she said: "Do you think the sculptor has disposed her

Diana, the *Diane à la Biche*. Well, the *biche*, modest little doe as she runs at the side of her goddess, is there represented with a pair of well-developed antlers—ornaments which in Nature belong only to the male. The symbol of Diana is thus the harmonizing of the two sexes, not their enmity."

"Since you are so analytical," said my commander, "I can tell you another of the public secrets of the Louvre. The Venus of Milo is not only separated at the waist, in the manner that has been discussed so widely, but the knot of hair is a separate piece of marble fastened on to her head. The Paris Venus is therefore very appropriately the inventress of the false chignon."

Rarely have I met so well-informed a critic. With a certain amount of tuition from her husband, joined to her taste for art and some taste for surgery, Mary Ashburleigh had become a matchless anatomist. It was while examining the little plaster Goethe that she alarmed me by suddenly making me throw my head back, and dissecting with a sharp crayon my sterno-hyoid, omoplat-hyoid and thyro-hyoid muscles, with the digastric, mylo-hyoid, and all that was visible of the sterno-cleido-mastoid above the necktie.

During this unusual *tête-à-tête*, "Unpermissible Fortnoye that you are," I cried to myself, "who would carry away so resplendent a creature! It will be the very shame of shames if you attach for the second time to the wine-trade this divine Ariadne!"

At the foot of Dannecker's statue she said suddenly, "And to think all this while a whole congress of dressmakers and hatters are awaiting me at Mayence! These antique belles are so superior to the needs of costume that they make us quite forget. Draw your watch, Mr. Flemming, and tell me if I have time to get to the station."

Instead of the hour, I told her the history of my repeater: she laughed musically, and we strolled to the Parade-ground.

The time of separation was come. I was preparing to arrange a system of correspondence, which I proposed to make very warm on my part, sure that

I could in that way introduce a course of ideas which I found it impossible to conduct among the interruptions and hourly impertinences of travel. I was murmuring a few words, and she was glancing at the windows, eager and preoccupied. The porters from the hotel, marking their prey, gathered round us, and she and I were beating them off in two or three languages. I pressed my card upon her, with my hibernating address at Passy.

"I shall have you there next winter?" I impetrated.

"*Je serais ravie!*" said she.

"Heaven forbid!" said I.

I stared after her retreating form. She disappeared in the hall, and the crowded Parade-ground with its throngs appeared to me the very desolation of the earth.

A figure from a shop close by attracted my notice by bouncing suddenly against me. It was my faithful assistant, Charles. He was admiring something in his hand, to the exclusion of all other claimants of attention: the object, no doubt intended for Josephine the cook, was a ball of wax-fuse, wound upon itself like twine, and painted externally with a wreath of forget-me-nots.

"Stupid!" said his employer. "Where are the trunks? Have you forgotten them in that tallow-chandler's shop?"

I had instructed him in the morning how to convey my trunks and botany-box, properly lettered and directed for the Frankfort-Heidelberg line.

"Monsieur will not be alarmed," said Charles with several bows, which under the circumstances looked as though addressed to the taper, still retained in his hand. "The baggages are safely at the railway. On my road I met the hotel-porter. He was wheeling off the trunk of the English lady in a large barrow, and, since monsieur is traveling with madam, I simply completed the load of the porter with the wardrobe of monsieur."

"Triple crétin!" I exclaimed, with an ardent impulse to strangle my good and affectionate prodigy. "Charles," I almost sobbed, "you have made me appear like an intriguer, a pursuer, a bore, a sticking-plaster, and I don't know what



CHARLES AS IDIOT.

else, in the eyes of a most critical and intelligent lady. She will never believe that I didn't tell you to lose those trunks at the wrong station. Run straight back and fetch them. No, stay! I cannot wait fuming here. I'll go with you."

As we descended from our carriage at the dépôt, Mary Ashburleigh got out of hers : "What! you here, Mr. Flemming?"

"Not at all," I said anxiously. "At least, it is only because you have got my clothes in your wheelbarrow."

"I have your clothes? What can you possibly mean?"

"Dear madam," said I, "allow me to explain. Charles is an idiot."

"I can hardly see how his idiocy impels you to travel so much farther in my direction than you said."

"Only hear and believe me, dearest madam, and I'll convince you that I am *not* going in your direction."

"Oh! then you are *not* going to Mayence?"

"By no means. Appearances are against me."

"Whither do you go then, Mr. Flemming?"

"Where I said—to Heidelberg, Strasburg and Épernay."

"I thought you had just been to those places."

"That is true; and I hope to see them again without loss of time. But Charles, by a blunder, has thrown me in a heap upon the tender mercies of your trunk."

"My trunk!" said Mary Ashburleigh in sincere alarm. "There are four uncut dresses in it. For the sake of old times, Paul Flemming, go and see if my trunk is marked for Castel."

I investigated. The baggage, my own included, was on the train, marked by the hotel-porter for Castel, opposite Mayence: I could extricate nothing.



THE TRUNKS.

"Then I am satisfied," said Mrs. Ashburleigh. A great relenting and heavenly charity now took possession of this loveliest of women. She said : "Your baggage is imprisoned. You had better get into prison too." And she pointed to the railway-coach.

In fact, I wondered that I had not determined to go home by way of Mayence and the choicest part of the Rhine, rather than by my old tiresome itinerary of errors. With my commander pointing that supreme fore finger of hers, to obey was to be happy.

The divinity, once assured that she was not bankrupt with her dressmaker, ameliorated like a summer morning. And thus once again I traveled by her side: our talk was sculpture, books and anatomy. In renewing our relations I could but growl once more, "Unbearable Fortnoye!"

In the course of an hour we arrived at Castel, where Mrs. Ashburleigh plunged into abstinence and retirement with her syndicate of dressmakers. It was a moral rather than a material separation which rose between us: physically, there was but the bridge between Castel and Mayence, in whose Hôtel d'Angleterre I established myself, but morally there was the gulf of Dress. I could get nothing uttered, yet I was not repulsed. My most ardent speeches were extinguished with woolens and silks, yet I was allowed to communicate day by day, bearing in my pockets across the bridge a telegraphy of buttons and sewing-silks—the Exchange quotations in those matters of the Castel and Mayence sides of the river.

And so I lay that lovely May night—while Hohenfels was fighting my battles in Heidelberg—under the moon-painted Dom of Mayence, whose outlines are clotted by builders' materials amassed by Herr Architect Cuypers.

Like the spire of my own life, which still shot ineffectually toward its Elysium when I last came hither, the cathedral of Mayence is a romance of the Middle Age—unfinished.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

WHEN I told my spinster aunt that I was purposing to devote my autumn holiday to visiting the Dolomites, and she replied, "Indeed! I don't know them: who are they?" and I respectfully observed that "they" were not people, but mountains, I did so without much surprise, for my aunt's school-days are—well, farther off than mine. But when my younger brother, who is just on the verge of his degree examination, and knows, or is supposed to know, something about everything, from Aryan mythology to German nihilism, and from Hesiod to the *Daily Graphic*, confessed that he had explored his atlases and geographical manuals and could not find the Dolomites anywhere, I began to think that I really might stand some chance of escaping from the tracks of Mr. Cook and his tourists, with their green ticket-books and coupons, if I started for the Dolomites at once.

We were a party of three—the best of numbers, to my thinking, where men travel together. If you are two, your tastes must be ideally twin, or you will assuredly before long fall different ways. If you are four, you are sure to break up into pairs. But three are just enough to fill a carriage, to finish a couple of bottles of wine, to divide the linguistic difficulties of the Continent; and whenever, as will happen in the best-regulated parties, two differ, the third man is always available to give a casting vote, or at least to serve the

useful office of a medium through which the opposing spirits may communicate and be reconciled.

I have heard it set down (by London-



HIGH STREET, CORTINA.

ers) among the brag-worthy advantages of London that one may start from it for anywhere. It is equally true and remarkable that one may start from anywhere for the Dolomites; but they lie at a goodish distance, as Old-World distances go, from the nearest English-speaking country; which is England. To localize the district roughly, draw an imaginary line south from Salzburg on

the Tyrol to Venice, and halfway down | here, before going farther, it may be as the line you strike the Dolomites. And | well to mention, and have done with it



MONTI CRISTALLO AND PIC POPENA.

(strictly for the benefit of my spinster aunt and my Cambridge brother, and any stray individual whose education or

atlas may chance to be defective on the subject), that the Dolomites are a quite unique bunch of mountains covering a

square of fifty miles or thereabouts, incredibly gaunt and weird in shape, extraordinary in their coloring, interestingly dubious and contestable as to their geological formation, and named after a certain scientific Frenchman, M. Dolomieu, who, some seventy years ago, when the globe contained more unvisited nooks and corners than it does now-a-days, visited the district and first called attention to its geological peculiarities.

In the noon-glare of a glorious September day we were halting for the customary veal cutlet and red Tivoler at Toblach, a little village in the valley of the Drave, just at the point where the Ampezzo Thal, opening due southward, carries a good road down past Cortina, the capital of the Dolomite country, past Titian's Cadore and Conegliano, to the Adriatic and Venice. Presently came lumbering along the daily *stell-wagen* for Cortina, the sole vehicle available for our conveyance, and, alas! already crammed, as it seemed, with people and packages. But we called to mind the schoolboy story of how Cæsar came into Gaul, and in a moment we had flung our knapsacks up on to the roof of the dusty old omnibus, and, climbing after them, took up airy if somewhat precarious positions on the top of an irregular pile of baggage.

The entrance to the Ampezzo valley is narrow. Tall screen-like cliffs stand across the way, as if unwilling to disclose the wonders within. For truly, when you have once passed the screen, you are likely to come out with an interjection or two. A wilderness of gaunt, fantastic peaks and pinnacles, deep yellow mostly, with here and there a sprinkling of blood-red stains, reaching up sheer and stark into the sky out of a narrow basement fringe of pines. To the left the Drei Zinnen overhang a dark melancholy tarn; right in front Monte Cristallo rises to ten thousand feet, with a bit of glacier just contriving to cling in the fork between its two sharp summits; while to the right the eye is fascinated by the Croda Malcora, in shape and coloring terribly suggestive of a bloodstained giant's altar. This seems

pretty well to begin with, but greater marvels are in store, in compensation for the joltings and other slight inconveniences of a ride on the roof of a royal and imperial *stell-wagen*, before Cortina is reached. For suddenly the road, here terraced high up on a mountain-side, rounds a buttress of the Cristallo, and, framed in the gap between this buttress and Tofana, three wonderful, altogether unforgettable Dolomite giants stand across the view—Sorapis with its clustered towers, huge bell-shaped Antelao, and Pelmo in outline like a lion *couchant*—their yellow masses clear cut against the southern sky. The simultaneous "Oh!" that broke from every mouth except the driver's attested eloquently enough the surprise and delight of the scene.

At Cortina d'Ampezzo (to give the chief village of the valley its full title) you are still in Austria—the Italian frontier crosses the road half a dozen miles farther down—but the prevailing *patois* is already more flavored with Italian than German elements, though certainly some of the natives do contrive to mix the two languages in their talk most impartially. At that dear, pleasant little hostelry, the Stella d'Oro, everything is sheer Italian, from the hostesses, the sisters Barbaria, to the little chamber-help; so we must throw off one language and put on another as best we may. No use at all being shy about it where you want beds and food and drink from people who simply don't know any lingo but their own; and indeed, given a very morsel of antecedent grammar knowledge and a pocket dictionary, the tongue soon runs along glibly enough in the strictly necessary and useful ruts of conversation.

While the cloth is being laid for dinner on the second-floor landing, the place of honor in many a Dolomite hamlet, there is time enough for a stroll up the village street, lazily wondering where the money came from to build this massive new *campanile* (a younger brother of the famous one in St. Mark's Piazza) that towers high above the church, and stopping to admire the spirited wall-paintings with which Ghedina, the Venetian painter, has frescoed the outside of his land-

lord-father's Aquila Vera. "Il pranzo, | baria (each sister takes one entire floor signori—è pronto." Our Signora Bar- | of the house under her exclusive charge)



MONTE ANTELAO.

is on the lookout for us, anxious and bustling, at the door; and in two minutes, on that second-floor landing just outside

our bedrooms, we are attacking a plentiful tureen of *minestra* (a watery gray soup containing an ample deposit of rice,

which C—— irreverently christens "pudding"), to which succeed in due course a pile of maccaroni, with bits of mutton about the size of raisins in it, a plateful of craggy beef and an omelette; and if such a *menu* is not enough to content men who have been out all day long in whatever weather happens to be going, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment, too, of wine that at any rate has probably the merit of being unadulterated, they must be harder to please than we were. And when I add that on the table stood a kind of Portland Vase of mustard, so tall and capacious that one naturally turned up one's sleeve and took a gravy-spoon in hand for the purpose of exploring its recesses, it must be obvious to the inductive mind that Cortina is a land of plenty.

And here, once for all, I must own up, though at the risk of robbing the Dolomites of that reputation for precarious victualing with which some travelers have managed to invest them, that the robustest Anglo-Saxon need not fear finding his carnivorous wants stinted in their most retired valleys. The tales of infrequent meat, and occasional dearths even of bread, with which we had been warningly regaled before leaving home, turned out to be sheer moonshine. The humblest albergo always had *minestra* and some kind of meat and *frittata* to offer. There was always a choice between red wine and white, though the former might be a trifle inky and the latter acidulous. And almost everywhere the coffee, bread and butter were as good as need be. The Stella d'Oro, indeed, boasts the unusual luxury of tea, as two English ladies, obviously spinsters—where will not English spinsters penetrate?—informed us before we had been a couple of hours in the house, adding, "You must tell them that you like it *forte*." I ordered tea for two, "*fortissimo*," and lo! next morning there appeared at our early breakfast a veritable wash-hand-jugful of the potentest Bohea; of which my friend J——, with a fine fearlessness, poured down his throat four cupfuls at the sitting.

There is scope enough on the peaks

about Cortina for the expertest mountaineer to prove his cragmanship and for anybody to break his neck sensationaly. There is ample choice of rambles afoot, and Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and, living amongst the Dolomites, grew into the habit of putting their weird shapes upon his canvases, lies within a day's pilgrimage. But the real centre and heart of the district, the most captivating and characteristic natural surroundings, must be looked for at Caprile, six hours' good walking to the south-west.

To Caprile, though, one cannot very conveniently take baggage, except to the extent of a knapsack; so before leaving Cortina it is necessary to make some sort of arrangement for sending on, in hope of some day finding it again, any reserve of clothing that one may happen to be blessed (or plagued) with. In our case Venice seemed likely to be the next place where we should think of collars and razors; so it was arranged that the afternoon before our start for Caprile I should take a single-horse trip to the Italian frontier, see the three little portmanteaus of the party safely through the custom-house there, and book them on to our intended hotel on the Grand Canal. My comrades, J—— and C——, gave me, of course, each his key, that I might be able to open all or any of the "pieces" on demand, and with an honesty that I am bold to brag of (for I had nothing personally to gain or lose by it) it had been agreed that I was to own to J——'s portmanteau containing some tobacco, and take the consequences of duty or its forfeiture. Away we bowled down the white road in the westering sun, Antelao in front, pitched like a Titan's bell-tent to guard the way, and my driver volubly treating me to Germano-Italian sandwiches of chatter, the predominant burden being—not the marvelous mountains, not any of the things or habits noteworthy or interesting in the Ampezzo Thal, but—the hardness of his own individual life, and his certain conviction that every Englishman was "full of gold." Hardly past the bilingual notice-boards that mark the frontier,

a dusty-coated official of the baser sort | bids us halt. "The Dogana?" "No, stalking athwart the road magnificently | signor—the Fumigator." "The Fumi-



MONTE PERALTO.

gator? Why, what on earth—" but before I can get my sentence finished (in Italian) the dusty-coated one, with the

connivance of my driver, has whipped off all the baggage into a whitewashed building by the roadside; which has the

no-doubt-intended effect of making me descend and follow suit. As soon as Dusty-coat has got us all into his den he proceeds to lock the door, and then, go-

ing to a brazier in the corner, stirs into vaporous life a panful of some abominable chemicals; after which he finds time and complaisance to vouchsafe me



NEAR CORTINA.

the information that this is the Italian government's device for keeping cholera out—now that it is fairly in—and that, in fine, he would like to have the pleasure of drinking my health in return for his suffocating assault upon it. Well, to escape into fresh air again is cheap at a depreciated *lira* ransom; and a couple of hundred yards farther brings us to the custom-house at last. The receiver in person politely comes forward to conduct the examination of my portmanteaus. "Anything to declare, signor?" "Yes" (with a glow of conscious virtue in the avowal)—"some tobacco in that black portmanteau." "Hah! Open it." I have some little difficulty with the lock, not having tried J——'s bramah before starting, but in half a minute the contraband portmanteau is open, and— Hallo! where is that tobacco? The pouch, I know well, is of a size calculated (as J—— says) to serve a fellow for a pillow at a pinch, and his last words to me were that he had placed it, to save trouble, on the top. No signs of it, though. Feel-

ing ridiculously nonplussed, I prod about excitedly among J——'s clothing. The receiver kneels down beside me, and we both prod. No effects; and at last the receiver courteously declares, "It's a romance, or at any rate the quantity must be too minute to make a fuss about;" and he forthwith closes the examination. Judge of the tableau that we three assisted at in the Venice hotel when it turned out that, through a genuinely unwitting confusion of my friends' two portmanteaus, I had opened and searched the wrong one, and the sly pillow-pouch had thus slipped unconfiscated into Italy!

How are the mighty fallen! There was a time when Caprile, hidden away here in the Dolomites more than half a hundred miles from the nearest point of the Adriatic, was under the rule of the Venetian doges. Witness the unmistakable Lion of St. Mark mouldering on this column in the centre of the finest of piazzas! Beautiful Caprile, altogether unforgettable! Lofty pine-covered Alps closing in, shelteringly, north, east and

west, while directly to the south the Monte Civita, a giant Dolomite, rises sharp and sheer, a curtain of bare rock overhanging the wondrously green water



THE AIGUILLES OF THE SCHLERN.

of Lake Alleghe. It is historic fact that this lake was formed almost, we may say, in a night. It was in the year seventeen hundred and something: without note of warning a huge mountain-mass broke away from the Civita's nearest neighbor, dammed up the river that runs down the valley, drove it back upon two hapless villages, and drowned them in a suddenly-created lake. It is said that when the surface is calm one may still descry housetops far below. We, for our parts, were content to leave that part of the story an unverified tradition.

The Albergo Pezzé at Caprile is a good typical specimen of the Dolomite inn. Its exterior is rather a shock, perhaps, to

the average traveler at first sight. From the street you enter, under a narrow archway, an unkempt stone-floored passage or lobby space, a repository for miscellaneous lumber. Undeterred by appearances, it behooves you to mount the staircase to the first floor, and there, emerging from the kitchen, the Signora Pezzé, the hostess, will welcome you with the kindest smile; and you feel in a moment, even before you have climbed another flight of stairs to the airy, scrupulously-clean bedrooms and snug little sitting-room of the second floor, that you have found a place where you may well rest and be thankful. What matter if the equipage of your chamber be a trifle incongruous? A mediæval harpsichord, that may have charmed the ears of many an aristocratic republican from Venice, stood in a corner of mine, and I knelt down in another corner to perform my ablutions (as best I might) by means of a pie-dish placed on a low rush-bottomed chair.

Across the passage J—— and C—— were sharing a room, three walls of which were hung with gaudy-robed saints, to say nothing of holy-water receptacles at the bedheads, while on the fourth wall flaunted unabashed a recumbent Venus, as lightly clad as Titian's in the Venice Accademia. And time doesn't hang heavily in the little *sala* during the mountaineer's short evenings. Gilbert and Churchill's book on *The Dolomites* is there of course, and a miscellaneous collection of Tauchnitz novels, and—what one certainly would not have expected—three or four recent numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it seems this dear old (I don't use the second epithet strictly) Signora Pezzé

actually has posted to her twice a week from London for the benefit of her English-reading *forestieri*. Not that one has much time or inclination for literature at such moments. The evening meal takes some time, though indeed the signora, gliding about from table to table, always benevolently beaming and quick to anticipate every want, does, in her tranquil, unflurried way, manage to wait upon a roomful of people with an effective promptness that I have never yet seen equaled. And then there is the free-flowing conversation that always abounds, even among Britishers and Americans, when they are on holiday jaunts abroad, with the extra attraction of being able to practice languages upon any foreigners who may happen to be present. Notably did J— distinguish himself in this line at Caprile. It so happened that while we were discussing our mutton fillets and peach fritters ("roughing it," you see, as usual) in a corner of the public room, the only other occupants were two gentlemen volubly discoursing in Italian at a neighboring table.

The name of some Dolomite village which we expected to visit chanced to occur in their talk; whereupon nothing would do for J—, emboldened by mutton and alcoholic ink (my translation of *buon vino ordinario*), but to strike in and show off his Italian fluency. The nearest stranger, the one attacked, responded courteously, and at it they went for half an hour or thereabouts, till J— came back to his now cold fritters immensely pleased with his success in conversing with a real native, and complacently inclined to think that his own speech had not betrayed his nationality. Judge of the chaff and banter that ensued when, resorting afterward to the visitors' book, we found that the native was after all a German professor, who—such is the omniscience of the species—could doubtless have chatted away just as easily in English as he had done, to oblige J—, in Italian.

How suddenly the weather changes in mountain-districts! The night before we were to leave Caprile everything betokened a fair-weather journey, but the



UNKNOWN MOUNTAINS NEAR CORTINA.

morning dawned in such torrents of rain that the good folk of the albergo deliberately omitted to call us at the early

hour that we had named, and but for the noise of the water plashing from the spouts we might have lain abed till mid-

day. However, we were up and dressed and holding council over our coffee and eggs by six o'clock. It was clearly no

use staying in-doors; and one can't expect to have everything one's own way, at least until the clerk of the weather



VENETIAN LION AT CAPRILE.

puts on human shape and (what some folk tell us is pretty much the same thing) bribeability. So young Bartolo Battista, our guide and porter, gamely heaved the knapsacks on to his back: we threw our ever-useful Scotch shawls over our shoulders, and fared out into the driving rain. There is positively no doubt about it: your fair-weather traveler loses a multitude of experiences worth having. Lucretius would not have felt half so vividly the sweetness of sitting at ease on the shore while regarding the toils of his fellow-mortals on the deep if he had never himself been knocked about by a headwind. We, if the rain-clouds did conceal the mountain-outlines, if the rain did beat upon us with an insistence that only a Scotch maud can foil,—well, I, for my part, protest that we had our compensations. The Sottoguda Gorge—a wonderful cleft, so narrow that in places there is not room enough between the sheer walls for path and torrent, except by carrying the one on a frail causeway a few feet above the other

—is sufficiently memorable, maybe, at all times; but see it as we did, the stream below swollen to storm-fury, the cliffs overhead touching the low driving mist-banks, and you will appreciate the sight—afterward, when you are indoors and dry, if not sooner. And then the Fedaja Pass! Why, on an ordinary August or September day you may expect to find there a succession of grass-slopes and much sun. Try it in caitiff weather, as it was our fortune to do, and in four or five hours from Caprile you may be enjoying all the specialties of the High Alps—interminable slopes and plateaus of treacherously deep snow, through which, losing the path, you now and then fall sprawlily thigh-deep, snow beating blindingly in your face, wind (not your own—far from it) *ad lib.*, with the extra excitement of being conscious that your guide is not altogether sure of his road. Ours was a cheery, willing young fellow, but there was just one moment when it needed the hint of the probability of a something over and

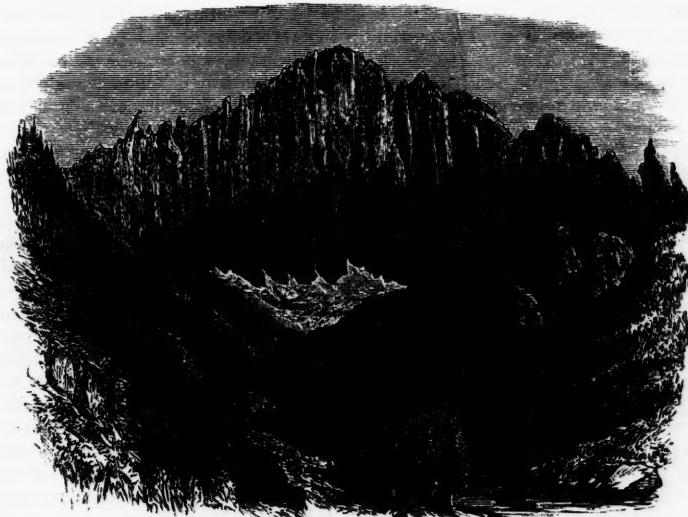
above the tariff charge rewarding his accomplishment of the day's journey to sway his mental balance in favor of piloting us over the summit of the pass. Perhaps, to do him justice, there would not have been even that one moment of indecision but for the nervous shock of a sudden squall that blew to rods and tatters his friend of many years—his umbrella.

Midday was past, and with it the highest point of the Fedaja, when suddenly the snow-flakes stopped falling, the dull air grew luminous, and with a magic rapidity of development which might well have broken the heart of a transformation-scene deviser, the sun burst through the clouds, routed them, broke them up, and sent them in picturesque, wisplike flight from his presence into such shadowed hollows as might offer refuge. Marmolata, the loftiest of the Dolomites, and a score of fantastic peaks all round, stood out into the light, lustrous and sparkling in their new snow-garments, and relieved against a background of the brightest blue, while below the pine woods, with every feathery branch weighted with glistening snow, completed a scene that more than re-

paid us for the little discomforts of the morning.

That night J—— again had to remark (and I must say not without reason) that "if this was roughing it, well, on the whole, he rather preferred roughing it." The scene was Antonio Rizzi's at Vigo in the Fassa Thal. The ground floor of the albergo appears to serve the purpose of a carthouse, and the bedroom landing opens on one side into a hayloft; but the tubs of hot water are not the less hot and ample, the host and his family are not the less hearty and obliging, the food and beds are not the less ample and wholesome, on that account. Soup, trout, veal cutlets, salad, *pasti dolci* and an omelette as big as J——'s tobacco-pouch were laid before us in the evening; bouquets for our button-holes lay upon our breakfast-plates in the morning; and if there had been but a little coffee in the chicory, we should positively have had to fall back, for grumbling material, upon the grievance of having nothing to grumble about.

Very comfortable are the beds at the Albergo Rizzi—too comfortable, I was inclined to think, when, at a not unreasonably early hour of one of the finest



MONTE CIVITA.



THE MARMOLATA, FROM THE PASS OF ALLEGHE.

mornings that ever dawned, the getting C—— out of his blankets became the burning question of the moment.

"Come now, old man! up with you!
Time we were off."

A grunt from under the bed-clothes.

"Glorious sunshine."

"Don't see it."

"And it's positively gone seven some time ago."

"My watch says five." (It had stopped, I knew, the previous afternoon, on his dropping it accidentally from his pocket.)

"Come, come! That's a very feeble imitation of the festive undergraduate's four-o'clock retort."

"What do you mean?" (Signs of interest, a head and arm appearing above the coverlet.)

"Why, the man who, coming back to his college from a slightly protracted wine-party, with ebrious gravity assured the porter, who told him it was 'past four, sir,' that that couldn't be, for he had just passed by the university church and heard it *strike one repeatedly*."

At this moment sounded without the anxious voice of one of the signore of the house, announcing that our break-

fast omelette was already in the pan—an announcement which instantaneously dissipated C——'s remaining sleepiness, and brought him with a bound into his morning tub.

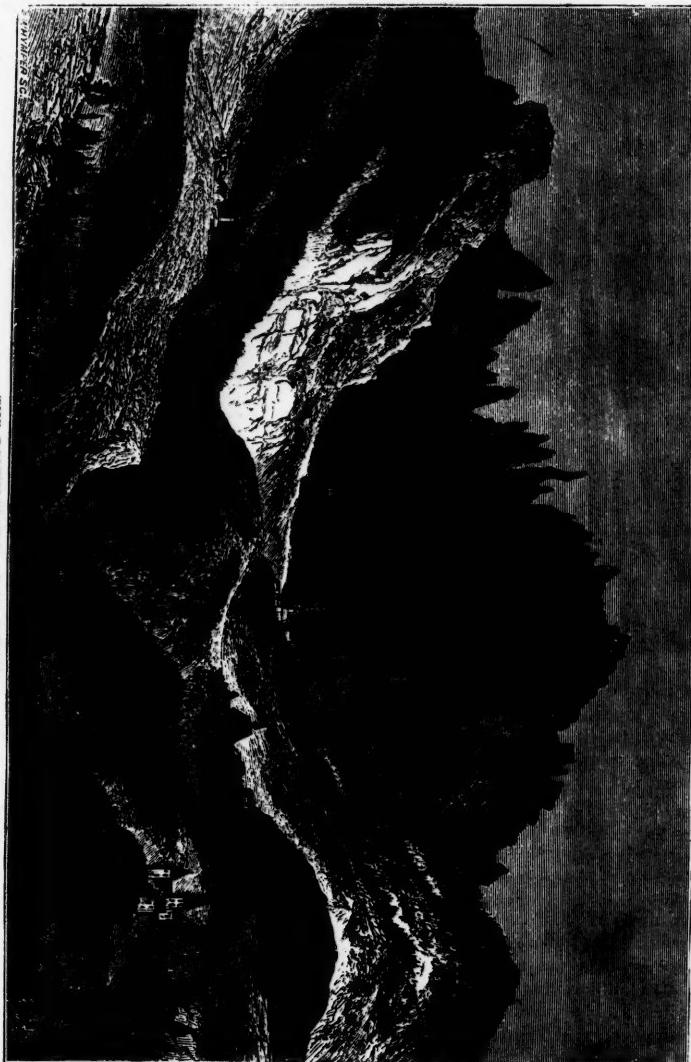
Down stairs a fresh bouquet on every plate and hearty handshaking and a perfectly overpowering shower of leave-taking utterances. Certainly, whatever may be the comparative copiousness of the Italian and English languages, taken as wholes, they altogether distance us in the matter of phrases of farewell.

The morning air was clear and frosty as we struck down the valley, with promise, though, of coming noonday heat. To the north-west, toward Botzen, the spike-like Aiguilles of the Schlern shoot up eight thousand feet and more, but in this deep valley they are hidden from our view by a long fantastic chain to our right, where the yellow pinnacles of the Rosengarten stand out clear cut against the blue. On our bed-room walls some local artist had frescoed imaginary peaks of the Japanese tea-tray type, with quite uncalled-for idealism; for here, under his very eyes, had he chosen to use them, he had every day before him mountain-forms more strange, more improbable,

to copy from than any his fancy was likely to devise.

"Just so!" remarked J—— senten-

tiously: one is apt to be sententious for an hour or so after a breakfast so solid as they furnish at Rizzi's. "Foreign-



THE ROSENKRÄTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

ers are such a queer lot, you know: seems to me they're always going out of their way to make comic blunders,

with a benevolent view, I sometimes incline to suspect, to the amusement of us traveling Britishers. Their advertisers,



PREDAZZO.

for instance, make such a delicious mess of it when they will follow up their announcements with a would-be English translation. You remember that hotel advertisement that we found, framed and glazed, in the station waiting-room at Linz? The German half of it was correct enough, of course—

"As our intimate ignorance of the language assured us, eh?"

"Don't interrupt. I'm content to credit the advertiser with, at any rate, as much knowledge of his own lingo as one of our own advertisers has of his. But the translation was simply delightful: I treasure every adjective of it: 'Hotel of the Post, Weissnau. Accomplished Drinks, Captivating Meats, Boats, and a Excellent Bath.'"

"A most excellent bathos," he might have said. But I own there's an unconsciousness about the language of your Weissnau landlord that amuses me more than this French production that I got yesterday enclosed in a note from our friend S—at Mentone. Did I read it to you? It's not bad as a bit of fun, even granting—what I won't pledge myself to, one way or the other—that the author might have been a little more

idiomatically bilingual if he had tried. I'll read it to you while you're shifting your knapsack; which, by the way, you will find ride vastly easier if you'll just let out the strap another hole or two. Listen:

"GRAND HOTEL BIJOVE

"(English House),

"Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADE KROMESKY,
Propriétaire.

"Tous les agréments du *High-Life* se trouvent réunis dans ce magnifique établissement, nouvellement organisé et entretenu sur le pied du confortable le plus recherché. Salons de Société, de Lecture et de Billard.

"Pension à prix modérés. Cuisine et service hors ligne. Spécialités de rosbif, rhum, thé Pekoe, porterbeer, wischky, old Thom et autres consommations dans le goût britannique. On parle toutes les langues."

"Here followeth the translation:

"THE GREAT BY-JOVE HOTEL,

"Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADES KROMESKY,
Proprietar.

"All the agreements of high-life are reunited in this magnificent establishment, newly organized, and entertained upon the footing of the most researchd confortable. Salons of Society, Lecture and Billiard.

"Pension to moderate prices. Kitchen and service out of common. Specialties of roastbeef, rhum-punsch, Pekoe tea, porterbeer, wischky, old Thom, and other consummations in the britisch taste. One speaks all the languages."

"There now, what do you say to that, J——, eh?"

"Humph! Don't mind going as far as to say, '*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*,' if that will be any gratification to you. But the sun's getting on apace with his day's journey; so I vote for tramping on without more of your comic readings for the present."

Ten miles and a bittock (if that convenient Scotch word may be permitted) from Campidello stands the little town of Predazzo, long celebrated by geologists and mineralogists, but not much known, as yet, to the unscientific traveler. The authorities competent to dogmatize on such subjects have settled, I believe, that the place occupies the site of an ancient crater; an idea which would perhaps hardly suggest itself to the non-geological mind, inasmuch as far from lying in anything like a hole, entirely surrounded by steep hill-walls tolerably close at hand—which would be the ordinary non-scientific conception of the site of a played-out crater—Predazzo lies at the point of junction of three sufficiently wide valleys, not by any means encircled, in any strict sense of the word, by mountains, and indeed several miles away from a considerable part of the ranges which can most nearly be said to surround it. However, the illustrious savants whose names, from Humboldt's downward, fill the yellowing pages of the treasured little visitors' book in the Nave d'Oro, doubtless ought to know best; so I won't go further than

to record a humble wish that they had left on the spot some written exposition of the reasons for their conclusion.

Here again at Predazzo one finds in the signora of the inn—whose sign, a gilded three-master, swings creakily in metal-work over the entrance-arch—the representative of a very old family of



THE DREI ZINNEN.

gentle blood. She is a Giacomelli, and has a right to the Giacomelli escutcheon, which, bearing the date 1520, hangs over a door on the first-floor landing. All down one side of the *sala* runs a glazed cabinet well stored with mineralogical specimens collected in the immediate neighborhood and presented by various learned visitors; and C—— will be quite happy in examining these, and J—— in making acquaintance with the bread and

butter and *vino ordinario* of the inn, while I go down stairs again to consult the landlady about the means of getting a vehicle and horses to take us over the five-and-twenty miles of road that lie between us and our self-destined night-quarters at Primiero.

"*Niente cavallo.*"

"What! no horses? Most excellent signora, you are surely joking. The Signor Rizzi told us most distinctly this morning that here we should find no difficulty at all in getting horses—that the *padrone* of the post-house—"

"Ah, yes, there are eight, ten horses generally, but there have been so many *forestieri* passing through lately—two horses here, two there—I assure you, signors, there is not one horse for hire in the town."

A pretty predicament, truly! That humorous creation of Lewis Carroll's fancy, a Caucus race—in which "you set off when you like and stop when you like, and then everybody had a prize"—is a capital thing in its way. There is abundant pleasure to be got out of a tour the plan of which is that there shall be no plan, but circumstances and impulse be left to work their will with each day's rambling. But if you happen to have made up your mind for something altogether different—if, pressed by inexorable necessities of time and space, you have worked out a complex problem of hours and miles and legs and lungs, human and equine, with the determined aim of achieving a given goal within the limits of (say) a given daytime—why, then, if some utterly unforeseen circumstance crops up to upset your calculations, it is hard to assume the rôle of cheerful resignation all at once, even where delay will involve no greater hardship than a closer acquaintance with so notable a spot as Predazzo.

Yes, at Primiero we must and would spend our next night. But how to get there? Even if human legs could pace the distance between noon and September dark—which, to judge from Ball's

almost always trusty *Guide*, seemed, to say the least, doubtful—it was quite certain that, for sundry physical reasons, which need not be further particularized than by mentioning that our chlorodyne had been in frequent recent use, our particular trio were, on this particular occasion, distinctly not equal to walking it. If we could but get to Panneveggio, suggested our kind signora of the Nave d'Oro, the padrone there had a *buon cavallo* in his stable which would take us to Primiero' (the final *o* seems always to be dropped off the names of places hereabouts in conversation) in no time, and that, too, along the new road of which the German professor had told us at Caprile. Ah, yes! if we could but get to Panneveggio! Only a couple of hours' drive up that wooded valley there to the south-east. But how? C— would, I verily believe, have gone back in another minute to the *sala* to seek an answer to the question in the pages of a well-thumbed Tauchnitz novel which he had found in a sofa-corner there; and J— might (looking at the matter *a posteriori*, I decline to aver that he would) have persuaded me to join him in sipping acid *ordinario* for inspiration; but at this moment Dame Fortune kindly took the matter into her own potent hands. Round the corner by the church came in sight a cart of clumsy, rustic build, clattering and rumbling direfully along the quiet street, AND—drawn by a pair of wiry little black horses. Rescue!

A sail in sight appears:
We hail her with three cheers.

I never had the pleasure of being in the Bay of Biscay myself, but I can fancy that the feelings of the grateful mariner in the song must have closely resembled those which we three (precisely the right-sized party, be it observed, for performing the conventional number of cheers with the least waste of time) greeted the sight of this opportune vehicle and pair.

W. D. R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE FEATHERS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE."

CHAPTER V.
THROWING A FLY.

HARRY TRELYON had a cousin named Juliott Penaluna, who lived at Penzance with her father, an irascible old clergyman, who while yet a poor curate had the good-fortune to marry Mrs. Trelyon's sister. Miss Juliott was a handsome, healthy, English-looking girl, with blue eyes and brown hair, frank enough in her ways, fairly well-read, fond of riding and driving, and very specially fond of her cousin. There had never been any concealment about that. Master Harry, too, liked his cousin in a way, as he showed by his rudeness to her, but he used plainly to tell her that he would not marry her; whereupon she would be angry with him for his impertinence, and end by begging him to be good friends again. At last she went, as her mother had done before her, and encouraged the attentions of a fair, blue-eyed, pensive young curate, who was full of beautiful enthusiasms and idealisms, in which he sought to interest the mind of this exceedingly practical young woman, who liked cliff-hunting and had taught herself to swim in the sea. Just before she pledged her future to him she wrote to Harry Trelyon, plainly warning him of what was going to happen. In a fashion she asked for his advice. It was a timid letter for her to write, and she even showed some sentiment in it. The reply, written in a coarse, sprawling, schoolboy hand, was as follows:

"TRELYON HALL, Monday afternoon.

"DEAR JUE: All right! You're a fool to marry a parson. What would you like for a wedding-present?

"Affectionately yours,

"HARRY TRELYON."

Posts don't go very fast in Cornwall, but just as soon as a letter from Penzance could reach him Master Harry had his answer. And it was this:

"THE HOLLIES, PENZANCE, Wednesday
"DEAR HARRY: I am glad to receive a letter from you in which there is no ill-spelling. There is plenty of ill-temper, however, as usual. You may send your wedding-presents to those who care for them: I don't.

"JULIOTT PENALUNA."

Master Harry burst into a roar of laughter when he received that letter, but, all the same, he could not get his cousin to write him a line for months thereafter. Now, however, she had come to visit some friends at Wadebridge, and she agreed to drive over and join Mrs. Trelyon's little dinner-party, to which Mr. Roscorla had also been invited. Accordingly, in the afternoon, when Harry Trelyon was seated on the stone steps outside the hall door, engaged in making artificial flies, Miss Penaluna drove up in a tiny chariot drawn by a beautiful little pair of ponies; and when the boy had jumped down and gone to the ponies' heads, and when she had descended from the carriage, Master Harry thought it was time for him to lay aside his silk, rosin, feathers and what not, and go forward to meet her.

"How are you, Jue?" he said, offering to kiss her, as was his custom; "and where's your young man?"

She drew back offended, and then she looked at him and shrugged her shoulders, and gave him her cheek to kiss. He was only a boy, after all.

"Well, Harry, I am not going to quarrel with you," she said with a good-natured smile, "although I suppose I shall have plenty of cause before I go. Are you as rude as ever? Do you talk as much slang as ever?"

"I like to hear *you* talk of slang!" he said. "Who calls her ponies Brandy and Soda? Weren't you wild, Jue, when Captain Tulliver came up and said, 'Miss

Penaluna, how are your dear Almonds and Raisins?"

"If I had given him a cut with my whip I should have made him dance," said Miss Juliett frankly: "then he would have forgotten to turn out his toes. Harry, go and see if that boy has taken in my things."

"I won't. There's plenty of time, and I want to talk to you. I say, Jue, what made you go and get engaged down in Penzance? Why didn't you cast your eye in this direction?"

"Well, of all the impertinent things that I ever heard!" said Miss Juliett, very much inclined to box his ears. "Do you think I ever thought of marrying *you*?"

"Yes, I do," he said coolly; "and you would throw over that parson in a minute if I asked you: you know you would, Jue. But I am not good enough for you."

"Indeed, you are not," she said with a toss of the head. "I would take you for a gamekeeper, but not for a husband."

"Much need you'll have of a gamekeeper when you become Mrs. Tressider!" said he with a rude laugh. "But I didn't mean myself, Jue. I meant that if you were going to marry a parson, you might have come here and had a choice. We can show you all sorts at this house—fat and lean, steeples and beer-barrels, bandy-legged and knock-kneed, whichever you like: you'll always find an ample assortment on these elegant premises. The stock is rather low just now—I think we've only two or three; but you're supplied already, ain't you, Jue? Well, I never expected it of you. You were a good sort of chap at one time, but I suppose you can't climb trees any more now. There, I'll let you go into the house: all the servants are waiting for you. If you see my grandmother, tell her she must sit next me at dinner: if a parson sits next me I'll kill him."

Just as Miss Juliett passed into the Hall, a tall, fair-haired, gentle-faced woman, dressed wholly in white and stepping very softly and silently, came down the staircase, so that in the twilight she

almost appeared to be some angel descending from heaven. She came forward to her visitor with a smile on the pale and wistful face, and took her hand and kissed her on the forehead; after which a few words of inquiry Miss Penaluna was handed over to the charge of a maid. The tall, fair woman passed noiselessly on, and went into a chamber at the farther end of the hall and shut the door; and presently the low, soft tones of a harmonium were heard, appearing to come from some considerable distance, and yet filling the house with a melancholy and slumberous music.

Surely it could not be this gentle music which brought to Master Harry's face a most unchristian scowl? What harm could there be in a solitary widow wrapping herself up in her imaginative sorrow, and saturating the whole of her feeble, impressionable and withal kindly nature with a half-religious, half-poetic sentiment? What although those days which she devoted to services in memory of her relatives who were dead—and, most of all, in memory of her husband, whom she had really loved—resembled, in some respects, the periods in which an opium-eater resolves to give himself up to the strange and beautiful sensations beyond which he can imagine no form of happiness? Mrs. Trelyon was nothing of a zealot or devotee. She held no particular doctrines: she did not even countenance High Church usages, except in so far as music and painting and dim religious lights aided her endeavors to produce a species of exalted intoxication. She did not believe herself to be a wicked sinner, and she could not understand the earnest convictions and pronounced theology of the dissenters around her. But she drank of religious sentiment as other persons drink in beautiful music, and all the aids she could bring to bear in producing this feeling of blind ecstasy she had collected together in the private chapel attached to Trelyon Hall. At this very moment she was seated there alone. The last rays of the sun shone through narrow windows of painted glass, and carried beautiful colors with them into the dusk of the curiously-fur-

nished little building. She herself sat before a large harmonium, and there was a stain of rose-color and of violet on the white silk costume that she wore. It was one of her notions that, though black might well represent the grief immediately following the funeral of one's friends, pure white was the more appropriate mourning when one had become accustomed to their loss and had turned one's eyes to the shining realms which they inhabit. Mrs. Trelyon never went out of mourning for her husband, who had been dead over a dozen years; but the mourning was of pure white, so that she wandered through the large and empty rooms of Trelyon Hall, or about the grounds outside, like a ghost; and, like a ghost, she was ordinarily silent and shy and light-footed. She was not much of a companion for the rude, impetuous, self-willed boy whose education she had handed over to grooms and gamekeepers and to his own very pronounced instincts.

The frown that came over the lad's handsome face as he sat on the doorstep, resuming his task of making trout-flies, was caused by the appearance of a clergyman who came walking forward from one of the hidden paths in the garden. There was nothing really distressing or repulsive about the look of this gentleman, although, on the other hand, there was nothing very attractive. He was of middle age and middle height; he wore a rough brown beard and moustache; his face was gray and full of lines; his forehead was rather narrow, and his eyes were shrewd and watchful. But for that occasional glance of the eyes you would have taken him for a very ordinary, respectable, commonplace person, not deserving of notice except for the length of his coat. When Master Harry saw him approach, however, a diabolical notion leapt into the young gentleman's head. He had been practicing the throwing of flies against the wind, and on the lawn were the several pieces of paper, at different distances, at which he had aimed, while the slender trout-rod, with a bit of line and a fly at the end of it still dangling, was close by his hand.

Instantaneously he put the rod against the wall, so that the hook was floating in front of the door just about the height of a man's head. Would the Rev. Mr. Barnes look at the doorsteps, rather than in front of him, in passing into the house, and so find an artificial fly fastened in his nose? Mr. Barnes was no such fool.

"It is a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Trelyon," he said in grave and measured accents as he came up.

Harry Trelyon nodded as he smoothed out a bit of red silk thread. Then Mr. Barnes went forward, carefully put aside the dangling fly, and went into the house.

"The fish won't rise to-night," said Master Harry to himself with a grin on his face. "But parsons don't take the fly readily: you've got to catch them with bait, and the bait they like best is a widow's mite. And now, I suppose, I must go and dress for dinner; and don't I wish I was going down to Mrs. Rosewarne's parlor instead?"

But another had secured a better right to go into Mrs. Rosewarne's parlor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE — AMONG THE TAILORS

THIS other gentleman was also dressing for Mrs. Trelyon's dinner-party, and he was in a pleased frame of mind. Never before, indeed, had Mr. Roscorla been so distinctly and consciously happy. That forenoon, when his anxiety had become almost distressing—partly because he honestly liked Wenna Rosewarne and wanted to marry her, and partly because he feared the mortification of a refusal—her letter had come; and as he read the trembling, ingenuous and not very well composed lines and sentences, a great feeling of satisfaction stole over him, and he thanked her a thousand times in his heart for having given him this relief. And he was the more pleased that it was so easy to deal with a written consent. He was under no embarrassment as to how he should express his gratitude or as to whether he ought to kiss her. He could manage correspondence better than

a personal interview. He sat down and wrote her a very kind and even affectionate letter, telling her that he would not intrude himself too soon upon her, especially as he had to go up to Trelyon Hall that evening; and saying, too, that in any case he could never expect to tell her how thankful he was to her. *That* she would find out from his conduct to her during their married life.

But, to his great surprise, Mr. Roscorla found that the writing and sending off of that letter did not allay the extraordinary nervous excitement that had laid hold of him. He could not rest. He called in his housekeeper, and rather astonished that elderly person by saying he was much pleased with her services, and thereupon he presented her with a sovereign to buy a gown. Then he went into the garden, and meant to occupy himself with his flowers, but he found himself staring at them without seeing them. Then he went back to his parlor and took a glass of sherry to steady his nerves, but in vain. Then he thought he would go down to the inn and ask to see Wanna; but again he changed his mind, for how was he to meet the rest of the family without being prepared for the interview? Probably he never knew how he passed these two or three hours; but at length the time came for him to dress for dinner.

And as he did so the problem that occupied his mind was to discover the probable reasons that had induced Wanna Rosewarne to promise to be his wife. Had her parents advised her to marry a man who could at least render her future safe? Or had she taken pity on his loneliness, and been moved by some hope of reforming his ways and habits of thinking? Or had she been won over by his pictures of her increased influence among the people around her? He could not tell. Perhaps, he said to himself, she said yes because she had not the courage to say no. Perhaps she had been convinced by his arguments that the wild passion of love, for which youth is supposed to long, is a dangerous thing; and was there not constantly before her eyes an example of the jealousy and

quarreling and misery that may follow that fatal delirium? Or it might be—and here Mr. Roscorla more nearly approached the truth—that this shy, sensitive, self-distrustful girl had been so surprised to find herself of any importance to any one, and so grateful to him for his praise of her and for this highest mark of appreciation that a man can bestow, that her sudden gratitude softened her heart and disposed her to yield to his prayer. And who could tell but that this present feeling might lead to a still warmer feeling under the generous influence of a constant kindness and appreciation? It was with something of wonder and almost of dismay, and with a wholly new sense of his own unworthiness, that Mr. Roscorla found himself regarding the possibility of his winning a young girl's first love.

Never before in his life—not even in his younger days, when he had got a stray hint that he would probably meet a duchess and her three daughters at a particular party—had he dressed with so much care. He was, on the whole, well pleased with himself. He had to admit that his gray hair was changing to white, but many people considered white hair with a hale complexion rather an ornament than otherwise. For the rest, he resolved that he would never dress again to go to any party to which Miss Wanna Rosewarne was not also invited. He would not decorate himself for mere strangers and acquaintances.

He put on a light top-coat and went out into the quiet summer evening. There was a scent of roses in the air and the great Atlantic was beautiful and still: it was a time for lovers to be walking through twilit woods or in honeysuckle lanes, rather than for a number of people, indifferent to each other, to sit down to the vulgar pleasures of the table. He wished that Wanna Rosewarne had been of that party.

There were two or three children at his gate—bright-cheeked, clean and well-clad, as all the Eglosilyan children are—and when they saw him come out they ran away. He was ashamed of this, for if Wanna had seen it she would have been

grieved. He called on them to come back : they stood in the road, not sure of him. At length a little woman of six came timidly along to him, and looked at him with her big, wondering blue eyes. He patted her head and asked her name, and then he put his hand in his pocket. The others, finding that their ambassador had not been beheaded on the spot, came up also, and formed a little circle a cautious yard or two off.

"Look here," he said to the eldest, "here is a shilling, and you go and buy sweetmeats and divide them equally among you. Or wait a bit : come along with me, the whole of you, and we'll see whether Mrs. Deane has got any cake for you."

He drove the flock of them into that lady's kitchen, much to her consternation, and there he left them. But he had not got halfway through the little garden again when he turned back and went to the door, and called in to the children, "Mind, you can swing on the gate whenever you like, so long as you take care and don't hurt yourselves."

And so he hurried away again ; and he hoped that some day, when he and Wanna Rosewarne were passing, she would see the children swinging on his gate, and she would be pleased that they did not run away.

Your Polly has never been false, she declares.

He tried to hum the air, as he had often heard Wanna hum it, as he walked rapidly down the hill and along a bit of the valley, and then up one of the great gorges lying behind Eglosilyan. He had avoided the road that went by the inn : he did not wish to see any of the Rosewarne's just then. Moreover, his rapid walking was not to save time, for he had plenty of that, but to give himself the proud assurance that he was still in excellent wind. Miss Wanna must not imagine that she was marrying an old man. Give him but as good a horse as Harry Trelyon's famous Dick and he would ride that dare-devil young gentleman for a wager to Launceston and back. Why, he had only arrived at that period when a sound constitution reaches

its maturity. Old ? or even elderly ? He switched at weeds with his cane, and was conscious that he was in the prime of life.

At the same time, he did not like the notion of younger men than himself lounging about Mrs. Rosewarne's parlor ; and he thought he might just as well give Harry Trelyon a hint that Wanna Rosewarne was engaged. An excellent opportunity was offered him at this moment, for as he went up through the grounds to the front of the Hall he found Master Harry industriously throwing a fly at certain bits of paper on the lawn. He had resumed this occupation, after having gone inside and dressed, as a handy method of passing the time until his cousin Juliott should appear.

"How do you do, Trelyon?" said Mr. Roscorla in a friendly way ; and Harry nodded. "I wish I could throw a fly like you. By the bye, I have a little bit of news for you—for yourself alone, mind."

"All right ! fire away," said Master Harry, still making the fine line of the trout-rod whistle through the air.

"Well, it is rather a delicate matter, you know. I don't want it talked about, but the fact is, I am going to marry Miss Rosewarne."

There was no more aiming at those bits of paper. The tall and handsome lad turned and stared at his companion as if the latter had been a maniac ; and then he said, "Miss Rosewarne—Wanna Rosewarne ?"

"Yes," said Mr. Roscorla, distinctly conscious that Harry Trelyon was regarding his white hair and general appearance.

The younger man said nothing more, but began to whistle in an absent way ; and then, just as if Mr. Roscorla had no existence whatever, he proceeded to reel in the line of his rod : he fastened the fly to one of the rings, and then walked off.

"You'll find my mother inside," he said ; and so Mr. Roscorla went into the Hall, and was soon in Mrs. Trelyon's drawing-room among her six or eight guests.

Harry Trelyon did not appear until dinner was announced, and then he was

just in time to take his grandmother in. He took care also to have his cousin Juliott on his other side; and to both of these ladies it was soon apparent that something had occurred to put Master Harry into one of his most insolent and rebellious moods.

"Harry?" said his mother from the other end of the table as an intimation that he should say grace.

There was no response, despite Miss Juliott's appealing look; and so Mrs. Trelyon had to turn for assistance to one of the clergymen near her, who went through the prescribed form.

"Isn't it shocking?" said Miss Penaluna across the table to Harry's grandmother, who was not nearly so severe on him for such conduct as she ought to have been.

"Grace before meat takes too much for granted," said the young man with a cool impudence. "How can you tell whether you are thankful until you see what sort of dinner it is? And what's the use of feeding a dog and barking yourself? Ain't there three parsons down there?"

Miss Juliott, being engaged to a clergyman, very naturally resented this language, and the two cousins had rather a stormy fight, at the end of which Master Harry turned to his grandmother and declared that she was the only woman of common sense he had ever known.

"Well, it runs in the blood, Harry," said the old lady, "that dislike to clergymen; and I never could find out any reason for it except when your grandfather hunted poor Mr. Pascoe that night. Dear! dear! what a jealous man your grandfather was, to be sure! and the way he used to pet me when I told him I never saw the man I'd look at after seeing him! Dear! dear! and the day he sold those two manors to the Company, you know, he came back at night and said I was as good a wife as any in England: he did indeed; and the bracelet he gave me then, that shall go to your wife on your wedding-day, Harry, I promise you, and you won't find its match about this part of the country, I can tell you. But don't you go and sell

the lordship of Trelyon. Many a time your grandfather was asked to sell it, and he did well by selling the other two; but Trelyon he would never sell, nor your father, and I hope you won't either, Harry. Let them work the quarries for you—that is fair enough—and give you your royalty; but don't part with Trelyon, Harry, for you might as well be parting with your own name."

"Well, I can't, grandmother, you know; but I am fearfully in want of a big lump of money, all the same."

"Money? what do you want with a lot of money? You're not going to take to gambling or horse-racing, are you?"

"I can't tell you what I want it for—not at present, any way," said the lad, looking rather gloomy; and with that the subject dropped and a brief silence ensued at that end of the table.

Mr. Tressider, however, the mild and amiable young curate to whom Miss Juliott was engaged, having been rather left out in the cold, struck in at this moment, blushing slightly. "I heard you say something about the lordships of manors," he observed, addressing himself rather to Trelyon's grandmother. "Did it ever occur to you what a powerful thing a word from William the Conqueror must have been when it could give to a particular person and his descendants absolute possession of a piece of the globe?"

Mrs. Trelyon stared at the young man. Had a relative of hers gone and engaged herself to a dangerous Revolutionary, who in the guise of a priest dared to trifle with the tenure of land? Mr. Tressider was as innocent of any such intention as the babe unborn, but he was confused by her look of astonishment: he blushed more violently than before, and only escaped from his embarrassment by the good services of Miss Penaluna, who turned the whole matter into ridicule, and asked what William the Conqueror was about when he let a piece of the world come into the hands of Harry Trelyon.

"And how deep down have you a hold on it, Harry?" she said. "How far does your right over the minerals of the earth

extend? From the surface right down to the centre?"

Mr. Tressider was smiling vaguely when Master Harry's eye fell upon him. What harm had the young clergyman or any other clergyman present done him that he should have felt a sudden dislike to that ingenuous smile?

"Oh no," said Trelyon with a careless impertinence, and loud enough for two or three to hear. "William the Conqueror didn't allow the rights of the lord of the manor to extend right down to the middle of the earth. There were a good many clergymen about him, and they reserved that district for their own purposes."

"Harry," said his cousin to him in a low voice, "is it your wish to insult me? If so, I will leave the room."

"Insult you!" he said with a laugh. "Why, Jue, you must be out of your senses! What concern have you in that warmish region?"

"I don't appreciate jokes on such subjects. My father is a clergyman, my husband will be a clergyman—"

"The greater fool you," he observed frankly, but so that no one could hear.

"Harry," she said, "what do you mean by your dislike to clergymen?"

"Is that a conundrum?" said the unregenerate youth.

For a moment Miss Penaluna seemed really vexed and angry, but she happened to look at Master Harry, and somehow her displeasure subsided into a look of good-natured resignation. There was the least little shrug of the shoulders, and then she turned to her neighbor on the right and began to talk about ponies.

It was certainly not a pleasant dinner-party for those who sat near this young gentleman, who was more outrageously rude and capricious than ever, except when addressing his grandmother, to whom he was always courteous and even roughly affectionate. That old lady eyed him narrowly, and could not quite make out what was the matter. Had he been privately engaged in some betting transaction that he should want this money?

When the ladies left the room, Trelyon asked Mr. Roscorla to take his place for

a few minutes and send round the wines, and then he went out and called his mother aside into the study.

"Mother," he said, "Mr. Roscorla is going to marry Wanna Rosewarne."

The tall, fair, pale lady did not seem much startled by the news. She had very little acquaintance with the affairs of the village, but she knew at least that the Rosewarne family kept the inn, and she had every Sunday morning seen Mrs. Rosewarne and her two daughters come into church.

"That is the elder one, is it not, who sings in the choir?"

"It's the elder one," said Master Harry, who knew less about the choir.

"It is a strange choice for Mr. Roscorla to make," she observed. "I have always considered him very fastidious and rather proud of his family. But some men take strange fancies in choosing a wife."

"Yes, and some women take precious strange fancies in choosing a husband," replied the young man rather warmly. "Why, she's worth twenty dozen of him. I don't know what the dickens made her listen to the old fool. It is a monstrous shame, that's what I call it. I suppose he's frightened the girl into it, or bought over her father, or made himself a hypocrite and got some parson to intercede and scheme and tell lies for him."

"Harry," said his mother, "I don't understand why you should interest yourself in the matter."

"Oh, don't you? Well, it's only this—that I consider that girl to be the best sort of woman I've met yet, that's all; and I'll tell you what I mean to do, mother: I mean to give her five thousand pounds, so that she sha'n't come to that fellow in a dependent way, and let him give himself airs over her because he's been born a gentleman."

"Five thousand pounds!" Mrs. Trelyon repeated, wondering whether her son had drank too much wine at dinner.

"Well, but look here, mother," he said, quite prepared for her astonishment. "You know I've spent very little—I've never spent anything like what I'm entitled to, and next year I shall be of age:

and all I want now is for you to help me to get a release, you know; and I am sure I shall be able to persuade old Colonel Ransome to it, for he'll see it is not any bit of extravagance on my part—speculation or anything of that sort, you know."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Trelyon, startled for once into earnestness, "you will make people believe you are mad. To give five thousand pounds to the daughter of an innkeeper, a perfect stranger, as a marriage dowry! Why, Harry, what do you think people would say of such a thing? What would they say of her?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, as though he did not understand her. It was but for a moment. "If you mean what one of those parsons would say of her," he said impetuously, while a sudden flash of anger sprang to his face, "I don't care; but my answer to it would be to kick him round the grounds and out at the gate. Do you think I'd care a brass farthing for anything these cringing sneaks might say of her or of me or of anybody? And would they dare to say it if you asked her here and made a friend of her?"

"Make a friend of her!" repeated Mrs. Trelyon almost mechanically. She did not know what length this terrible son of hers might not go.

"If she is going to marry a friend of yours, why not?"

"Harry, you are most unreasonable: if you will think it over for a moment you will see how this is impossible. If Mr. Roscorla marries this girl, that is his own affair: he will have society enough at home without wishing to go out and dine. He is doing it with his eyes open, you may be sure: he has far more knowledge of such affairs than you can have. How could I single out this girl from her family to make her a friend? I should have to ask her parents and her sister to come here also, unless you wish her to come on sufferance and throw a reflection on them."

She spoke quite calmly, but he would not listen to her. He chafed and fidgeted, and said as soon as she had finished,

"You could do it very well if you liked. When a woman is willing she can always smooth matters down; and you might have that girl as a companion for you, and a much better companion than a lot of long-coated sneaks of parsons."

Mrs. Trelyon flushed slightly, and said with clear emphasis, "I presume that I am best fitted to say what society I shall keep; and I shall have no acquaintance thrust upon me whom I would rather not recognize."

"Oh, very well," said the lad, with the proud lips giving evidence of some sudden decision. "And you won't help me to get that five thousand pounds?"

"I will not. I will not countenance any such folly."

"Then I shall have to raise the money myself."

He rang a bell, and a servant appeared: "Tell Jakes to saddle Dick and bring him round directly."

His mother let him have his own way without word or question, for she was deeply offended, and her feeble and sensitive nature had risen in protest against his tyranny. He went off to put on a pair of riding boots and a top-coat, and by and by he came down into the hall again and went to the door. The night was dark, but clear; there was a blaze of stars overhead; all the world seemed to be quivering with those white throbs of fire. The horse and groom stood at the door, their dusky figures being scarcely blacker than the trees and bushes around. Harry Trelyon buttoned up the collar of his light top-coat, took his switch in his hand and sprang into the saddle. At the same moment the white figure of a lady suddenly appeared at the door, and came down a step or two and said, "Harry, where are you going?"

"To Plymouth first," the young man answered as he rode off; "to London afterward, and then to the devil."

CHAPTER VII.

SOME NEW EXPERIENCES.

WHEN the first shock of fear and anxiety was over, Wanna Rosewarne dis-

covered to her great delight that her engagement was a very pleasant thing. The ominous doubts and regrets that had beset her mind when she was asked to become Mr. Roscorla's wife seemed to disappear like clouds from a morning sky, and then followed a fair and happy day, full of abundant satisfaction and calm. With much inward ridicule of her own vanity, she found herself nursing a notion of her self-importance, and giving herself airs as if she were already a married woman. Although the engagement was kept a profound secret, the mere consciousness that she had attained to this position in the world lent a new assurance to her as she went about the village. She was gifted with a new authority over despondent mothers and fractious children and selfish fathers as she went her daily rounds; and even in her own home Wanna had more attention paid to her, now that she was going to marry Mr. Roscorla.

There was but one dissentient, and that was Mabyn Rosewarne, who fumed and fretted about the match, and sometimes was like to cry over it, and at other times grew vastly indignant, and would have liked to have gone and given Mr. Roscorla a bit of her mind. She pitied her poor weak sister for having been coaxed into an engagement by this designing old man; and the poor weak sister was vastly amused by her compassion, and was too good-natured to laugh at the valiant protection which this courageous young creature of sixteen offered her. Wanna let her sister say what she pleased about herself or her future, and used no other argument to stop angry words than a kiss so long as Mabyn spoke respectfully of Mr. Roscorla. But this was precisely what Miss Mabyn was disinclined to do, and the consequence was that their interviews were generally ended by Wanna becoming indignant, drawing herself up and leaving the room. Then Mabyn would follow and make up the quarrel, and promise never to offend again; but all the same she cherished a deadly animosity toward Mr. Roscorla in her heart, and when her sister was not present she amused her father and

shocked her mother by giving a series of imitations of Mr. Roscorla's manner which that gentleman would scarcely like to have seen.

The young lady, however, soon invented what she considered a far more effectual means of revenging herself on Mr. Roscorla. She never left Wanna's side. No sooner did the elder sister prepare to go out than Miss Mabyn discovered that she too would like a walk; and she so persistently did this that Wanna soon took it for granted that her sister would go with her wherever she went, and invariably waited for her. Accordingly, Mr. Roscorla never by any chance went walking with Wanna Rosewarne alone; and the younger sister, herself too sulky to enter into conversation with him, used to enjoy the malicious pleasure of watching him shape his talk to suit the presence of a third person. For of course Miss Mabyn had read in books of the beautiful manner in which lovers speak to each other, and of their tender confidences as they sit by the sea or go rambling through the summer woods. Was not the time opportune for these idyllic ways? All the uplands were yellowed with tall standing corn; the sea was as blue and as still as the sky overhead; the gardens of Eglosilyan were sweet with honeysuckle and moss-roses, and in the evenings a pale pink mist hung around the horizon, while the silver sickle of the moon came up into the violet sky and the first pale stars appeared in the east.

"If our Wanna had a proper sort of lover," Miss Mabyn used to say to herself bitterly, "wouldn't I scheme to have them left alone! I would watch for them like a watch-dog, that no one should come near them, and I should be as proud of him as Wanna herself; and how happy she would be in talking to me about him! But this horrid old wretch! I wish he would fall over Black Cliff some day."

She was not aware that in becoming the constant companion of her sister she was affording this dire enemy of hers a vast amount of relief. Mr. Roscorla was in every way satisfied with his engage-

ment: the more he saw of Wanna Rosewarne the more he admired her utter self-forgetfulness, and liked a quaint and shy touch of humor that interfused her talk and her ways; but he greatly preferred not to be alone with her. He was then beset by some vague impression that certain things were demanded of him in the rôle of a lover which were exceedingly embarrassing, and which, if he did not act the part well, might awaken her ridicule. On the other hand, if he omitted all those things might she not be surprised by his lack of affection, begin to suspect him, and end by disliking him? Yet he knew that not for ten thousand worlds could he muster up courage to repeat one line of sentimental poetry to her.

He had never even had the courage to kiss her. He knew that this was wrong. In his own house he reflected that a man engaged to a woman ought surely to give her some such mark of his affection—say, in bidding her good-night; and thereupon Mr. Roscorla would resolve that as he left the inn that evening he would endeavor to kiss his future bride. He never succeeded. Somehow, Wanna always parted from him in a merry mood. Those were pleasant evenings in Mrs. Rosewarne's parlor: there was a good deal of quiet fun going on; and if Wanna did come along the passage to the door with him, she was generally talking and laughing all the way. Of course he was not going to kiss her in that mood—as if, to use his own expression, he had been a jocular ploughboy. "Good-night, dear," he managed to say to her on one occasion, and for ten minutes thereafter, as he walked home through the darkness, he felt that his face was burning.

He had kissed her hand once. That was on his first meeting her after she had written the letter in which she promised to be his wife, and Mrs. Rosewarne had sent him into the room where she knew her daughter was alone. Wanna rose up to meet him, pale, frightened, with her eyes downcast. He took her hand and kissed it, and then after a pause he said, "I hope I shall make you happy."

She could not answer. She began to tremble violently. He asked her to sit down, and begged of her not to be disturbed. She was recalled to herself by the accidental approach of her sister Mabyn, who came along the passage singing, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!" in excellent imitation of the way in which Harry Trelyon used to sing that once famous song as he rode his black horse along the highways. Mabyn came into the room, stared, and would have gone out but that her sister called to her and asked her to come and hold down a pattern while she cut some cloth. Mabyn wondered that her sister should be so diligent when a visitor was present. She saw, too, that Wanna's fingers trembled. Then she remained in the room until Mr. Roscorla went, sitting by a window and not overhearing their conversation, but very much inclined to break in upon it by asking him how he dared to come there and propose to marry her sister Wanna.

"Oh, Wanna," she said one evening some time after, when the two sisters were sitting out on the rocks at the end of the harbor watching the sun go down behind the sea, "I cannot bear him coming to take you away like that. I shouldn't mind if he were like a sweetheart to you; but he's a multiplication-table sort of sweetheart—everything so regular and accurate and proper. I hate a man who always thinks of what he's going to say, and always has neat sentences; and he watches you and is so self-satisfied, and his information is always so correct. Oh, Wanna, I wish you had a young and beautiful lover, like a prince."

"My dear child," said the elder sister with a smile, "young and beautiful lovers are for young and beautiful girls like you."

"Oh, Wanna, how can you talk like that?" said the younger sister: "why will you always believe that you are less pretty than other people, when every one knows that you have the most beautiful eyes in all the world? You have! There's not anybody in all the world has such beautiful and soft eyes as you:

you ask anybody and they will tell you, if you don't believe me. But I have no doubt—I have no doubt whatever—that Mr. Roscorla will try to make you believe you are very ugly, so that you mayn't think you've thrown yourself away."

Miss Mabyn looked very indignant, and very much inclined to cry at the same time, but the gentle sister put her hand on hers and said, "You will make me quarrel with you some day, Mabyn, if you are so unjust to Mr. Roscorla. You are continually accusing him of things of which he never dreams. Now, he never gets a chance that he does not try to praise me in every way, and if there were no looking-glasses in the world I have no doubt he would make me believe I was quite lovely; and you shouldn't say those things of him, Mabyn: it isn't fair. He always speaks kindly of you. He thinks you are very pretty, and that you will grow up to be very beautiful when you become a woman."

Mabyn was not to be pacified by this ingenuous piece of flattery. "You are such a simpleton, Wanna," she said, "he can make you believe anything."

"He does not try to make me believe anything I don't know already," said the elder sister with some asperity.

"He tries to make you believe he is in love with you," said Mabyn bluntly.

Wanna Rosewarne colored up, and was silent for a minute. How was she to explain to this sister of hers all those theories which Mr. Roscorla had described to her in his first two or three letters? She felt that she had not the same gift of expression that he had. "You don't understand—you don't understand at all, Mabyn—what you talk of as love. I suppose you mean the sort of wild madness you read of in books: well, I don't want that kind of love at all. There is quite a different sort of love, that comes of respect and affection and an agreement of wishes, and that is far more valuable and likely to be lasting. I don't want a lover who would do wild things, and make one wonder at his heroism, for that is the lover you get in books; but if you want to live a

happy life, and please those around you, and be of service to them, you must have a very different sort of sweetheart—a man who will think of something else than a merely selfish passion, who will help you to be kind to other people, and whose affection will last through years and years."

"You have learnt your lesson very well," said Miss Mabyn with a toss of her head. "He has spent some time in teaching you. But as for all that, Wanna, it's nothing but fudge. What a girl wants is to be really loved by a man, and then she can do without all those fine sentiments. As for Mr. Roscorla—"

"I do not think we are likely to agree on this matter, dear," said Wanna calmly as she rose, "and so we had better say nothing about it."

"Oh, I am not going to quarrel with you, Wanna," said the younger sister promptly. "You and I will always agree very well. It is Mr. Roscorla and I who are not likely to agree very well—not at all likely, I can assure you."

They were walking back to Eglosilyan under the clear evening skies when whom should they see coming out to meet them but Mr. Roscorla himself! It was a pleasant time and place for lovers to come together. The warm light left by the sunset still shone across the hills; the clear blue-green water in the tiny harbor lay perfectly still; Eglosilyan had got its day's work over, and was either chatting in the cottage gardens or strolling down to have a look at the couple of coasters moored behind the small but powerful breakwater. But Mr. Roscorla had had no hope of discovering Wanna alone: he was quite as well content to find Mabyn with her, though that young lady as he came up looked particularly fierce, and did not smile at all when she shook hands with him. Was it the red glow in the west that gave an extra tinge of color to Mr. Roscorla's face? Wanna felt that she was better satisfied with her engagement when her lover was not present, but she put that down to a natural shyness and modesty which she considered was probably common to all girls in these strange circumstances.

Mr. Roscorla wished to convoy the two young ladies back to the inn, and evidently meant to spend the evening there. But Miss Wanna ill requited his gallantry by informing him that she had intended to make one or two calls in the evening which would occupy some time : in particular, she had undertaken to do something for Mrs. Luke's eldest girl ; and she had also promised to go in and read for half an hour to Nicholas Keam, the brother of the wife of the owner of the Napoleon Hotel, who was very ill indeed, and far too languid to read for himself.

"But you know, Mr. Roscorla," said Mabyn with a bitter malice, "if you would go into the Napoleon and read to Mr. Keam, Wanna, and I could go up to Mother Luke's, and so we should save all that time ; and I am sure Wanna is very tired to-day. Then you would be so much better able to pick out the things in the papers that Mr. Keam wants, for Wanna never knows what is old and new, and Mr. Keam is anxious to learn what is going on in politics, and the Irish Church, and that kind of thing."

Could he refuse ? Surely a man who has just got a girl to say she will marry him ought not to think twice about sacrificing half an hour to helping her in her occupations, especially if she be tired. Wanna could not have made the request herself, but she was anxious that he should say yes, now that it had been made, for it was in a manner a test of his devotion to her ; and she was overjoyed and most grateful to him when he consented. What Mabyn thought of the matter was not visible on her face.

CHAPTER VIII.

WANNA'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

THE two girls, as they went up the main street of Eglosilyan (it was sweet with the scent of flowers on this beautiful evening), left Mr. Roscorla in front of the obscure little public-house he had undertaken to visit ; and it is probable that in the whole of England at that moment there was not a more miserable man. He knew this Nicholas Keam and

his sister and his brother-in-law, so far as their names went, and they knew him by sight, but he had never said more than good-morning to any one of them, and he had certainly never entered this pot-house, where a sort of debating society was nightly held by the *habitūs*. But, all the same, he would do what he had undertaken to do, for Wanna Rosewarne's sake ; and it was with some sensation of a despairing heroism that he went up the steps of slate and crossed the threshold.

He looked into the place from the passage. He found before him what was really a large kitchen, with a spacious fire-place and heavy rafters across the roof ; but all round the walls there was a sort of bench with a high wooden back to it, and on this seat sat a number of men—one or two laborers, the rest slate-workers—who in the dusk were idly smoking and looking at the beer on the narrow tables before them. Was this the sort of place that his future wife had been in the habit of visiting ? There was a sort of gloomy picturesqueness about the chamber, to be sure ; for, warm as the evening was, a fire burned flickeringly in the grate ; there was enough light to show the tin and copper vessels shining over the high mantelpiece ; and a couple of fair-haired children were playing about the middle of the floor, little heeding the row of dusky figures around the tables whose heads were half hidden by tobacco-smoke.

A tall, thin, fresh-colored woman came along the passage, and Mr. Roscorla was glad that he had not to go in among these laborers to make his business known. It was bad enough to have to speak to Mrs. Haigh, the landlady of the Napoleon.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Haigh," said he with an appearance of cheerfulness.

"Good-evenin', zor," said she, staring at him with those cruelly shrewd and clear eyes that the Cornish peasantry have.

"I called in to see Mr. Keam," said he. "Is he much better?"

A thousand wild suggestions flashed upon his mind. She might not recog-

nize him. She would take him for a Scripture-reader come to hasten the poor man's death, or for the agent of some funeral company. He could not smile, as he was asking about a sick man; he could not sigh, for he had come to administer cheerfulness; and all the while, as Mrs. Haigh seemed to be regarding him, he grew more and more vexed, and vowed that never again would he place himself in such a position.

"If yü'd like vor to see 'n, zor," said she, rather slowly, as if waiting for further explanation, "yü'll vind 'n in the rüm;" and with that she opened the door of a room on the other side of the passage. It was obviously the private parlor of the household—an odd little chamber with plenty of colored lithographs on the walls and china and photographs on the mantelpiece; the floor of large blocks of slate ornamented with various devices in chalk; in the corner a cupboard filled with old cut crystal, brass candlesticks and other articles of luxury. The room had one occupant—a tall man who sat in a big wooden chair by the window, his head hanging forward between his high shoulders, and his thin white hands on the arms of the chair. The sunken cheeks, the sallow-white complexion, the listless air and an occasional sigh of resignation told a sufficiently plain story, although Mrs. Haigh, in regarding her brother and speaking to him in a loud voice, as if to arouse his attention, wore an air of brisk cheerfulness strangely in contrast with the worn look of his face.

"Don't yü know Mr. Roscorla, brother Nicholas?" said his sister. "Don't yü look mazed when he's come vor to zee if yü're better. And yü be much better to-day, brother Nicholas?"

"Yes, I think," said the sick man, agreeing with his sister out of mere listlessness.

"Oh yes, I think you look much better," said Mr. Roscorla, hastily and nervously, for he feared that both these people would see in his face what he thought of this unhappy man's chances of living. But Nicholas Keam mostly kept his eyes turned toward the floor, except when the

brisk, loud voice of his sister roused him and caused him to look up.

A most awkward pause ensued. Mr. Roscorla felt convinced they would think he was mad if he offered to sit down in this parlor and read the newspapers to the invalid: he forgot that they did not know him as well as he did himself. On the other hand, would they not consider him a silly person if he admitted that he only made the offer in order to please a girl? Besides, he could see no newspapers in the room. Fortunately, at this moment Mr. Keam himself came to the rescue by saying in a slow and languid way, "I did expect vor to zee Miss Rosewarne this evenin'—yaäs, I did; and she were to read me the news; but I suppose now—"

"Oh," said Mr. Roscorla quickly, "I have just seen Miss Rosewarne: shë told me she expected to see you, but was a little tired. Now, if you like, I will read the newspapers to you as long as the light lasts."

"Why don't yü thank the gentleman, brother Nicholas?" said Mrs. Haigh, who was apparently most anxious to get away to her duties. "That be very kind of yü, zor. 'Tis a great comfort to 'n to hear the news; and I'll send yü in the papers to once. Yü come away with me, Rosana, and yü can come agwain and bring the gentleman the newspapers."

She dragged off with her a small girl who had wandered in, and Mr. Roscorla was left alone with the sick man. The feelings in his heart were not those which Wanna would have expected to find there as the result of the exercise of charity.

The small girl came back and gave him the newspapers. He began to read: she sat down before him and stared up into his face. Then a brother of hers came in, and he too sat down and proceeded to stare. Mr. Roscorla inwardly began to draw pictures of the astonishment of certain of his old acquaintances if they had suddenly opened that small door and found him in the parlor of an alehouse reading stale political articles to an apparently uninterested invalid and a couple of cottage children.

He was thankful that the light was

rapidly declining, and long before he had reached his half hour he made that his excuse for going. "The next time I come, Mr. Keam," said he cheerfully as he rose and took his hat, "I shall come earlier."

"I did expect vor to zee Miss Rosewarne this evenin'," said Nicholas Keam, ungratefully paying no heed to the hypocritical offer, "vor she were here yesterday marnin', and she told me that Mr. Trelyon had zeen my brother in London streets, and I want vor to know mower about 'n, I dü."

"She told you?" Mr. Roscorla said with a sudden and wild suspicion filling his mind. "How did she know that Mr. Trelyon was in London?"

"How did she know?" repeated the sick man indolently. "Why, he zaid zo in the letter."

So Mr. Trelyon, whose whereabouts were not even known to his own family, was in correspondence with Miss Rosewarne, and she had carefully concealed the fact from the man she was going to marry! Mr. Roscorla rather absently took his leave. When he went outside a clear twilight was shining over Eglosilian, and the first of the yellow stars were palely visible in the gray. He walked slowly down toward the inn.

If Mr. Roscorla had any conviction on any subject whatever, it was this—that no human being ever thoroughly and without reserve revealed himself or herself to any other human being. Of course he did not bring that as a charge against the human race, or against that member of it from whose individual experience he had derived his theory—himself: he merely accepted this thing as one of the facts of life. People, he considered, might be fairly honest, well-intentioned and moral, but inside the circle of their actions and sentiments that were openly declared there was another circle only known to themselves; and to this region the foul bird of suspicion, as soon as it was born, immediately fled on silent wings. Not that, after a minute's consideration, he suspected anything very terrible in the present case. He was more vexed than alarmed. And yet at times, as he slowly walked down the

steep street, he grew a little angry, and wondered how this apparently ingenuous creature should have concealed from him her correspondence with Harry Trelyon, and resolved that he would have a speedy explanation of the whole matter. He was too shrewd a man of the world to be tricked by a girl or trifled with by an impudent lad.

He was overtaken by the two girls, and they walked together the rest of the way. Wanna was in excellent spirits, and was very kind and grateful to him. Somehow, when he heard her low and sweet laughter and saw the frank kindness of her dark eyes, he abandoned the gloomy suspicions that had crossed his mind; but he still considered that he had been injured, and that injury was all the greater in that he had just been persuaded into making a fool of himself for Wanna Rosewarne's sake.

He said nothing to her then, of course, and as the evening passed cheerfully enough in Mrs. Rosewarne's parlor, he resolved he would postpone inquiry into this matter. He had never seen Wanna so pleased herself, and so determinately bent on pleasing others. She petted her mother, and said slyly sarcastic things of her father until George Rosewarne roared with laughter; she listened with respectful eyes and attentive ears when Mr. Roscorla pronounced an opinion on the affairs of the day; and she dexterously cut rolls of paper and dressed up her sister Mabyn to represent a lady of the time of Elizabeth, to the admiration of everybody. Mr. Roscorla had inwardly to confess that he had secured for himself a most charming and delightful wife, who would make a wonderful difference in those dull evenings up at Bassett Cottage.

He only half guessed the origin of Miss Wanna's great and obvious satisfaction. It was really this—that she had that evening reaped the first welcome fruits of her new relations in finding Mr. Roscorla ready to go and perform acts of charity. But for her engagement that would certainly not have happened; and this, she believed, was but the auspicious beginning. Of course, Mr. Roscorla

would have laughed if she had informed him of her belief that the regeneration of the whole little world of Eglosilian—something like the millennium, indeed—was to come about merely because an innkeeper's daughter was about to be made a married woman. Wanna Rosewarne, however, did not formulate any such belief, but she was none the less proud of the great results that had already been secured by—by what? By her sacrifice of herself? She did not pursue the subject so far.

Her delight was infectious. Mr. Roscorla, as he walked home that night—under the throbbing starlight, with the sound of the Atlantic murmuring through

the darkness—was, on the whole, rather pleased that he had been vexed on hearing of that letter from Harry Trelyon. He would continue to be vexed. He would endeavor to be jealous without measure; for how can jealousy exist if an anxious love is not also present? and in fact should not a man who is really fond of a woman be quick to resent the approach of any one who seems to interfere with his right of property in her affections? By the time he reached Bassett Cottage, Mr. Roscorla had very nearly persuaded himself into the belief that he was really in love with Wanna Rosewarne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF GENOA.

IN a letter to Mr. Forster, Dickens declares his conviction that for picturesque beauty and character there is nothing in Italy, Venice excepted, "near brilliant old Genoa." Both in his letters and in *The Pictures from Italy* he has given such vivid descriptions of the famous city that it would be presumption on my part to attempt any outline. I shall therefore confine myself to such casual notices of the external aspect of the place as may be necessary in depicting the peculiarities of its social life.

The Genoese were never, even in ancient times, popular amongst their neighbors. Virgil severely vituperated them, and his disciple, the great Florentine Dante, thus angrily apostrophizes them in his majestic style:

Ahi! Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pieni d'ogni magagna
Perchè non siete voi dal mondo sparsi? *

There is also a Tuscan proverb which bitterly says of Genoa and her people, "Mare senza pesce, montagne senza al-

beri, uomini senza fide, e donne senza vergogna"—Genoa has "a sea without fish, mountains without trees, men without faith, and women without shame." The frequent recurrence in Italian history of even sharper sayings than these leads one naturally to suspect their veracity, and to believe them to be rather the outpourings of hatred than the assertions of truth. A little investigation proves this to be the case. There existed in Italy to a very late date, and still does to a certain extent, a system of universal "mud-throwing" from rival city to city. Milan accused Venice of licentiousness; Venice charged the Milanese with extravagance; Parma hated Piacenza; Piacenza detested Reggio; Bologna abhorred Florence; Florence was jealous of Pisa; Pisa scorned Lucca; Lucca reviled Siena; Siena feared Rome, and Rome looked upon Naples with an evil eye; while the fair Parthenopolis in her turn cast the hot cinders of her burning sarcasm on *tutte quante le serenissime città*. "The most serene cities," as it was the fashion to call them, cordially as they hated each other, had one com-

* O Genoese, of every grace devoid,
So full of all malevolence and guile!
Why are ye not at one fell swoop destroy'd?

mon object of execration—*Genova la superba* ("Genoa the proud"). Her great and solid liberty, her internal concord, her vast commerce and prodigious wealth were the true causes of the jealousy she excited and of the bitter and unjust comments of her rivals, for notwithstanding their ill-natured reports, the Genoese, according to those who know them best, have ever been distinguished for their industry, frugality and piety, as also for the singular good conduct of their women. They are not, however, without their faults, amongst which parsimony and unscrupulousness in their business transactions predominate.

The inhabitants of Genoa, like those of most other Italian cities, may be divided into three distinct classes—the nobility, the *mezzo cetto*, or middle class, and "the people," or lowest class. The "people" are quiet and easy-going, and it is rare, even in Portorio, the "New Cut" of the city, to see anything offensive or to meet with disagreeable adventures. They marry very young, the females generally between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and have usually enormous families, so that the poorer quarters of the town teem with children. The women, up to within a few years since, used to wear the *mezzaro* (a gaudy chintz scarf) upon their heads: this has now been replaced by the *pezzotto*, or white muslin veil, a very graceful head-dress, which gives Genoa the appearance of a city of brides. It is formed of a piece of the clearest muslin, about two yards in length and half a yard wide, adjusted to the back of the head by filagree or jeweled pins, and either permitted to float behind or drawn over the shoulders like a hood, and the ends fastened to the waist with a brooch. It is worn by all classes, and even by the foreign ladies who reside in the city. No Parisian bonnet or "Brown's straw hat from London," however elegant, can compare with the simple grace of the *pezzotto*, which, if properly arranged, lends a charm even to a homely countenance, whilst it renders the beautiful irresistible.

The lower classes of the Genoese are

frugal in their living, and subsist principally on *pasta* or maccaroni, Indian corn, fruit, vegetables and chestnuts. They scarcely ever eat meat excepting on festivals, but when they can afford it delight in kidney stews, minced fowls and sausages. A drunken man is very seldom to be seen, although of late years drunkenness has become rather prevalent all over Italy, and cheap alcoholic drinks, such as vermouth, aqua ardente and absinthe, are unfortunately fast usurping the place of the light and wholesome wines of quondam popularity. A Genoese tavern is a curious sight, worthy of the pencil of Teniers. Down by the harbor there are a number of them, having so antiquated a look that one might believe them to have existed in the days of the Romans. One plunges from the broad daylight of the sunny street so suddenly into their gloomy darkness that it takes some time to recover sufficient sight to look around. At the extreme end of the apartment is usually an image of the Madonna, with a lamp burning before it. Down the room are ranged a number of benches and little wooden tables for the accommodation of guests, and a huge counter covered with quaint-looking wine-flasks. The walls are cleanly whitewashed, and bordered with a certain gaudily-painted "wall-of-Troy" design frequently met with in the frescoes of Pompeii. In one corner under the chimney is a charcoal stove with about fifty little fires in it, each the size of an octavo volume. Behind is an enormous oven. The stove and oven are presided over by a cook in white apron and cap, who manufactures wondrous culinary mysteries unknown, even in Italy, beyond the walls of Genoa. Here are constructed gigantic pasties, literally of the size and shape of wagon-wheels, the foundations of which are of batter and the upper crust adorned with circles of most artistic design made of huge snails forced out of their shells by means of boiling water and salt. Here cocks' combs, chopped up into finest mincemeat and mingled with a similar preparation of fowls' livers, are thrust up the thin pipes of the maccaroni sticks,

sealed at the ends with strong-tasted cheese, and then boiled in a rich sauce. Here delicious *risotto*, or rice à la *Milanaise*, is made, and ground chestnuts are formed into pie-crusts. The ceiling is thickly hung with Bologna sausages and bladders full of lard and yellow saffron. At twelve o'clock these *trattorie* are crowded with working men and women, who rarely cook anything at home. On fine Sundays and festas the *locande* (inns) and *trattorie* (taverns) beyond the city walls do a roaring business, and are used not only as eating-houses, but also as gambling-saloons, the Genoese being passionately addicted to play. Next to the national *lotto*, or lottery, at which many of them ruin themselves, the favorite game is "mora," one of the simplest forms of gambling imaginable. To play it you require neither cards nor other accessories—only your ten fingers. Two only can play. The first man calls a number—say, six—while throwing out three fingers, and his adversary must precisely at the same moment throw out as many fingers as make up the balance. The rapidity with which it is played is perfectly amazing, and only surpassed by the noise made by the players. They get excited, they dispute, and their shouts become so loud, and they yell out so lustily the number of fingers, that a providential law enables the inhabitants of quiet neighborhoods to prevent *mora* from being played in their vicinity. On holidays this game is to be seen, and above all *heard*, going on in at least a dozen adjoining wine-shops and beer-gardens at once, and unless aware of the true cause of the uproar a stranger might easily imagine the Genoese to be the most quarrelsome people in the world.

The dialect or *patois* of the province of Genoa is a hideous jargon. There is one expression used at almost every second or third sentence which produces a curious effect. This is *sciar*—pronounced like the Persian title "shah." It is a contraction of the courteous title *signoria*, or lordship, in constant use amongst Italians when but slightly acquainted or on terms of ceremony. Here is a sam-

ple of "the crabbed Genoese:" "Sciar sa vos sciar, se là è in Zena o Scior Riccardo e a Scia Maria?"*—"Does your lordship know whether Mr. Richard and Mrs. Mary are in Genoa?" It is the custom throughout Italy, Spain and Portugal to call the members of a family, especially the ladies, by their Christian names, so that Mr. and Mrs. D—— are far more likely to be known in Italian society as the Signor Riccardo and the Signora Maria than by their surnames. The Genoese drag their pet word *sciar* into their domestic circles, and I have been amused to hear mere babies and beggars saluting each other with "Come scia ghe sta in cir?"—"How is your lordship to-day?" And this delightful language, be it understood, is not pronounced in "dulcet tones," but in a kind of sing-song, up-and-down intonation, fit to set your teeth on edge. There is in old Genoa a marionette theatre in which plays are performed in *dialetto*. One of these had a great run under the title of *Gigin a balla neng*, or *Louisa will not dance*; "Gigin" being the diminutive of Luigina. The supernatural hideousness of the dolls, their apoplectic motions, their ludicrous dresses, the *sciar-sciaring* kept up without cessation by the two readers behind the scenes, the complicated plot, and, above all, the astonishing gravity of the audience, rendered the performance the most amusing I have ever witnessed. The comedy of *Gigin* was preceded by the sacred drama of *The Martyrdom of Saint Reparata*, the last scene of which was a triumph of scenic effect. It represented the interior of the Colosseum, densely crowded with the queerest-looking puppets, about four feet high, dressed as ancient Romans. Caesar was present—a very large-headed, pale-faced puppet with a wry neck, who when he got up to give an order absolutely refused to sit down again until one of the "readers" seized him from behind and bent him in two in such a manner that his left leg stuck up above his head, discovering his knees to be bandaged up in play-bills. He

* In good Italian: "Sa la signoria vostra se son in Genova il Signor Riccardo e la Signora Maria?"

would in all probability have remained in this unbecoming attitude until the end, had not some one in the audience perceived the difficulty and attracted managerial attention to it; whereupon His Imperial Majesty was hoisted out of his throne from above by means of a wire fixed in the exact centre of his skull, put in order and subsequently returned to his place. Santa Reparata, virgin and martyr, was represented by a young doll of prepossessing appearance and very long flaxen hair, who, oddly enough, wore a fashionable pink silk bonnet and a black velvet sacque. To see her defy the emperor; to behold her manners and her tricks when she bade adieu to her weeping attendants; to witness her jerks and contortions when she pronounced a judgment on her murderers; and, above all, to note with what surprising fortitude she took off her bonnet and sacque and placed her doll-head upon the block to receive with meekness the fatal blow,—were, one and all, things alone worthy of a visit to Genoa, and kept an audience of some seven hundred persons in a state of breathless excitement. No sooner was the head off Santa Reparata's body than a supernatural vengeance fell upon the assembled dolls in the Colosseum. Red and blue fire lighted up that dreadful arena, producing the most disastrous effect upon Cæsar, who not only lost all control over his legs, but was in evident danger of losing them altogether, and his arms too, in his desperate efforts to effect an escape, which, however, he was prevented from doing by a thunderbolt which laid him prostrate for the night. Then the red fire began to diminish, and as it did so a figure of the virgin martyr, with pink bonnet and black velvet sacque all complete, was discovered floating through the air to the tune (a fact) of "God Save the Queen." Down came the curtain amidst a storm of applause and cries of *fuori*, which brought Cæsar (his legs in perfect order) and Santa Reparata before the curtain three several times to acknowledge the plaudits of their delighted admirers.

I have said the Genoese are pious, and

I must now speak of some of their religious customs. Before the revolution of '93 there were at least three hundred and fifty churches in this city: at present there are about eighty, all of which deserve a visit either on account of their architectural beauty, their costly marbles or the works of art they contain. The ceilings of many of them gleam with burnished gold and are vivid with all the colors of the rainbow; pillars of porphyry, jasper, and even of agate, support the glittering roofs; and the altars are frequently composed of mosaics in which malachite, lapis-lazuli and similar stones are lavishly used; while in the Duomo and Annunziata the altars are of pure silver. Pictures by Vandyke, Rubens, Guido, Giulio Romano and Pierino la Vaga adorn them, and the chapels are often covered with frescoes by Piola and the two Cambiasi, who surpassed Correggio in the beauty of their *putti* or cherubim. On festivals the number of tapers burnt before the sacred shrines is very great. I have seen the Annunziata illuminated with ten thousand wax-lights. This is considered the most gorgeous church in Italy, and on the occasion I speak of its interior rather resembled a hall in Aladdin's palace than a place of prayer. A hundred chandeliers hung from the golden roof and caught upon their sparkling prisms the twinkling of the thousands of tapers which were arranged in wreaths, garlands and monograms about the ten altars which line either side of the magnificent temple. The twenty-four marble columns dividing the nave were encircled at their capitals with a blaze of light, and the high altar was almost too dazzling to look at. The superb rosso-antique columns in this church are said to have cost the united families of Lomellini, Durazzo and Pallavicino a million francs apiece, or one million sterling for the twenty-four.

In old times, as was usual in Catholic countries, nearly the entire population belonged to some guild or brotherhood, and the magnificence of the processions of the confraternities in Genoa was celebrated throughout the world. A kind

of pious rivalry existed between them as to which should eclipse the other in display on certain state occasions. There were three great confraternities—the Whites, the Reds and the Blues, so called on account of the colors of their attire. Each possessed a *casaccia* or shrine of its patron saint, which was triumphantly carried through the streets on their festival-days. Now, if, for instance, on Rosary Sunday (the first in October) the Whites wore silk gowns in their procession, on the following the Reds took good care to go forth clad in velvet. The Blues, not to be outdone, when their time came displayed gold embroidery upon their garments. On one occasion the Reds went out in robes so heavily brocaded with gold that it was difficult to distinguish the vivid color which gave them their popular name. The next time the rival Blues turned out they not only wore dresses even more richly embroidered, but actually carpeted the streets for two miles with the richest Genoa velvet, and after the procession was over caused it to be publicly burnt, so that none should say that they made use of it subsequently. The Whites were now in despair: how could they possibly surpass the Reds and the Blues? It was a difficult task, but they overcame it by converting their *casaccia* from solid silver into the most massive gold. The holy extravagance of these good people reached at last such a pitch that men pawned everything they possessed to gratify this singular passion, and the pope was induced to condemn their proceedings and to prohibit their processions altogether. The last *casaccia* procession took place in 1849, and ended by a disgraceful and bloody riot between the rival Reds and Whites. When the Princess Margherita was married to Prince Umberto of Piedmont there was a loan exhibition of works of antiquity and art held at the Genoese Academy of Design which was of remarkable interest. Some of the nobles lent a number of their ancient confraternity dresses, and their magnificence, both of material and workmanship, was quite extraordinary. The costume con-

sisted of a long robe with train of velvet or satin embroidered with gold in symbolic devices. A peaked hood or cap, with a mask attached to it, completely covered the head and face, having loopholes for the eyes to peer through. The feet were encased in peaked shoes richly embroidered, and in the hand was carried a wand or rod of silver or gold. One of these dresses still retained some fine precious stones sprinkled over the embroidery, and another had little miniatures let into the brocade. Some of the *casaccias* still exist, but the majority have recently been seized by the government and sold. That of St. John Baptist in the cathedral is a beautiful work of the fifteenth century, of pure silver wrought into most exquisite designs, statuettes and bas-reliefs. Its cost in 1405 was one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and it takes eight men's strength to lift it. The crucifixes of the different brotherhoods are also very fine. The figure of Christ is usually life-sized, and executed in painted wood mounted on a solid silver cross. One of these, belonging to the Oratory of San Giacomo, is the work of Pierre Puget, the great French sculptor, who resided some years in Genoa. The hair and beard are real, and the blood imitated with rubies inlaid in the wood. It is a grand work, and pronounced by medical men to be a model of anatomy: the expression of the face is exceedingly touching and dignified, and some of the rubies in the wounds about the brow are as large as small peas.

The numerous monasteries and convents of Genoa have all been long since suppressed, and in consequence the city has lost one of its characteristic features. It was not without a struggle that the Genoese allowed their convents to be closed. The Capuchin friars were especial favorites, being, as a body, very charitable. They are still employed as nurses in the local hospitals.

The Genoese *mezzo cetto*, or middle class, is rapidly losing many of its peculiarities and assuming the manners and ways of other countries and cities, but there exist some old families which retain

the quaint fashions of other times. As a rule, the houses of the commercial Genoese are richly furnished, and those of the quiet, old-fashioned people who still keep up the ancient traditions contain some of the finest furniture, linen and plate I have ever seen. In the house of a jeweler of my acquaintance the hangings of the walls and the window-curtains are of yellow silk damask threaded with gold. This damask is three hundred years old, and the gold in one yard of it, when extracted, was valued at two hundred and fifty francs.* The carpets and rugs in the house in question are Persian, and the chairs and tables of carved oak. At a bridal supper at which I was present the dishes, plates and cups were of silver lined with gold, and chiseled, as was proudly asserted by the host, by Benvenuto Cellini. Notwithstanding all this magnificence, the excellent and superabundant meal was cooked by the hostess, aided by her unmarried daughters. When a young girl of this class is married it is the custom to bestow upon her a rich trousseau of clothes and linen, and I know of one Genoese merchant's daughter, married some five or six years since, who had eighteen silk dresses, four satin and five velvet ones presented to her, besides so many dozens of sheets, pillow-cases, table-covers and napkins that she might have furnished a first-class dry-goods store with them.

It is not the fashion amongst the *mezzo cetto* to give balls or parties, except during Carnival; when they have what are called *festine*. These are very quaint and curious. Should you be a little early you will have to pass your time, if a gentleman, in the smoking-room, the ladies keeping by themselves in one of the saloons until the whole company is assembled, when the sexes are permitted to mingle, *ma con riserbo*. It is the fashion to open on these festa-nights all the bedrooms, which, as the houses are built in flats, lead one into another, as

well as the drawing-rooms; and one chamber only, the largest, is reserved for dancing. In the bedrooms, which are profusely illuminated, sit the old ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation or cards. The dancers form a kind of procession, which moves continually round all the rooms, the various couples breaking through the ranks as they enter the ball-room to dance, but never more than six or eight pairs at a time, nor do they perform for more than a few minutes together, so as to yield the floor to others and thus prevent overcrowding. The master of ceremonies, usually the eldest son of the family, claps his hands when he thinks a party of dancers have enjoyed themselves long enough, and they fall into the procession and promenade or enter one of the chambers and sit down. When a young man has done dancing he immediately reconducts his partner to her mother's side or^{to} to one of the many groups of young girls, but he may, if he likes, stand by her and talk without giving offence. No one ventures to ask a lady to dance unless previously introduced to her, but the hostess takes great care never to allow any of her guests to lack partners. The principal dances are the mazurka and the "German," called *cotillione*: waltzes are not much in favor. I remember one Carnival, on a Saturday night, going to a *festino* at the house of a rich merchant, where we danced until daybreak, but before going home our host insisted that the entire company should go with him to the nearest church to hear early mass, for he feared fatigue might be a pretext with some to miss divine service—an omission which constitutes on days of obligation a mortal sin. It was rather strange to see the gay party in full ball-dress kneeling before the dimly-lighted altar. The Genoese dress more showily in the streets than the people of any of the other Italian cities, because the majority of the thoroughfares are so narrow that carriages are of little use and ladies can only display their toilettes on foot. On a fine Sunday in early summer Aqua Sola, the chief public promenade, is thronged, and

* It will be remembered that some of the tapestries designed by Raphael were unraveled for the sake of the gold thread they contained, and that thus the world was deprived of those masterpieces.

the costumes are sometimes very brilliant, it being by no means rare to see Genoese ladies in full ball-dress on this fashionable parade, and wearing no other head-covering than the delightful *pez-zotto*.

The aristocracy is still very rich, many families possessing fortunes of from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars a year, and some few still larger incomes. The Pallavicini are the richest, and the Marquis Ignazio of that name spends annually twenty-five thousand dollars on his villa at Pegli, which he generously throws open to the public. It possesses one of the finest gardens in Europe, and contains several large artificial grottoes constructed with stalactitic masses brought from a great distance, and two artificial lakes, one of which, at the summit of a mountain, has been so skillfully designed that at a certain point it appears to join the horizon of the sea, and thus makes the distant Genoa seem built upon its shores, whereas, in reality, the lake is only a few yards in circumference, the city many miles off, and the sea some thousand feet below.

Persons unacquainted with Italian history and customs often imagine, when they see palaces bearing illustrious names failing to decay or let out for the meanest purposes, that the families to whom they belonged are either extinct or greatly reduced in circumstances. This is, however, in many instances, far from being the case. Some of the great Genoese families have often as many as ten palaces in various parts of the city. This plurality of residences is easily accounted for. In ancient times the nobility considered the street bordering on the harbor as the seat of fashion, and built their mansions either in it or as near it as possible. In the course of years fashion induced them to abandon the "downtown" house and migrate to other regions. Thus, in the fourteenth century it was considered "the thing" to live down by the port, but toward the close of the sixteenth people began to either sell or let their old palaces in this locality and to build themselves new ones in that succession of streets, Vie Balbi, Nioya

and Nuovissima, which is popularly known as the "street of palaces," and which forms without doubt the noblest thoroughfare in the world. The Marquises Spinola possess ten palaces in different parts of Genoa, all of them of size and beauty. Four are kept up with considerable state and elegance, but the rest are dilapidated. My washerwoman lived in one of them, and hung her clothes-line across a vast saloon decorated with frescoes by Taverna. To give an idea of the size of most of these palaces, I will cite the "Croce," near the Exchange, now let out in offices. One of its chambers has been divided into eight large stores, and there are forty-two offices in the building. The Genoese palaces really look like the residences of princes, and not like prisons, as do usually those of Florence and Rome, which are mostly built of dark-brown stone and have their windows heavily barred with iron. The usual disposition exhibits a large hall supported on columns, leading into a courtyard surrounded by arcades, the arches of which likewise rest on columns. Beyond this court is a small garden, with a fountain in its centre, shaded with orange and lemon trees. As you pass along the street and look into the courtyards the long perspective of marble halls, courts, columns, arches, balconies and fine flights of steps produces a most striking effect, enhanced by the vivid and deep-green foliage of the plants and the occasional glimpse of pure blue sky above. The character of these mansions is florid and festive, and they seem built for scenes of elegant festivity, merry masquerades, agreeable concerts of music and banquets such as Paul Veronese has depicted on his glowing canvases. The streets which they line are frequently so narrow that you can easily touch the two sides by merely stretching out your arms, but they are so picturesque, so full of vivid contrasts of light and shade, that they never weary. At every turn there is a picture more charming than the last to attract your attention. Now it is a Gothic gateway of black and white marble; now a superb courtyard full of slender pillars surround-

ing a glittering fountain; now an over-hanging balcony of fine design stretches over a noble door flanked with stately columns, on which fall the full mellow rays of the sun. The rest of the crooked street is in deep shade, but the golden light gilds a tall steeple of Romanesque style which, with its little horseshoe arcades, stands out in bold relief against the bluest of skies. This campanile or steeple perhaps rises alongside an ancient church, the entrance to which is draped with scarlet silk, and its half-open door admits a glimpse of the illuminated altar, before which worship a crowd of veiled women whose ethereal gauzy head-dresses look like halos as they mingle with the clouds of sunny incense. It was no accident which made the Genoese build their stately dwellings in narrow streets. In the Middle Ages, when the disputes of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions rose high, it was considered conducive to safety to live in a house of great size with vast courtyards, situated in narrow thoroughfares; for, whereas you could easily fill the palace with a considerable force, the adjoining streets were so narrow that the opposition faction stood but small chance of making a formidable assault, as they could only be filled with a limited number of armed men.

Most of the Genoese palaces contain small but good collections of pictures, and the number of genuine Rubens and Vandykes is very considerable, these two great artists having spent several years in Genoa. The best-known Vandykes are in the Brignoli Sala Palace, which was presented a few months since to the city by its present owner, the Duchess di Galiera, who is the co-heiress, with her sister, the Duchess Melzi of Milan, of the last Marquis Brignoli Sala. Her husband, the duke, many years ago killed his groom by accident—a deed which filled him with such remorse and sorrow that he has never slept a single night in his native town since. The duke and duchess live in Paris, and are amongst the most distinguished members of the society of that capital. In the Brignoli collection are portraits of the prince of

Orange, of the Marquis Brignoli on horseback, and of the marchesa his wife with a parrot on her arm, all by Vandyke. In the Pallavicino Palace is that beautiful picture of Coriolanus and Veturia, by the same artist, which is said to represent James I. of England and Anne of Denmark. There is in a somewhat dilapidated palace belonging to the Cataneo family a chamber containing eight portraits by Vandyke, but the apartments being let out as a billiard-saloon, these noble pictures are suffering cruelly from the effects of smoke and dust. When asked why he did not have them restored, the marquis, who is immensely wealthy, answered *Costa troppo*—“It costs too much.” He was then offered a large sum of money for all or part of them. *Mi son troppo cari*—“They are too dear to me,” said he. At the Durazzo Palace they show you a remarkable picture by Rubens called the “White Boy.” It represents a beautiful youth dressed entirely in white satin, and standing in front of a white curtain of the same material. As a *tour de force* in coloring it is unique, and as a picture very lovely.

The apartments in these palaces are handsomely furnished, but they never look comfortable. The most homelike is the Balbi, but then this is not to be wondered at, for it is the residence of a very highly cultivated woman, the charming Marchesa Balbi, who is well known in Italian society as “La bella Pallavicino,” her maiden name. The aristocracy do not receive much company: they visit amongst themselves, but as they are one and all *Codini*, or attached to the papal faction, they deem it unbecoming to entertain so long as the head of the Church continues in trouble. When they do break the rule, it is indeed on a magnificent scale. Some years ago the duchess of Berry, mother of the count de Chambord, visited Genoa, and a supper was given in her honor by the Marquis Durazzo, to which were invited one hundred persons, and the bill of fare was estimated at one thousand francs (or two hundred dollars) per head. The most splendid ball I ever attended was that given to the Princess Margherita by Baron

Podestá in the halls of the Raggi Palace. It was a scene of truly Eastern grandeur. Eight large halls were thrown open, and the garden was transformed into a ball-room adorned with trees and fountains and illuminated with countless Venetian lanterns. The king and his family were present, and the Princess Margherita was certainly the most beautiful girl in the assembly, although Genoa is celebrated for its handsome women. Her husband, Prince Umberto, looked in his swallow-tailed coat and white choker very like a waiter. Some of the jewels worn by the Genoese marchionesses were remarkable, and the old Marchesa Macchi di Mari had on a tiara of rubies worth a fortune. One dowager, a Princess Centurione, was so heavily laden with diamonds that after her presentation to the princess she had to withdraw in order to take off the majority of them. Owing, however, to their antiquity, and to their being set in silver, the diamonds worn by these noble ladies produce less effect than they might were they to be sent on a short visit to Tiffany for resetting. A lively marchesa took off a huge brooch to show me, the setting of which was ancient Grecian and covered with Greek inscriptions. In olden times the ancestors of the lady—she was a Durazzo—were pirates, and had visited the islands of the Archipelago, the Christian shrines of which were rich in jewels stolen from the fanes of Diana and Venus. The Durazzos scrupled little to appropriate the gems which glistened on saints of the schismatical Greek Church, and considered that they looked far better on the necks and in the ears of their Catholic wives. It was thus that this antique brooch had come into their possession. The last thing an Italian noblewoman parts with are her jewels, for she rightly considers them in the light of money. The Marchesa Balbi—by no means a very wealthy woman—is reported to have over two millions of francs' worth of diamonds, and a pearl necklace belonging to the lovely Marchesa Gropallo is estimated at five hundred thousand francs. To the Marchesa di Mari, however, belong the finest jewels in Genoa, and her rubies are world-famous.

There is no general society in Genoa now. The last house which was opened to strangers of distinction, and where one met both the aristocratic and commercial society of the city, was that of the late well-known and much-regretted Marquis di Negro. The Villa di Negro was celebrated throughout Europe for its hospitality, and in its rooms have been made cordially welcome almost every man and woman of distinction who has visited Italy, from Madame de Staél and Lord Byron down to the present time; amongst others, Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. There is a small English colony in Genoa, but mostly engaged in mercantile pursuits. There is one house, however, belonging to the foreign element of Genoese social life which deserves special mention, and this is the Villa Novello, the home of Alfred and Sabilla Novello and of the Cowden Clarkes. It is situated on a hill overlooking the port and commanding delicious views of the city, the mountains and the sea. It combines the elegancies of an Italian villa and the comforts of an English house. The numerous beautifully-proportioned chambers are frescoed by excellent masters, and the floors are of mosaic; but then there are American stoves to heat them with, and easy-chairs and rocking-chairs and a hundred and one conveniences never dreamt of in an Italian home. The grand marble staircase passes up by walls frescoed by Carbone with admirable copies of Raphael's Hours, but a thick carpet takes off the chill in winter. The picture-gallery, a beautiful chamber, used also as a music-hall, is comfortable in an extreme degree, and the boudoir is a coquettish little room, the ceiling of which is full of little Cupids playing on musical instruments. The Cowden Clarkes live on the ground floor, and their rooms, which look into the gardens, are just the kind of apartments one would imagine these students of Shakespeare ought to have. A bust of the immortal poet stands over the well-filled bookcase, and portraits of celebrities hang upon the walls—not the least beautiful of which are a sketch of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a pic-

ture of Mrs. Clarke in the character of Mrs. Quickly, as performed by her on a certain memorable occasion when Shakespeare's comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was acted in London and each of the parts was taken by a literary celebrity. Then there is Mrs. Clarke's American chair, given to her years ago by her Transatlantic admirers, and prized as it deserves. It is a grandfatherly arm-chair, having on its doughty back two statuettes of Comedy and Tragedy and a bust of "dear Will," which are carved from the wood of the mulberry tree which Shakespeare is said to have planted. Mr. Cowden Clarke is in his eighty-fifth year, but time has dealt mercifully with him, and he is as fresh of intellect and full of enthusiasm as a young man. I have never seen a more noble old gentleman. He is tall and erect, and so gracious that he attracts both young and old, and is beloved alike by both. It is his rule never to speak uncharitably of any one—never to allow idle gossip to go on in his presence: silence is his harshest condemnation. Let there be some good to tell of a man, some virtue which others of less delicate discernment might never note, and with the exquisite delicacy of his kind heart Mr. Clarke will find fitting opportunity to proclaim it. I can well understand how so many whose names are immortal in literature have loved him tenderly: because he returned their love with all his soul, and his friendship was a solid staff to lean upon. So Keats and Charles Lamb found it. Around his finely-shaped head, which is otherwise bald, grows scant curly hair, still brown, which, when he was a younger man, made Lamb cry out, "Why, Clarke! what whiskers you have behind your head!" and forthwith he dubbed his friend "Cowden with the Tuft."

Mr. Clarke rises with the dawn, and generally studies and writes until two o'clock, after which hour he is accessible to his friends, who can then enjoy the delights of his conversation, which is full of anecdote and information, and never pedantic. He is well mated in Mrs. Clarke, of whom he once told me, as we looked and laughed together over some

old fashion-prints of ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets, "When I first courted my Molly she wore one of those things on her head, and her face looked as if it were beaming at me from the bottom of a tunnel; but I thought it very pretty, for all that, and, by Jove! it hasn't changed a bit, has it?"—a question my memory did not enable me to answer, though, since Mrs. Clarke in the recent dedication of her latest novel to her husband has publicly acknowledged her age to be "sixty-three," I think I may without offence as publicly assert that unless she had said so herself I should not have believed it. She is still a pretty and graceful woman, her manner so kindly and unaffected that she puts every one at his ease; while her tact in drawing people out is a gift peculiar to herself. Her literary powers are proved by her *Concordance to Shakespeare*, which took her sixteen years of hard labor to execute, and her tales of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*. She carries her golden rules of order and punctuality into everything she does, and her life, although a stranger would never imagine it, is regulated by the clock—so many hours for toil, so many for sleep, and so many for recreation—and still she contrives always to be ready to greet a guest or do a kind service. Mrs. Clarke is one of the daughters of the eminent musician Vincent Novello, who was descended from an ancient and noble house of the Genoese province. Her sister, Clara Novello, was reputed the finest oratorio singer of this century. She retired from her profession many years ago, and lives with her husband, Count Giglucci, at Fermo. Occasionally her exquisite voice is heard in the music-room of the Villa Novello, and it is still fresh and lovely. Countess Giglucci has four children—two sons and two daughters—who inherit not only her personal beauty and grace, but much of her musical ability. The two daughters, most beautiful and charming girls, are the Contessini Portia and Valeria, to whom Mrs. Clarke has dedicated *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*. Mr. Novello, a very remarkable musician, and for

many years the head of the great musical publishing-firm of Novello and Ewer, lives also at the villa, which is, I believe, his property. Its exquisite gardens are laid out according to his taste, and are remarkably lovely. The family group is completed by Miss Sabilla Novello, a lady distinguished alike for her musical talents and sprightly conversation, and the authoress of several works on singing. She has done much for the introduction and popularizing of classical music in Italy. The music of the great German composers, even of Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, was, I believe, scarcely known in Genoa until heard at the concerts this lady has been in the habit, for the last ten years, of giving once a week during the winter. The first time the *Creation* was ever sung in Genoa was at a concert organized by Miss Novello for some charitable institution in the church of the Oratorians. It was a great success. An old *maestro* said to me as he came out, "This is sublime. I had no idea that the Germans could compose anything but waltzes."

But if the Genoese are narrow-minded in musical matters and sharp in their commercial dealings, they have shown a munificent open-heartedness in their charitable institutions. When almshouses were almost unknown in other cities of Europe, Genoa already possessed its sumptuous Albergo de' Poveri, founded by Emmanuel Brignoli in 1564. It is built entirely of white marble, and the ranges of apartments divide the courts into the form of a cross, in the middle of which is the chapel, boasting a Pietà by Michael Angelo, a replica of that in St. Peter's. This splendid establishment accommodates twenty-two hundred persons, and is kept in the most perfect order and cleanliness. The beds are excellent, the rooms well ventilated, the gardens charming and the food abundant and wholesome. On account of the munificent manner in which it is endowed and supported it is popularly known as *Il gran signorone*—"the great lord." Another fine institution is the hospital of

Pammatoni, built in 1430 by Bartolomeo del Bosco. Like the Albergo, it is constructed of marble on a scale of the greatest liberality. It contains one thousand beds and room for three thousand orphans, and moreover has attached to it a free dentistry and pharmacy for the benefit of the poor. Genoa also boasts of having established the first deaf-and-dumb institution opened in Italy. It was founded by Father Assarotto in 1801, and the patients support themselves out of the proceeds of a typographical establishment which has produced some of the best theological works printed in this century. In addition to these establishments there is a finely-organized asylum for the insane, capable of accommodating six hundred patients, who are exceedingly well treated. This was the first house in Europe to abolish the cruel system, at one time universally practiced, of beating and pumping cold water upon the unfortunate maniacs. Moreover, this city, whose inhabitants the Florentines have so unjustly calumniated, possesses fifteen *conservatorie* for females. These are foundations of a religious nature, although the inmates do not take vows. Some are for the refuge of the unmarried, some are only penitentiaries, others are asylums for children whose parents either will not or cannot support them. The largest of these *conservatorie* is that of the Fieschine, built in 1762 by Domenico Fieschi, a Genoese nobleman: it receives about two hundred and fifty inmates, who are employed in lace-work and the manufacture of artificial flowers. Half of the profit belongs to the girls, and the rest goes toward the maintenance of the house, which is conducted on a kindly system by the descendants of the once-powerful house of Fieschi. There are many other noble institutions for poor boys, for the aged and the blind in this city, and all of those which I have inspected are so admirably and munificently managed that it would be but just to add to the title of *superba* that of *la caritatevole*—"Genoa the Charitable."

R. DAVEY.

A STUDY FOR THE CRITICS.

A GREAT king once, so I have heard,
 Went out to hunt a singing-bird
 Whose voice should be so sweet and strong;
 So fraught with all the tricks of song,
 That they who heard it would confess
 The king's fine taste and perfectness
 Of judgment. And it came to pass
 That where the wind poured through the grass,
 Fringing a brooklet's sinuous way,
 He saw a bird demure and gray,
 Of awkward mien and sleepy-eyed,
 Bathing in the crystal tide.

"O bird!" the king said, looking down,
 "A monarch I of high renown,
 Out searching for a singing-bird
 Whose voice, the sweetest ever heard,
 Shall cheer me in my hours of gloom,
 And coax my dead loves back to bloom."

"Take me, O king," the gray bird said.
 "A sad and lonely life I've led,
 Singing with not a soul to hear,
 Pining for but one word of cheer."

"Thou!" cried the king, half in surprise,
 A sudden anger in his eyes—
 "Thou insignificant, nameless bird!
 Thou ninny! Hast thou never heard
 Of my grand palace and my throne
 Of pearl and gold and precious stone?
 Thou gray, sad-eyed, presumptuous thing!
 Thou entertain a court and king!
 Begone! Say not another word:
 My cage must hold a royal bird."

There came a silken sound of wings
 Above the brooklet's murmurings;
 The wind fell still upon the grass
 To watch the gray bird upward pass;
 The sunlight milder, softer grew;
 The leaves took on a tenderer hue—
 As if all Nature, gently stirred,
 Bade farewell to the going bird.

The monarch stood with lips compressed,
 Regret and choler in his breast,
 While from the sky, well-sent and strong,
 Came back a Parthian shaft of song.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TWO DOGS.

LADY FLORIMEL'S fancy was so full of the expected pleasure that she woke soon after dawn. She rose and anxiously drew aside a curtain of her window. The day was one of God's odes written for men. Would that the days of our human autumn were as calmly grand, as gorgeously hopeful, as the days that lead the aging year down to the grave of winter! If our white hairs were sunlit from behind like those radiance-bordered clouds; if our air were as pure as this when it must be as cold; if the falling at last of longest-cherished hopes did but, like that of the forest leaves, let in more of the sky, more of the infinite possibilities of the region of truth, which is the matrix of fact,—we should go marching down the hill of life like a battered but still bannered army on its way home. But, alas! how often we rot, instead of march, toward the grave! "If he be not rotten before he die," said Hamlet's absolute gravedigger. If the year was dying around Lady Florimel, as she looked, like a deathless sun from a window of the skies, it was dying at least with dignity.

The sun was still reveling in the gift of himself. A thin blue mist went up to greet him, like the first of the smoke from the altars of the morning. The field lay yellow below; the rich colors of decay hung heavy on the woods, and seemed to clothe them as with the trappings of a majestic sorrow; but the spider-webs sparkled with dew and the gossamer films floated thick in the level sunbeams. It was a great time for the spiders, those visible Deaths of the insect race.

The sun, like a householder leaving his house for a time, was burning up a thousand outworn things before he went; hence the smoke of the dying hearth of

summer was going up to the heavens; but there was a heart of hope left, for, when farthest away, the sun is never gone, and the snow is the earth's blanket against the frost. But, alas! it was not Lady Florimel who thought these things. Looking over her shoulder, and seeing both what she can and what she cannot see, I am having a think to myself.

"Which it is an offence to utter in the temple of Art," cry the critics.

Not against Art, I think; but if it be an offence to the worshiper of Art, let him keep silence before his goddess: for me, I am a sweeper of the floors in the temple of Life, and his goddess is my mare and shall go in the dust-cart. If I find a jewel as I sweep, I will fasten it on the curtains of the doors, nor heed if it should break the fall of a fold of the drapery.

Below Lady Florimel's oriel window, under the tall bridge, the burn lay dark in a deep pool, with a slow-revolving eddy, in which one leaf, attended by a streak of white froth, was performing solemn gyrations. Away to the north the great sea was merry with waves and spotted with their broken crests: heaped against the horizon, it looked like a blue hill dotted all over with feeding sheep. But to-day she never thought *why* the waters were so busy—to what end they foamed and ran, flashing their laughter in the face of the sun: the mood of Nature was in harmony with her own, and she felt no need to discover any higher import in its merriment. How could she, when she sought no higher import in her own—had not as yet once suspected that every human gladness, even to the most transient flicker of delight, is the reflex—from a potsherd, it may be—but of an eternal sun of joy? Stay, let me pick up the gem: every faintest glimmer, all that is not utter darkness, is from the shining face of the Father of lights. Not a

breath stirred the ivy leaves about her window, but out there on the wide blue the breezes were frolicking, and in the harbor the new boat must be tugging to get free. She dressed in haste, called her stag-hound, and set out the nearest way—that is, by the town-gate—for the harbor. She must make acquaintance with her new plaything.

Mrs. Catanach in her nightcap looked from her upper window as she passed, like a great spider from the heart of its web, and nodded significantly after her, with a look and a smile such as might mean that for all her good looks she might have the heartache some day. But she was to have the first herself, for that moment her ugly dog, now and always with the look of being fresh from an ash-pit, rushed from somewhere and laid hold of Lady Florimel's dress, frightening her so that she gave a cry. Instantly her own dog, which had been loitering behind, came tearing up, five lengths at a bound, and descended like an angel of vengeance upon the offensive animal, which would have fled, but found it too late. Opening his huge jaws, Demon took him across the flanks, much larger than his own, as if he had been a rabbit. His howls of agony brought Mrs. Catanach out in her petticoats. She flew at the hound, which Lady Florimel was in vain attempting to drag from the cur, and seized him by the throat.

"Take care! he is dangerous," cried the girl.

Finding she had no power upon him, Mrs. Catanach forsook him, and in despairing fury rushed at his mistress. Demon saw it with one flaming eye—left the cur, which, howling hideously, dragged his hind quarters after him into the house, and sprang at the woman. Then indeed was Lady Florimel terrified, for she knew the savage nature of the animal when roused. Truly, with his eyes on fire as now, his long fangs bared, the bristles on his back erect and his moustache sticking straight out, he might well be believed, much as civilization might have done for him, a wolf after all. His mistress threw herself between them and flung her arms tight round his neck.

"Run, woman! run for your life!" she shrieked. "I can't hold him long."

Mrs. Catanach fled, cowed by terror. Her huge legs bore her huge body, a tragic-comic spectacle, across the street to her open door. She had hardly vanished, flinging it to behind her, when Demon broke from his mistress, and, going at the door as if launched from a catapult, burst it open and disappeared also.

Lady Florimel gave a shriek of horror and darted after him.

The same moment the sound of Duncan's pipes as he issued from the town-gate, at which he always commenced instead of ending his *reveille* now, reached her, and bethinking herself of her inability to control the hound, she darted again from the cottage and flew to meet him, crying aloud, "Mr. MacPhail! Duncan! Duncan! stop your pipes and come here directly."

"And who may be calling me?" asked Duncan, who had not thoroughly distinguished the voice through the near clamor of his instrument.

She laid her hand trembling with apprehension on his arm, and began pulling him along. "It's me—Lady Florimel," she said. "Come here directly. Demon has got into a house and is worrying a woman."

"God haf mercy!" cried Duncan. "Take her pipes, my laty, for fear anything paad should happen to them."

She led him hurriedly to the door. But ere he had quite crossed the threshold he shivered and drew back. "This is an efil house," he said. "She'll not can co in."

A great floundering racket was going on above, mingled with growls and shrieks, but there was no howling.

"Call the dog, then. He will mind you, perhaps," she cried—knowing what a slow business an argument with Duncan was—and flew to the stair.

"Temon! Temon!" cried Duncan with agitated voice.

Whether the dog thought his friend was in trouble next, I cannot tell, but down he came that instant, with a single bound from the top of the stair, right over his mistress's head as she was run-

ning up, and leaping out to Duncan, laid a paw upon each of his shoulders, panting with out-lolled tongue.

But the piper staggered back, pushing the dog from him. "It is plood!" he cried—"ta efil woman's plood!"

"Keep him out, Duncan dear," said Lady Florimel. "I will go and see. There! he'll be up again if you don't mind."

Very reluctant, yet obedient, the bard laid hold of the growling animal by the collar; and Lady Florimel was just turning to finish her ascent of the stair and see what dread thing had come to pass, when, to her great joy, she heard Malcolm's voice calling from the farther end of the street, "Hey, daddy, what's happened 'at I dinna hear the pipes?"

She rushed out, the pipes dangling from her hand, so that the drone trailed on the ground behind her. "Malcolm! Malcolm!" she cried; and he was by her side in scarcely more time than Demon would have taken.

Hurriedly and rather incoherently she told him what had taken place. He sprang up the stair, and she followed.

In the front garret—with a dormer window looking down into the street—stood Mrs. Catanach facing the door, with such a malignant rage in her countenance that it looked demoniacal. Her dog lay at her feet with his throat torn out.

As soon as she saw Malcolm she broke into a fury of vulgar imprecation—most of it quite outside the pale of artistic record.

"Hoots! for shame, Mistress Catanach!" he cried. "Here's my lady ahin' me, hearin' ilka word."

"Deil stap her lugs wi' brunstane! What but a curse wad she hae frae me? I sweir by God I s' gar her pey for this, or my name's no—" She stopped suddenly.

"I thocht as muckle," said Malcolm with a keen look.

"Ye'll think twise, ye deil's buckie, or ye think richt! Wha are *ye* to think? What sud my name be but Bawby Catanach? Ye're unco upsettin' sin' ye turned my leddy's flunkie! Sorrow tak ye

baith! My dawtit Beauty worriet by that hell-tyke o' hers!"

"Gien ye gang on like that, the markis 'll hae ye drummed oot o' the toon or twa days be ower," said Malcolm.

"Wull he, then?" she returned with a confident sneer, showing all the teeth she had left. "Ye'll be far ben wi' the markis, nae doobt! An' yon donnert auld deevil ye ca' yer gran'father 'ill be fain eneuch to be drummer, I'll sweir. Care's my case!"

"My leddy, she's ower ill-tongued for you to hearken till," said Malcolm, turning to Florimel, who stood in the door white and trembling. "Jist gang doon an' tell my gran'father to sen' the dog up. There's surely some gait o' garrin' her haud her tongue."

Mrs. Catanach threw a terrified glance toward Lady Florimel.

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind," replied Florimel. "For shame!"

"Hoots, my leddy!" returned Malcolm, "I only said it to try the effec' o' t'. It seems no that ill."

"Ye son o' a deevil's soo!" cried the woman: "I s' hae amen's o' ye for this, gien I sud ro'st my ain hert to get it."

"Deed, but ye're duin that fine a'ready! That foul brute o' yours has gotten *his* arles (*earnest*) tu. I wonner what he thinks o' sawmon-trot noo? Eh, mem?"

"Have done, Malcolm," said Florimel. "I am ashamed of you. If the woman is not hurt, we have no business in her house."

"Hear till her!" cried Mrs. Catanach contemptuously. "*The woman!*"

But Lady Florimel took no heed. She had already turned, and was going down the stair. Malcolm followed in silence, nor did another word from Mrs. Catanach overtake them.

Arrived in the street, Florimel restored his pipes to Duncan—who, letting the dog go, at once proceeded to fill the bag—and instead of continuing her way to the harbor turned back, accompanied by Malcolm, Demon and "Lady Stronach's Strathspey."

"What a horrible woman that is!" she said with a shudder.

"Ay is she; but I doobt she wad be waur gien she didna brak oot that gait whiles," rejoined Malcolm.

"How do you mean?"

"It frichts fowk at her, an' maybe sometimes pits 't oot o' her pooer to du waur. Gien ever she seek to mak it up wi' ye, my leddy, I wad hae little to say till her gien I was you."

"What could I have to say to a low creature like that?"

"Ye wadna ken what she might be up till, or hoo she might set about it, my leddy. I wad hae ye mistrust her a'the-gither. My daddy has a fine moral nose for vermin, an' he canna bide her, though he never had a glimp o' the fause face o' her, an' in trouth never spak till her."

"I will tell my father of her. A woman like that is not fit to live amongst civilized people."

"Ye're rich there, my leddy, but she wad only gang some ither gait amo' the same. Of coarse ye maun tell yer father, but she's no fit for him to tak ony notice o'."

As they sat at breakfast Florimel did tell her father. His first emotion, however—at least the first he showed—was vexation with herself. "You must *not* be going out alone, and at such ridiculous hours," he said. "I shall be compelled to get you a governess."

"Really, papa," she returned, "I don't see the good of having a marquis for a father if I can't go about as safe as one of the fisher-children. And I might just as well be at school if I'm not to do as I like."

"What if the dog had turned on you?" he said.

"If I dared!" exclaimed the girl, and her eyes flashed.

Her father looked at her for a moment, said to himself, "There spoke a Colon-say!" and pursued the subject no further.

When they passed Mrs. Catanach's cottage an hour after, on their way to the harbor, they saw the blinds drawn down, as if a dead man lay within: according to after report, she had the brute already laid out like a human being, and sat by the bedside awaiting a coon which she had ordered of Watty Witherspail.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

COLONSAY CASTLE.

THE day continued lovely, with a fine breeze. The whole sky and air and sea were alive—with moving clouds, with wind, with waves flashing in the sun. As they stepped on board amidst the little crowd gathered to see, Lady Florimel could hardly keep her delight within the bounds of so-called propriety. It was all she could do to restrain herself from dancing on the little deck half swept by the tiller. The boat of a schooner which lay at the quay towed them out of the harbor. Then the creature spread her wings like a bird—mainsail and gaff-top-sail, staysail and jib—leaned away to leeward, and seemed actually to bound over the waves. Malcolm sat at the tiller and Blue Peter watched the canvas.

Lady Florimel turned out to be a good sailor, and her enjoyment was so contagious as even to tighten certain strings about her father's heart which had long been too slack to vibrate with any simple gladness. Her questions were incessant—first about the sails and rigging, then about the steering; but when Malcolm proceeded to explain how the water reacted on the rudder, she declined to trouble herself with that.

"Let me steer first," she said, "and then tell me how things work."

"That is whiles the best plan," said Malcolm. "Jist lay yer han'upo' the tiller, my leddy, an' luik oot at yon p'int they ca' the Deid Heid yonner. Ye see, when I turn the tiller this gait her heid fa's aff frae the p'int, an' whan I turn't this ither gait her heid turns till't again: haud her heid jist about a twa yards like aff o' t'."

Florimel was more delighted than ever when she felt her own hand ruling the cutter—so overjoyed indeed that, instead of steering straight, she would keep playing tricks with the rudder, fretting the mouth of the sea-palfrey, as it were.

Every now and then Malcolm had to expostulate: "Noo, my leddy, caw canny. Dinna steer sae wull. Haud her steddy.—My lord, wad ye jist say a word to my leddy, or I'll be forced to tak the tiller fra her?"

But by and by she grew weary of the attention required, and giving up the helm began to seek the explanation of its influence in a way that delighted Malcolm.

"Ye'll mak a guid skipper some day," he said: "ye speir the richt questons, an' that's 'maist as guid 's kennin' the richt answers."

At length she threw herself on the cushions Malcolm had brought for her, and while her father smoked his cigar gazed in silence at the shore. Here, instead of sands, low rocks, infinitely broken and jagged, filled all the tidal space—a region of ceaseless rush and shattered waters. High cliffs of gray and brown rock, orange and green with lichens here and there, and in summer crowned with golden furze, rose behind—untouched by the ordinary tide, but at high water lashed by the waves of a storm. Beyond the headland which they were fast nearing the cliffs and the sea met at half-tide.

The moment they rounded it, "Luik there, my lord!" cried Malcolm. "There's Colonsay Castel, 'at yer lordship gets yer naife, I'm thinkin'—an', ony gait, ane o' yer teetles—frael. It maun be mony a hunner year sin' ever a Colonsay baid intill't."

Well might he say so, for they looked, but saw nothing—only cliff beyond cliff rising from a white-fringed shore. Not a broken tower, not a ragged battlement invaded the horizon.

"There's nothing of the sort there," said Lady Florimel.

"Ye maunna luik for toor or pinnacle, my leddy, for nane will ye see: their time's lang ower. But jist tak the seaface o' the scaur (*cliff*) i' yer ee, an' traivel alang 't oontil ye come till a bit 'at luiks like mason-wark. It scarce rises abune the scaur in ony but ae pairt, an' there it's but a feow feet o' a wa."

Following his direction, Lady Florimel soon found the ruin. The front of a projecting portion of the cliff was faced, from the very water's edge as it seemed, with mason-work, while on its side the masonry rested here and there upon jutting masses of the rock, serving as cor-

bels or brackets, the surface of the rock itself completing the wall-front. Above, grass-grown heaps and mounds, and one isolated bit of wall pierced with a little window, like an empty eyesocket with no skull behind it, were all that was visible from the sea of the structure which had once risen lordly on the crest of the cliff.

"It is poor for a ruin, even," said Lord Lossie.

"But jist consider hoo auld the place is, my lord—as auld as the time o' the sea-rovin' Danes, they say. Maybe it's aulder nor King Alfred. Ye maun regaird it only as a foondation: there's stanes eneuch lyin' about to shaw 'at there maun hae been a gran' supper-structur on 't ance. I some think it has been ance disconneckit frae the lan' an' jined on by a drawbrig. Mony a lump o' rock an' castel thegither has rowed doon the brae upon a' sides, an' the ruins may weel hae filled up the gully at last. It's a wonnerfu' auld place, my lord."

"What would you do with it if it were yours, Malcolm?" asked Lady Florimel.

"I wad spen' a' my spare time patchin' 't up to gar't stan' oot agane the wither. It's crum'let awa' a heap sin' I min'."

"What would be the good of that? A rickle of old stones!" said the marquis.

"It's a growth 'at there winna be mony mair like," returned Malcolm. "I wonder' at your lordship!"

He was now steering for the foot of the cliff. As they approached the ruin expanded and separated, grew more massy, and yet more detailed. Still, it was a mere root clinging to the soil.

"Suppose you were Lord Lossie, Malcolm, what would you do with it?" asked Florimel seriously, but with fun in her eyes.

"I wad win at the boddom o' 't first."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ye'll see whan ye win intill't. There's a heap o' voutit places inside you blin' face. Du ye see yon wee bit squaur winnock? That lats the licht in till ane o' them. There may be vouts aneath vouts, for them 'at ye can win intill 's half fu' o' yird an' stanes. I wad hae a'

that cleart oot, an' syne begin frae the verra foondation, biggin' an' patchin' an' buttressin', till I got it a' as soun' as a whunstane; an' whan I cam to the tap o' the rock, there the castel sud tak to growin' again; an' grow it sud, till there it stude as near what it was as the wit an' the han' o' man cud set it."

"That would ruin a tolerably rich man," said the marquis.

"Ony gait, it's no the w'y fowk ruins themsel's noo-a-days, my lord. They'll pu' doon an auld hoose ony day to save themsel's blastin'-poother. There's that gran' place they ca' Huntly Castel—a suckin' bairn to this for age, but 'wi wa's, they tell me, wad stan' for thoosans o' years—wad ye believe 't, there's a sowless chiel' o' a factor there biggin' park-wa's an' a grainary oot o' it, as gien 'twar a quarry o' blue stane! An' what's ten times mair extord'er'dar, there's the duke o' Gordon jist lattin' the gype tak's wull o' the hoose o' His Grace's ain forbears! I wad maist as sune lat a man speyk ill o' my daddy."

"But this is past all rebuilding," said his lordship. "It would be barely possible to preserve the remains as they are."

"It *wad* be ill to du, my lord, *ohn* set it up again. But jist think what a gran' place it wad be to bide in!"

The marquis burst out laughing. "A grand place for gulls and kittiwakes and sea-crows," he said. "But where is it, pray, that a fisherman like you gets such extravagant notions? How do you come to think of such things?"

"Thouch't's free, my lord. Gien a thing be guid to think, what for sudna a fisher-lad think it? I hae read a heap aboot auld castles an' sic-like i' the history o' Scotlan', an' there's mony an auld tale an' ballant aboot them.—Jist luik there, my leddy! Ye see yon awfu' hole i' the wa', wi' the verra inside o' the hill, like, rushin' oot at it?—I cud tell ye a fearfu' tale aboot that same."

"Do let us have it," said Florimel eagerly, setting herself to listen.

"Better wait till we land," said the marquis lazily.

"Ay, my lord: we're ower near the

shore to begin a story.—Slack the mainsheet, Peter, an' stan' by the jib-boon-haul.—Dinna rise, my leddy: she'll be o' the grun' in anither meenute."

Almost immediately followed a slight grating noise, which grew loud, and before one could say her speed had slackened the cutter rested on the pebbles, with the small waves of the just-turned tide flowing against her quarter. Malcolm was overboard in a moment.

"How the deuce are we to land here?" said the marquis.

"Yes," followed Florimel, half risen on her elbow, "how the deuce *are* we to land here?"

"Hoot, my leddy!" said Malcolm, "sic words ill become yer bonny mou'."

The marquis laughed.

"I ask you how we are to get ashore?" said Florimel with grave dignity, though an imp was laughing in the shadows of her eyes.

"I'll sune lat ye see that, my leddy," answered Malcolm; and leaning over the low bulwark he had her in his arms almost before she could utter an objection. Carrying her ashore like a child—indeed, to steady herself she had put an arm round his shoulders—he set her down on the shingle, and, turning in the act, left her as if she had been a burden of nets and waded back to the boat.

"And how, pray, am I to go?" asked the marquis. "Do you fancy you can carry me in that style?"

"Ow na, my lord! that wadna be dignified for a man. Jist loup upo' my back." As he spoke he turned his broad shoulders, stooping.

The marquis accepted the invitation and rode ashore like a schoolboy, laughing merrily.

They were in a little valley open only to the sea, one boundary of which was the small promontory whereon the castle stood. The side of it next them, of stone and live rock combined, rose perpendicular from the beach to a great height, whence to gain the summit they had to go a little way back and ascend by a winding path till they reached the approach to the castle from the landward side.

"Noo, *wadna* this be a gran' place to bide at, my lord?" said Malcolm as they reached the summit—the marquis breathless, Florimel fresh as a lark. "Jist see sic an ootluik! The verra place for pirates like the auld Danes! Naething cud escape the sicht o' them here. Yon's the hills o' Sutherlan'. Ye see yon ane like a cairn?—that's a great freen' to the fisher-fowk to tell them whaur they are. Yon's the laich co'st o' Caithness. An' yonher's the North Pole, only ye canna see sae far. Jist think, my lord, hoo gran' wad be the blusterin' blap o' the win' aboot the turrets as ye stude at yer window on a winter's day luikin oot ower the gurly twist o' the watters, the air fu' o' flichterin snaw, the clouds a mile thick abune yer heid, an' no a leevin cratur but yer ain fowk nearer nor the fairm-toon ower the broo yonner!"

"I don't see anything very attractive in your description," said his lordship. "And where," he added, looking around him, "would be the garden?"

"What cud ye want wi' a gairden, an' the sea oot afore ye there? The sea's bonnier than ony gairden. A gairden's maist aye the same, or it changes sae slow, wi' the ae flooer gaein' in an' the ither flooer comin' oot, 'at ye maist dinna notice the odds. But the sea's never twa days the same. Even lauchin', she never lauchs twice wi' the same face, an' when she sulks she has a hunner w'y's o' sulkin'."

"And how would you get a carriage up here?" said the marquis.

"Fine that, my lord. There's a ro'd up as far's yon neuk. An' for this broo, I wad clear awa the lowse stanes an' lat the naït'ral gerse grow sweet an' fine, an' turn a lot o' bonny heelan' sheep on till't. I wad keep yon ae bit o' whuns, for though they're rouch i' the leaf they blow sae gowden. Syne I wad gether a' the bits o' drains frae a' sides till I had a bonny stream o' watter aff o' the sweet corn-lan' rowin' doon here whaur we stan', an' ower to the castel itsel', an' throu' coort an' kitchie, gurglin' an' rin-nin', an' syne oot again an' doon the face o' the scaur, splashin' an' loupin' like mad. I wad lea' a' the lave to Na-

tur' hersel'. It *wad* be a gran' place, my lord! An' whan ye was tired o' t' ye cud jist rin awa' to Lossie Hoose an' hide ye i' the how there for a cheenge. I wad like fine to hae the sortin' o' t' for yer lordship."

"I dare say," said the marquis.

"Let's find a nice place for our luncheon, papa, and then we can sit down and hear Malcolm's story," said Florimel.

"Dinna ye think, my lord, it wad be better to get the baskets up first?" interposed Malcolm.

"Yes, I think so. Wilson can help you."

"Na, my lord: he canna lea' the cutter. The tide's risin', an' she's ower near the rocks."

"Well, well! we sha'n't want lunch for an hour yet, so you can take your time."

"But ye maun tak tent, my lord, hoo ye gang amo' the ruins. There's awkward kin' o' holes aboot thae vouts, an' jist whaur ye think there's nane. I dinna a' thegither like yer gaein' wantin' me."

"Nonsense! Go along," said the marquis.

"But I'm no jokin'," persisted Malcolm.

"Yes, yes, we'll be careful," returned his master impatiently, and Malcolm ran down the hill, but not altogether satisfied with the assurance.

CHAPTER XL

THE DEIL'S WINNOCK.

FLORIMEL was disappointed, for she longed to hear Malcolm's tale. But amid such surroundings it was not so very difficult to wait. They set out to have a peep at the ruins and choose a place for luncheon.

From the point where they stood, looking seaward, the ground sunk to the narrow isthmus supposed by Malcolm to fill a cleft formerly crossed by a drawbridge, and beyond it rose again to the grassy mounds in which lay so many of the old bones of the ruined carcass.

Passing along the isthmus, where on

one side was a steep descent to the shore of the little bay, and on the other the live rock hewn away to a wall shining and sparkling with crystals of a clear irony brown, they next clambered up a rude ascent of solid rock, and so reached what had been the centre of the seaward portion of the castle. Here they came suddenly upon a small hole at their feet, going right down. Florimel knelt, and peeping in saw the remains of a small spiral stair. The opening seemed large enough to let her through, and, gathering her garments tight about her, she was halfway buried in the earth before her father, whose attention had been drawn elsewhere, saw what she was about. He thought she had fallen in, but her merry laugh reassured him, and ere he could reach her she had screwed herself out of sight. He followed her in some anxiety, but after a short descent rejoined her in a small vaulted chamber, where she stood looking from the little square window Malcolm had pointed out to them as they neared the shore. The bare walls around them were of brown stone, wet with the drip of rains, and full of holes where the mortar had yielded and stones had fallen out. Indeed, the mortar had all but vanished: the walls stood and the vaults hung chiefly by their own weight. By breaches in the walls, where once might have been doors, Florimel passed from one chamber to another and another, each dark, brown, vaulted, damp and weather-eaten, while her father stood at the little window she had left, listlessly watching the two men on the beach far below landing the lunch, and the rippled sea, and the cutter rising and falling with every wave of the flowing tide.

At length Florimel found herself on the upper end of a steep-sloping ridge of hard, smooth earth lying along the side of one chamber, and leading across to yet another beyond, which, unlike the rest, was full of light. The passion of exploration being by this time thoroughly roused in her, she descended the slope, half sliding, half creeping. When she thus reached the hole into the bright chamber, she almost sickened with hor-

ror, for the slope went off steeper, till it rushed, as it were, out of a huge gap in the wall of the castle, laying bare the void of space and the gleam of the sea at a frightful depth below: if she had gone one foot farther she could not have saved herself from sliding out of the gap. It was the very breach Malcolm had pointed out to them from below, and concerning which he had promised them the terrible tale. She gave a shriek of terror and laid hold of the broken wall. To heighten her dismay to the limit of mortal endurance, she found at the very first effort—partly, no doubt, from the paralysis of fear—that it was impossible to reascend; and there she lay on the verge of the steep slope, her head and shoulders in the inner of the two chambers, and the rest of her body in the outer, with the hideous vacancy staring at her. In a few moments it had fascinated her so that she dared not close her eyes lest it should leap upon her. The wonder was that she did not lose her consciousness, and fall at once to the bottom of the cliff.

Her cry brought her father in terror to the top of the slope.

"Are you hurt, child?" he cried, not seeing the danger she was in.

"It's so steep I can't get up again," she said faintly.

"I'll soon get you up," he returned cheerily, and began to descend.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "don't come a step nearer. If you should slip, we should go to the bottom of the rock together. Indeed, indeed, there is great danger. Do run for Malcolm."

Thoroughly alarmed, yet mastering the signs of his fear, he enjoined her to keep perfectly still while he was gone, and hurried to the little window. Thence he shouted to the men below, but in vain, for the wind prevented his voice from reaching them. He rushed from the vaults, and began to descend at the first practical spot he could find, shouting as he went.

The sound of his voice cheered Florimel a little as she lay forsaken in her misery. Her whole effort now was to keep herself from fainting, and for this

end to abstract her mind from the terrors of her situation: in this she was aided by a new shock, which, had her position been a less critical one, would itself have caused her a deadly dismay. A curious little sound came to her, apparently from somewhere in the quite dusky chamber in which her head lay. She fancied it made by some little animal, and thought of the wild-cats and otters of which Malcolm had spoken as haunting the caves; but while the new fear mitigated the former, the greater fear subdued the less. It came a little louder, then again a little louder, growing like a hurried whisper, but without seeming to approach her. Louder still it grew, and yet was but an inarticulate whispering. Then it began to divide into some resemblance of articulate sounds. Presently, to her utter astonishment, she heard herself called by name.

"Lady Florimel! Lady Florimel!" said the sound plainly enough.

"Who's there?" she faltered, with her heart in her throat, hardly knowing whether she spoke or not.

"There's nobody here," answered the voice. "I'm in my own bedroom at home, where your dog killed mine."

It was the voice of Mrs. Catanach, but both words and tone were almost English.

Anger and the sense of a human presence, although an evil one, restored Lady Florimel's speech. "How dare you talk such nonsense?" she said.

"Don't anger me again," returned the voice. "I tell you the truth. I'm sorry I spoke to your ladyship as I did this morning. It was the sight of my poor dog that drove me mad."

"I couldn't help it. I tried to keep mine off him, as you know."

"I do know it, my lady, and that's why I beg your pardon."

"Then there's nothing more to be said."

"Yes, there is, my lady: I want to make you some amends. I know more than most people, and I know a secret that some would give their ears for. Will you trust me?"

"I will hear what you've got to say."

"Well, I don't care whether you believe me or not: I shall tell you nothing but the truth. What do you think of Malcolm MacPhail, my lady?"

"What do you mean by asking me such a question?"

"Only to tell you that by birth he is a gentleman, and comes of an old family."

"But why do you tell *me*?" said Lady Florimel. "What have *I* to do with it?"

"Nothing, my lady—or himself either. *I* hold the handle of the business. But you needn't think it's from any favor for *him*. I don't care what comes of him. There's no love lost between him and me. You heard yourself, this very day, how he abused both me and my poor dog who is now lying dead on the bed beside me."

"You don't expect me to believe such nonsense as that?" said Lady Florimel.

There was no reply. The voice had departed, and the terrors of her position returned with gathered force in the desolation of redoubled silence that closes around an unanswered question. A trembling seized her, and she could hardly persuade herself that she was not slipping by slow inches down the incline.

Minutes that seemed hours passed. At length she heard feet and voices, and presently her father called her name, but she was too agitated to reply except with a moan. A voice she was yet more glad to hear followed—the voice of Malcolm, ringing confident and clear.

"Haud awa', my lord," it said, "an' lat *me* come at her."

"You're not going down so?" said the marquis angrily. "You'll slip to a certainty, and send her to the bottom."

"My lord," returned Malcolm, "I ken what I'm aboot, an' ye dinna. I beg 'at ye'll haud ootby, an' no upset the lassie, for something maun depen' upon hersel'. Jist gang awa' back into that ither vout, my lord. I insist upo' 't."

His lordship obeyed, and Malcolm, who had been pulling off his boots as he spoke, now addressed Mair. "Here, Peter," he said, "haud on to the tail o' that rope like grim deith. Na, I dinna

want it roon' me: it's to gang roon' her. But dinna ye haul, for it micht hurt her, an' she'll lippen to me and come up o' hersel'. Dinna be feart, my bonny leddy: there's nae danger—no ae grain. I'm comin'."

With the rope in his hand he walked down the incline, and kneeling by Florimel, close to the broken wall, proceeded to pass the rope under and round her waist, talking to her, as he did so, in the tone of one encouraging a child.

"Noo, my leddy! noo, my bonny leddy! A meenute, an' ye're as safe's gien ye lay i' yer minnie's lap."

"I daren't get up, Malcolm: I daren't turn my back to it. I shall drop right down into it if I do," she faltered, beginning to sob.

"Nae fear o' that. There! ye canna fa' noo, for Blue Peter has the ither en', an' Peter's as strong 's twa pownies. I'm gaein' to tak aff yer shune neist."

So saying, he lowered himself a little through the breach, holding on by the broken wall with one hand, while he gently removed her sandal shoes with the other. Drawing himself up again, he rose to his feet, and taking her hand, said, "Noo, my leddy, tak a guid grip o' my han', an' as I lift ye, gie a scram'le wi' yer twa bit feet, an' as sun'e's ye fin' them aneth ye, jist gang up as gien ye war clim'in' a gey stey brae (*rather steep ascent*). Ye cudna fa' gien ye tried yer warst."

At the grasp of his strong arm the girl felt a great gush of confidence rise in her heart: she did exactly as he told her, scrambled to her feet, and walked up the slippery way without one slide, holding fast by Malcolm's hand, while Joseph kept just feeling her waist with the loop of the rope as he drew it in. When she reached the top she fell, almost fainting, into her father's arms, but was recalled to herself by an exclamation from Blue Peter: just as Malcolm relinquished her hand his foot slipped. But he slid down the side of the mound only—some six or seven feet to the bottom of the chamber, whence his voice came cheerily, saying he would be with them in a moment. When, however,

ascending by another way, he rejoined them, they were shocked to see blood pouring from his foot: he had lighted amongst broken glass, and had felt a sting, but only now was aware that the cut was a serious one. He made little of it, however, bound it up, and, as the marquis would not now hear of bringing the luncheon to the top, having, he said, had more than enough of the place, limped painfully after them down to the shore.

Knowing whither they were bound, and even better acquainted with the place than Malcolm himself, Mrs. Cata-nach, the moment she had drawn down her blinds in mourning for her dog, had put her breakfast in her pocket and set out from her back door, contriving mischief on her way. Arrived at the castle, she waited a long time before they made their appearance, but was rewarded for her patience, as she said to herself, by the luck which had so wonderfully seconded her cunning. From a broken loophole in the foundation of a round tower she now watched them go down the hill. The moment they were out of sight she crept like a fox from his earth, and having actually crawled beyond danger of discovery, hurried away inland, to reach Portlossie by footpaths and byways, and there show herself on her own doorstep.

The woman's consuming ambition was to possess power over others—power to hurt them if she chose—power to pull hidden strings fastened to their hearts or consciences or history or foibles or crimes, and so reduce them, in her knowledge, if not in theirs, to the condition of being more or less her slaves. Hence she pounced upon a secret as one would on a diamond in the dust: any fact even was precious, for it might be allied to some secret—might, in combination with other facts, become potent. How far this vice may have had its origin in the fact that she had secrets of her own, might be an interesting question.

As to the mysterious communication she had made to her, Lady Florimel was not able to turn her mind to it, nor in-

deed for some time was she able to think of anything.

CHAPTER XLI. THE CLOUDED SAPPHIRES.

BEFORE they reached the bottom of the hill, however, Florimel had recovered her spirits a little, and had even attempted a laugh at the ridiculousness of her late situation, but she continued very pale. They sat down beside the baskets on some great stones fallen from the building above. Because of his foot, they would not allow Malcolm to serve them, but told Mair and him to have their dinner near, and called the former when they wanted anything.

Lady Florimel revived still more after she had had a morsel of partridge and a glass of wine, but every now and then she shuddered: evidently she was haunted by the terror of her late position, and, with the gladness of a discoverer, the marquis bethought himself of Malcolm's promised tale as a means of turning her thoughts aside from it. As soon, therefore, as they had finished their meal, he called Malcolm and told him they wanted his story.

"It's some fearsome," said Malcolm, looking anxiously at the pale face of Lady Florimel.

"Nonsense!" returned the marquis, for he thought, and perhaps rightly, that if such it would only serve his purpose the better.

"I wad raither tell 't i' the gloamin' roon' a winter fire," said Malcolm, with another anxious look at Lady Florimel.

"Do go on," she said: "I want so much to hear it!"

"Go on," said the marquis; and Malcolm, seating himself near them, began.

I need not again tell my reader that he may take a short cut if he pleases.

"There was ance a great nobleman—like yersel', my lord, only no sae douce—an' he had a great followin', and was thought muckle o' in a' the country frae John o' Grot's to the Mull o' Gallowa'. But he was terrible prood, an' thought

naebody was to compare wi' him, nor onything 'at onybody had to compare wi' onything 'at he had. His horse war aye swifter an' his kye aye better milkers nor ither fowk's; there war nae deer sae big nor had sic muckle horns as the reid deer on his heelan' hills; nae gillies sae strang's his gillies; and nae castles sae weel biggit or sae auld as his. It may ha' been a' verra true for onything I ken, or onything the story says to the contrar'; but it wasnae heumble or Christian-like o' him to be aye at it, ower an' ower, aye gloryin', as gien he had a' thing sae by-ord'nar' 'cause he was by-ord'nar' himsel', an' they a' cam till him by the verra natur' o' things. There was but ae thing in which he was na favvored, and that was that he had nae son to tak up what he left. But it mairtered the less that the teetle as weel's the lan's wad, as the tale tells, gang a' the same till a lass-bairn—an' a lass-bairn he had."

"That is the case in the Lossie family," said the marquis.

"That's hoo I hae hard the tale, my lord, but I wad be sorry sud a' it conteens meet wi' like corroboration. As I say, a dochter there was, an' gien a' was surpassin' she was surpassin' a'. The faimily piper, or sennachy, as they ca'd him—I wadnae wonner, my lord, gien thaen gran' pipes yer boonty gae my gran'father had been his—he said in ane o' his sangs 'at the sun blinkit whanever she shawed hersel' at the hoosedoor. I s' warran' ae thing—'at a' the lads blinkit whan she luikit at them, gien sae be she cud ever be said to condescen' sae far as to *luik* at ony; for gien ever she set ee upo' aine, she never loot it rist: her ee aye jist slippit ower a face as gien the face micht or micht not be there—site didna ken or care. A'body said she had sic a haughty leuk as was never seen on human face afore; an' for freen'ly *luik*, she had nane for leevin' cratur, 'cep' it was her ain father or her ain horse 'at she rade upo'. Her mither was deid.

"Her father wad fain hae seen her merriet afore he dee'd, but the pride he had gien her was like to be the en' o' a', for she coontit it naething less than a

disgrace to pairt wi' maiden leeerty. 'There's no man,' she wad say whan her father wad be pressin' upo' the subjec' —'there's no mortal man but yersel' worth the turn o' my ee.' An' the father, puir man! was ower weel pleased wi' the flattery to be sae angry wi' her as he wad fain hae luikit. Sae time gaed on till frae a bonny lassie she had grown a gran' leddy, an' cud win up the hill nae forder, but bude to gang doon o' the ither side; an' her father was jist near-han' daft wi' anxiety to see her wad. But no, never aine wad she hearken till.

"At last there cam to the hoose—that's Colonsay Castel up there—ae day, a yoong man frae Norrowa', the son o' a great nobleman o' that country; an' wi' him she was some ta'en. He was a fine man to leuk at, an' he pat them a' to shame at onything that nott stren'th or skeel. But he was as humble as he was fit, an' never teuk ony credit till himsel' for onything 'at he did or was; an' this she was ill-pleased wi', though she cudna help likin' him, an' made nae banes o' lattin' him see 'at he wasna a'-thegither a scunner till her.

"Weel, ae mornin' verrā ear' she gaed oot intill her gairden an' luikit ower the hedge; an' what sud she see but this same yoong nobleman tak the bairn frae a puir traivelin' body, help her ower a dyke, and gie her her bairn again? He was at her ain side in anither meenute, but he was jist that meenute ahint his tryst, an' she was in a cauld rage at him. He tried to turn her hert, sayin' wad she hae had him no help the puir thing over the dyke, her bairnie bein' but a fortnicht auld an' hersel' unco weak-like? but my lady made a mou' as gien she was scunnert to hear sic things made mention o'. An' was *she* to stan' luikin' over the hedge an' him convoyin' a beggar-wife an' her brat? An' syne to come to *her* ohn ever wash-en his han's! 'Hoot, my leddy!' says he, 'the puir thing was a human cratur.' 'Gien she had been a God's angel,' says she, 'ye had no richt to keep me waitin'.' 'Gien she had been an angel,' says he, 'there wad hae been little occasion, but the wuman stude in wand o' help.' 'Gien

't had been to save her life, ye sudna hae keepit me waitin',' says she. The lad was scared at that, as weel he might, an' takin' aff 's bannet he lowtit laich an' left her. But this didna shuit my leddy: she wasna to be left afore she said *Gang*. Sae she cried him back, an' he cam, bannet in han'; an' she leuch, an' made as gien she had been but tryin' the smedum o'm, an' thought him a true k-nicht. The puir fallow pluckit up at this, an' doon he fell upo' s k-nees, an' oot wi' a' was in 's hert—hoo 'at he lo'ed her mair nor tongue cud tell, an' gien she wad hae him he wad be her slave for ever.

"Ye s' be that," says she, an' leuch him to scorn. 'Gang efter yer beggar-wife,' she says: 'I'm sick o' ye.'

"He rase, an' teuk up 's bannet, an' louipt the hedge, an' gae a blast upo' s horn, an' gethered his men, an' steppit aboord his boat, owar by Puffie Heid yonner, an' awa' to Norrowa' ower the faem, an' was never hard tell o' in Scotlan' again. An' the leddy was hauchtier and cairried her heid heicher nor ever—maybe to hide a scaum (*slight mark of burning*) she had taen, for a' her pride.

"Sae things gaed on as afore till at len'th the tide o' *her* time was weel past the turn, an' a streak o' the snaw in her coal-black hair. For, as the auld sang says, Her hair was like the craw, An' her ble was like the snaw, An' her bow-bendit lip Was like the rose-hip, An' her ee was like the licht'nin', Glorious an' fricht'nin'. But a' that wad sun'e be ower.

"Aboot this time, ae day i' the gloamin', there cam on sic' an awfu' storm 'at the fowk o' the castel war frichtit 'maist oot o' their wits. The licht'nin' cam oot o' the yerd, an' no frae the lift at a'; the win' roared as gien 't had been an incarnat rage; the thunner rattlet an' crackit as gien the mune an' a' the stars had been made kettledrums o' for the occasion; but never a drap o' rain or a stane o' hail fell: naething brak oot but blue licht an' roarin' win'. But the strangest thing was, that the sea lay a' the time as unconcerned as a sleepin' bairn; the win' got nae mair grip o' t nor gien a' the angels had been poorin'

ile oot o' widows' cruses upo' t'; the verra tide came up quaieter nor ord'nar; and the fowk war sair perplext, as weel 's frichtit.

"Jist as the clock o' the castel chappit the deid o' the nicht the clamor o' v'ices was hard throu' the thunner an' the win', an' the warder, luikin' doon frae the heich bartizan o' the muckle toor, saw, i' the fire-flauchts, a company o' riders approchin' the castel — a' upo' gran' horses, he said, that sprang this gait an' that, an' shot fire frae their een. At the drawbrig they blew a horn 'at rowtit like a' the bulls o' Bashan, an', whan the warder challenged them, claimit hoose-room for the nicht. Naebody had ever hard o' the place they cam frae—it was sae far awa' 'at as sune 's a body hard the name o' t' he forgot it again—but their beasts war as fresh an' as fu' o' smeddum as I tell ye, an' no a hair o' aane o' them turnt. There was jist a de'il's dozen o' them, an' whaurver ye began to coont them the thirteent had aye a reid baird.

"Whan the news was taen to the mar-kis—the yerl, I sud say—he gae orders to lat them in at ance; for whatever fau'ts he had, naither fear nor hainin' (*penuriousness*) was amang them. Sae in they cam, clatterin' ower the drawbrig, 'at gaed up an' down aneth them as gien it wad hae cast them.

"Richt fremt (*strange*) fowk they luikit whan they cam intill the coortyaIRD—a' spanglet wi' bonny bricht stanes o' a' colors. They war like nae fowk 'at ever the yerl had seen, an' he had been to Jeroozlem in's day, an' had fouchten wi' the Saracenes. But they war courteous men an' weel-bred—an' maistly weel-faured tu—ilk ane luikin' a lord's son at the least. They had na a single servin'-man wi' them, an' wad allow nae o' the fowk aboot the place to lay han' upo' their beasts; an' ilk ane as he said na wad gie the stallion aneth him a daig wi' sspurs, or a kick i' the ribs gien he was aff o' 's back wi' the steel tae o' his bute; an' the brute wad lay his lugs i' the how o' 's neck an' turn his heid asklent, wi' ae white ee gleuin' oot o' t', an' lift a hin' leg wi' the glintin' shoe

turnt back, an' luik like Sawtan himself' whan he daurna.

"Weel, my lord an' my leddy war sittin' i' the muckle ha'—for they cudna gang to their beds in sic a by-ous storm—whan him 'at was the chief o' them was ushered in by the seneschal—that's the steward, like—booin' afore him, an' ca'in' him the prence, an' nae mair, for he cudna min' the name o' 's place lang eneuch to say 't ower again.

"An' sae a prence he was; an', forby that, jist a man by himself' to luik at —i' the prime o' life maybe, but no free-ly i' the first o' t', for he had the luik as gien he had had a hard time o' t', an' had a white streak an' a craw's fit here and there—the liklier to please my leddy, wha luikit doon upo' a'body yoonger nor hersel'. He had a commandin', maybe some owerbeirin', luik—ane 'at a man micht hae birstled up at, but a leddy like my leddy wad welcome as worth bringin' doon. He was dressed as never man had appeart in Scotlan' afore, glorious without—no like the leddy i' the Psalms, for yer ee cud licht nowhaur but there was the glitter o' a stane, sae 'at he flashed a' ower ilka motion he made. He cairriet a short sword at his side, no muckle langer nor my daddy's dirk, as gien he never foucht but at closs quarters; the whilk had three sapphires—blue stanies, they tell me, an' muckle anes—lowin' i' the sheath o' t', an' a muckler ane still i' the heft; only they war some drumly (*clouded*), the leddy thought, bein' a jeedge o' hingars-at-lugs (*earrings*) an' sic vainities.

"That may be 's it may; but in cam the prence, wi' a laich' boo an' a gran' upstrauchtin' again; an' though, as I say, he was flashin' a' ower, his mainner was quaiet as the munelicht—jist grace itsel'. He profest himself unco' indebit for the shelter accordit him; an' his een aye soucht the leddy's, an' his admiration o' her was plain in ilka luik an' gestur', an' though his words were few they a' meant mair nor they said. Afore his supper cam in her hert was at his wull.

"They say that whan a wuman's late o' fa'in in love—ye'll ken, my lord: I ken naething aboot it—it's the mair likly

to be an oonrizzonin' an' ooncontrollable fancy: in sic maitters it seems wisdom comesna wi' gray hairs. Within ae hoor the leddy was enamored o' the strainger in a fearfu' w'y. She poored oot his wine till him wi' her ain han', an' the moment he put the glaiss till' s lips the win' fell an' the lichtnin' devallt (*ceased*). She set hersel' to put questons till him, sic as she thought he wad like to answer—a' about himself an' what he had come thru'. An' sic stories as he tellt! She atten't till him as she had never dune to guest afore, an' her father saw 'at she was sair taen wi' the man. But he wasna a' thegither sae weel pleased, for there was something aboot him—he cudna say what—at garred him grue (*shudder*). He wasna a man to hae fancies or stan' upo' freits, but he cudna help the creep that gaed doon his back-bane ilk time his ee encoontert that o' the prence: it was aye sic a strange luik the prence cuist upon him—a luik as gien him an' the yerl had been a'ready ower weel acquaint, though the yerl cudna min' 'at ever he had set ee upo' him. A' the time, hooever, he had a kin' o' a suspicion 'at they bude to be auld acquaintances, an' sair he sought to mak him oot, but the prence wad never lat a body get a glimp o' his een 'cep' the body he was speykin' till; that is, gien he cud help it, for the yerl did get twa or three glimps o' them as he spak till 's daughter; an' he declareret efterhin to the king's commissioner that a pale blue kin' o' licht cam frae them, the whilk the body he was conversin' wi', an' luikin' straucht at, never saw.

"Weel, the short and the lang o' 't that nicht was that they gaed a' to their beds.

"I' the mornin', whan the markis—the yerl, I sud say—an' his dochter cam doon the stair, the haill menyie (*company*) was awa. Never a horse or horse was i' the stable but the yerl's ain beasts—no ae hair left ahin' to show that they had been there; an' i' the chaumers allotted to their riders never a pair o' sheets had been sleepit in.

"The yerl an' his leddy sat doon to brak their fast—no freely i' the same hu-

mor, the twa o' them, as ye may weel believe. Whan they war aboot half throu', wha sud come stridin' in, some dour an' ill-pleased like, but the prence himself! Baith yerl an' leddy startit up: 'at they sud hae sitten doon till a meal ohn even adverteest the vesitor that sic was their purpose! They made muckle adu wi' apologies an' explanations, but the prence aye boode an' boode, an' said sae little that they thocht him mortal anger; the whilk was a great vex to my leddy, ye may be sure. He had a wither-like luik, an' the verra diamonds in 's claes war douf like. A'thegither he had a brunt-oot kin' o' aissig (*ashy*) leuk.

"At len'th the butler cam in, an' the prence signed till him, an' he gaed near, an' the prence drew him doon an' toot-mootit in 's lug; an' his breath, the auld man said, was like the grave: he hadna had 's mornin', he said, an' tellt him to put the whusky upo' the table. The butler did as he was tauld, an' set doon the decanter, an' a glaiss aside it; but the prence bannt him jist fearfu', an' ordert him to tak awa that playcock and fess a tum'ler.

"I'm thinkin', my lord, that maun be a modern touch," remarked Malcolm here, interrupting himself: "there wasna glaiss i' tha times—was there?"

"What do I know?" said the marquis. "Go on with your story."

"But there's mair intill 't than that," persisted Malcolm. "I doobt gien there was ony whusky i' that times aither; for I hard a gentleman say the ither day 'at hoo he had tastit the first whusky 'at was ever distillt in Scotlan', an' horrible stuff it was, he said, though it was 'maist as auld as the forty-five."

"Confound your long wind! Go on," said the marquis peremptorily.

"We s' ca'nt whusky, than, ony gait," said Malcolm, and resumed: "The butler did again as he was bidden, an fless (*fetched*) a tum'ler, or mair likly a siller cup, an' the prence took the decanter, or what it micht be, an' filled it to the verra brim. The butler's een 'maist startit frae 's heid, but naebody said naething. He lifit it, greedy-like, an' drank aff the whusky as gien 't had been watter.

'That's middlin',' he said as he set it o' the table again. They luikit to see him fa' doon deid, but in place o' that he begoud to gether himsel' a bit, an' says he, 'We brew the same drink i' my country, but a wee mair poorer.' Syne he askit for a slice o' boar-ham an' a raw apple; an' that was a' he ate. But he took anither waucht (*large draught*) o' the whisky, an' his een grew brichter, an' the stanes aboot him began to flash again; an' my leddy admired him the mair that what wad hae felled ony ither man only waukened him up a bit. An' syne he telled them hoo, laith to be fashous, he had gi'en orders till 's menyie to be aff afore the mornin' brak, an' wait at the neist cheeenge-hoose till he jined them; 'Whaur,' said the leddy, 'I trust ye'll lat them wait, or else sen' for them.' But the yerl sat an' said never a word. The prence gae him ae glower, an' declared that his leddy's word was law to him: he wad bide till she wulled him to gang. At this her een shot fire 'maist like his ain, an' she smilit as she had never smilit afore; an' the yerl cudna bide the sicht o' 't, but daurna interfere: he rase an' left the room an' them the-gather.

"What passed awixt the twa there was' name to tell, but or an hoor was by they cam ootupo' the gairden-terrace thegither, han' in han', luikin baith o' them as gran' an' as weel pleased as gien they had been king and queen. The lang an' the short o' 't was, that the same day at nicht the twa was married. Naither o' them wad hear o' a priest. Say what the auld yerl cud, they wad not hear o' sic a thing, an' the leddy was 'maist mair set agane 't nor the prence. She wad be married accordin' to Scots law, she said, an' wad hae nae ither ceremony, say 'at he likit.

"A gran' feast was gotten ready, an' just the meenute afore it was cairriet to the ha' the great bell o' the castel yowlt oot, an' a' the fowk o' the hoose was gaithered i' the coortyaird, an' oot cam the twa afore them, han' in han', declarin' themsel's merried fowk; the whilk, accordin' to Scots law, was but ower guid a marriage. Syne they sat

doon to their denner, and there they sat —no drinkin' muckle, they say, but merrily enjoyin' themsel's, the leddy singin' a sang noo an' again, an' the prence sayin' he ance cud sing, but had forgotten the gait o' 't; but never a prayer said nor a blessin' askit—oontil the clock chappit twal, whaurupon the prence and the prencess rase to gang to their bed—in a room whaur the king himsel' aye sleepit whan he cam to see them. But there wasna ane o' the men or the maids 't wad hae daured be their lanes wi' that man, prence as he ca'd himsel'.

"A meenute, or barely twa, was ower whan a cry cam frae the king's room—a fearfu' cry, a lang, lang skreigh. The men an' the maids luikit at anither wi' awsome luiks, an' 'He's killin' her!' they a' gaspit at ance.

"Noo she was never a favorite wi' ony ane o' her ain fowk, but still they couldna hear sic a cry frae her ohn run to the yerl.

"They fand him pacin' up and doon the ha', an' luikin' like a deid man in a rage o' fear. But whan they telled him he only leuch at them, an' ca'd them ill names, an' said he had na hard a cheep. Sae they tuik naething by that, an' gaed back trimlin'.

"Twa o' them, a man an' a maid, to haud hert in ane anither, gaed up to the door o' the transe (*passage*) 'at led to the king's room, but for a while they hard naething. Syne cam the soon' like o' moanin' an' greitin' an' prayin'.

"The neist meenute they war back again amo' the lave, luikin' like twa corps. They had open't the door o' the transe to hearken closer, an' what sud they see there but the fiery een an' the white teeth o' the prence's horse, lyin' athort the door o' the king's room, wi' s' heid between 's fore feet, an' keepin' watch like a tyke (*dog*)?

"Er' lang they bethought themsel's, an' twa o' them set oot an' aff thegither for the priory—that's whaur yer ain hoose o' Lossie noo stan's, my lord—to fess a priest. It wad be a guid twa hoor or they wan back, an' a' that time ilka noo an' than the moanin' an' the beggin' an' the cryin' wad come again. An' the

warder upo' the heich toorer declared 'at ever sin' midnicht the prence's menyie, the haill twal' o' them, was careerin' aboot the castel, roon' an' roon', wi' the een o' their beasts lowin', and their heids oot, an' their manes up, an' their tails fleein' ahint them. He aye lost sicht o' them whan they wan to the edge o' the scaur, but roon' they aye cam again upo' the ither side, as gien there had been a ro'd whaur there was na even a ledge.

"The moment the priest's horse set fut upo' the drawbrig the puir leddy gae anither ougsome cry, a hantle waur nor the first, an' up gat a sudden roar an' a blast o' win' that maist carrired the castel there aff o' the cliff intill the watter, an' syne cam a flash o' blue licht an' a rum'lin'. Efter that a' was quaiet: it was a' ower afore the priest wan athort the coortyaird an' up the stair. For he crossed himself an' gaed straucht for the bridalaumer. By this time the yerl had come up, an' followed cooerin' ahin' the priest.

"Never a horse was i' the transe; an' the priest, first layin' the cross 'at hang frae's belt agane the door o' the chaumer, flang 't open wi'oot ony ceremony, for ye'll alloo there was room for nane.

"An' what think ye was the first thing the yerl saw? A great hole i' the wa' o' the room, an' the starry pleuch luikin' in at it, an' the sea lyin' far doon afore him—as quaiet as the bride upo' the bed, but a hantle bonnier to luik at; for ilkasteek that had been on her was brunt aff, an' the bonny body o' her was lyin' a'runklet an' as black's a coal frae heid to fut; an' the reek at rase frae's was heedeous. I needna say the bridegroom wasna there. Some fowlk thought it a guid sign that he hadn'a cairriet the body wi' him; but maybe he was ower sududent scared by the fut o' the priest's horse upo' the drawbrig, an' dauredna bide his oncome. Sae the fower-fut stane wa' had to flee afore him for a throu'-gang to the Prencie o' the Pooper o' the Air. An' yon's the verra hole to this day, 'at ye was sae near ower weel acquaint wi' yersel', my leddy. For the yerl left the castel, and never a Colonsay has made his abode there sin' syne. But some say

'at the rizzon the castel cam to be desertit a' thegither was, that as asten as they biggit up the hole it fell oot again as sure 's the day o' the year cam roon' whan it first happent. They say that at twal o'clock that same nicht the door o' that room aye gaed tu, that naebody daur touch 't, for the heat o' the han'le o' 't; an' syne cam the skreighin' an' the moanin' an' the fearsome skelloch at the last, an' a rum'le like thun'er; an' i' the mornin' there was the wa' oot. The hole's bigger noo, for a' the decay o' the castel has taen to slidin' oot at it, an' dootless it'll spread an' spread till the haill structur vaines—at least sae they say, my lord—but I wad hae a try at the haudin' o' thegither for 'a that. I dinna see 'at the deil sud hae 't a' his ain gait, as gien we war a' fleyt at him. Fowk hae three-pit upo' me that there i' the gloamin' they hae seen an' awsome face luikin' in upo' them throu' that slap i' the wa'; but I never believed it was onything but their ain fancy, though for a' 'at I ken it may ha' been somethin' no canny. Still, I say, wha's fear? The Ill Man has no poorer cep ower his ain kin. We're tellt to resist him an' he'll flee frae's."

"A good story, and well told," said the marquis kindly. "Don't you think so, Florimel?"

"Yes, papa," Lady Florimel answered; "only he kept us waiting too long for the end of it."

"Some fowlk, my leddy," said Malcolm, "wad aye be at the hin'er en' o' a'thing. But for mysel', the mair pleased I was to be gaein' ony gait, the mair I wad spin oot the ro'd till't."

"How much now of the story may be your own invention?" said the marquis.

"Ow! nae that muckle, my lord—jist a few extras an' partic'lars 'at might weel hae been, wi' an adjective or an adverb or sic-like here an' there. I made ae mistak', though: gien 't was yon hole yonner, they bude till hae gane doon an' no up the stair to their chaumer."

His lordship laughed, and again commanding the tale rose: it was time to re-embark—an operation less arduous than before, for in the present state of the tide it was easy to bring the cutter so

close to a low rock that even Lady Florimel could step on board.

As they had now to beat to windward, Malcolm kept the tiller in his own hand. But indeed Lady Florimel did not want to steer: she was so much occupied with her thoughts that her hands must remain idle.

Partly to turn them away from the more terrible portion of her adventure, she began to reflect upon her interview with Mrs. Catanach—if *interview* it could be called where she had seen no one. At first she was sorry that she had not told her father of it, and had the ruin searched; but when she thought of the communication the woman had made to her, she came to the conclusion that it was, for various reasons—not to mention the probability that he would have set it all down to the workings of an unavoidably excited nervous condition—better that she should mention it to no one but Duncan MacPhail.

When they arrived at the harbor-quay they found the carriage waiting, but neither the marquis nor Lady Florimel thought of Malcolm's foot, and he was left to limp painfully home. As he passed Mrs. Catanach's cottage he looked up: there were the blinds still drawn down, the door was shut and the place was silent as the grave. By the time he reached Lossie House his foot was very much swollen. When Mrs. Courthope saw it she sent him to bed at once and applied a poultice.

CHAPTER XLII.

DUNCAN'S DISCLOSURE.

THE night long Malcolm kept dreaming of his fall; and his dreams were worse than the reality, inasmuch as they invariably sent him sliding out of the breach to receive the cut on the rocks below. Very oddly, this catastrophe was always occasioned by the grasp of a hand on his ankle. Invariably also, just as he slipped, the face of the prince appeared in the breach, but it was at the same time the face of Mrs. Catanach.

The next morning Mrs. Courthope

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found him feverish, and insisted on his remaining in bed—no small trial to one who had never been an hour ill in his life; but he was suffering so much that he made little resistance.

In the enforced quiescence, and under the excitement of pain and fever, Malcolm first became aware how much the idea of Lady Florimel had at length possessed him. But even in his own thought he never once came upon the phrase *in love* as representing his condition in regard to her: he only knew that he worshipped her, and would be overjoyed to die for her. The youth had about as little vanity as could well consist with individual coherence: if he was vain at all, it was neither of his intellectual nor personal endowments, but of the few tunes he could play on his grandfather's pipes. He could run and swim—rare accomplishments amongst the fishermen—and was said to be the best dancer of them all; but he never thought of such comparison himself. The rescue of Lady Florimel made him very happy. He had been of service to her, but so far was he from cherishing a shadow of presumption that as he lay there he felt it would be utter content to live serving her for ever, even when he was old and wrinkled and gray like his grandfather: he never dreamed of her growing old and wrinkled and gray.

A single sudden thought sufficed to scatter—not the devotion, but its peace. Of course she would marry some day, and what then? He looked the inevitable in the face, but as he looked that face grew an ugly one. He broke into a laugh: his soul had settled like a brooding cloud over the gulf that lay between a fisher-lad and the daughter of a peer. But although he was no coxcomb, neither had he fed himself on romances, as Lady Florimel had been doing of late; and although the laugh was quite honestly laughed at himself, it was nevertheless a bitter one. For again came the question, Why should an absurdity be a possibility? It was absurd, and yet possible: there was the point. In mathematics it was not so: there, of two opposites to prove one an absurdity was to

prove the other a fact. Neither in metaphysics was it so: there also an impossibility and an absurdity were one and the same thing. But here, in a region of infinitely more import to the human life than an eternity of mathematical truth, there was at least one absurdity which was yet inevitable—an absurdity, yet with a villainous attendance of direst heat, marrow-freezing cold, faintings and ravings and demoniacal laughter.

Had it been a purely logical question he was dealing with, he might not have been quite puzzled; but to apply logic here, as he was attempting to do, was like—not like attacking a fortification with a penknife, for a penknife might win its way through the granite ribs of Cronstadt—it was like attacking an eclipse with a broomstick. There was a solution to the difficulty; but as the difficulty itself was deeper than he knew, so the answer to it lay higher than he could reach—was in fact at once grander and finer than he was yet capable of understanding.

His disjointed meditations were interrupted quite by the entrance of the man to whom alone of all men he could at the time have given a hearty welcome. The schoolmaster seated himself by his bedside, and they had a long talk. I had set down this talk, but came to the conclusion I had better not print it: ranging both high and wide, and touching on points of vital importance, it was yet so odd that it would have been to too many of my readers but a chimæra tumbling in a vacuum, as they will readily allow when I tell them that it started from the question—which had arisen in Malcolm's mind so long ago, but which he had not hitherto propounded to his friend—as to the consequences of a man's marrying a mermaid; and that Malcolm, reversing its relations, proposed next the consequences of a man's being in love with a ghost or an angel.

"I'm dreidfu' tired o' lyin' here i' my bed," said Malcolm at length when, neither desiring to carry the conversation further, a pause had intervened. "I dinna ken what I want. Whiles I think it's the sun, whiles the win', and whiles

the watter. But I canna rist. Haena ye a bit ballant ye could say till me, Mr. Graham? There's naething wad quaiet me like a ballant."

The schoolmaster thought for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll give you one of my own if you like, Malcolm. I made it some twenty or thirty years ago."

"That *wad* be a trate, sir," returned Malcolm; and the master, with perfect rhythm, and a modulation amounting almost to melody, repeated the following verses:

The water ran doon frae the heich hope-heid (*head of the valley*),
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin:

It wimpled, an' waggleld, an' sang a screed
O' nonsense, an' wadna blin (*cease*),
Wi' its Rin, burnie, rin.

Frae the hert o' the warl' wi' a swirl an' a sway,
An' a Rin, burnie, rin,
That water lap clear frae the dark till the day,
An' singin' awa' did spin,
Wi' its Rin, burnie, rin.

As wee bit mile frae the heich hope-heid,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin,
'Mang her yows an' her lambs the herd-lassie stude,
An' she loot a tear fa' in,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin.

Frae the hert o' the maiden that tear-drap rase,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin:
Wearily clim'in' up narrow ways,
There was but a drap to fa' in,
Sae slow did that burnie rin.

Twa wee bit miles frae the heich hope-heid,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin,
Door creepit a cowerin' streakie o' reid,
An' melit awa' within,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin.

Frae the hert o' a youth cam the tricklin' reid,
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin:
It ran an' ran till it left him deid,
An' syne it dried up i' the win',
An' that burnie nae mair did rin.

When the wimplin' burn that frae thre herts gaed
Wi' a Rin, burnie, rin,
Cam to the lip o' the sea sae braid,
It curled an' grued wi' pain o' sin;
But it took that burnie in.

"It's a bonny, bonny sang," said Malcolm, "but I canna say I a'thegither like it."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Graham, with an inquiring smile.

"Because the ocean sudna mak a mou' at the puir earth-burnie that cudna help what ran intill 't."

"It took it in, though, and made it

clean, for all the pain *it* couldn't help either."

"Weel, gien yu luik at it that gait!" said Malcolm.

In the evening his grandfather came to see him, and sat down by his bedside, full of a tender anxiety which he was soon able to alleviate.

"Wounded in ta hand and in ta foot," said the seer: "what can it mean? It must mean something, Malcolm, my son."

"Weel, daddy, we maun jist bide till we see," said Malcolm cheerfully.

A little talk followed, in the course of which it came into Malcolm's head to tell his grandfather the dream he had had so much of the first night he had slept in that room, but more for the sake of something to talk about that would interest one who believed in all kinds of prefigurations than for any other reason.

Duncan sat moodily silent for some time, and then, with a great heave of his broad chest, lifted up his head, like one who had formed a resolution, and said, "The hour has come. She has long been afraid to meet it, put it has come, and Allister will meet it.—She'll not be your cran'father, my son."

He spoke the words with perfect composure, but as soon as they were uttered burst into a wail and sobbed like a child.

"Ye'll be my ain father, than?" said Malcolm.

"No, no, my son. She'll not be anything that's your own at all."

And the tears flowed down his channeled cheeks.

For one moment Malcolm was silent, utterly bewildered. But he must comfort the old man first, and think about what he had said afterward. "Ye're my ain daddy, whatever ye are," he said. "Tell me a' about it, daddy."

"She'll tell you all she'll be knowing, my son, and she neffer told a lie even to a Cawmill."

He began his story in haste, as if anxious to have it over, but had to pause often from fresh outbursts of grief. It contained nothing more of the essential than I have already recorded, and Malcolm was perplexed to think why what

he had known all the time should affect him so much in the telling. But when he ended with the bitter cry, "And now you'll pe loving her no more, my poy, my chilt, my Malcolm!" he understood it.

"Daddy! daddy!" he cried, throwing his arms round his neck and kissing him, "I lo'e ye better nor ever. An' weel I may!"

"But how can you, when you've cot none of ta plood in you, my son?" persisted Duncan.

"I hae as muckle as ever I had, daddy."

"Yes, put you'll didn't know."

"But ye did, daddy."

"Yes, and intet she cannot tell why she'll pe loving you so much herself aall ta time."

"Weel, daddy, gien ye cud lo'e me sae weel, kennin' me nae bluid's bluid o' yer ain, I canna help it: I *maun* lo'e ye mair nor ever, noo at I ken 't u. Daddy, daddy, I had *nae* claim upo' ye, an' ye hae been father an' gran'father an' a' to me."

"What could she do, Malcolm, my poy? Ta chilt had no one, and she had no one, and so it wass. You must pe her own poy, after aall. And she'll not pe wondering, put— It might pe— Yes, intet not!"

His voice sank to the murmurs of a half-uttered soliloquy, and as he murmured he stroked Malcolm's cheek.

"What are ye efter noo, daddy?" asked Malcolm.

The only sign that Duncan heard the question was the complete silence that followed. When Malcolm repeated it he said something in Gaelic, but finished the sentence thus, apparently unaware of the change of language: "Only how else should she be loving you so much, Malcolm, my son?"

"I ken what Maister Graham would say, daddy," rejoined Malcolm at a half guess.

"What would he say, my son? He's a coot man, your Master Graham. It could not pe without ta sem fathers and ta sem chief."

"He wad say it was 'cause we war

a' o' ae bluid — 'cause we had a' ae Father."

"Oh yes, no doubt! We all come from ta same first paarents, but tat will pe a ferry long way off, before ta clans cot tokether. It'll not pe holding ferry well now, my son. Tat wass before ta Cawmills."

"That's no what Maister Graham would mean, daddy," said Malcolm. "He wad mean that God was the Father o' 's a', and sae we cudna help lo'in' ane anither."

"No, tat cannot pe right, Malcolm, for then we should haf to love eberybody. Now she loves you, my son, and she hates Cawmill of Clenlyon. She loves Mistress Partan when she'll not pe too rude to her, and she hates tat Mistress Catanach. She's a paad woman, tat, she'll pe certain sure, though she'll neffer saw her to speak to her. She'll haif claaws to her poosoms."

"Weel, daddy, there was naething ither to gar ye lo'e me. I was just a helpless human bein', an' sae, for that an' nae ither rizzon, ye tuik a' that fash wi' me! An' for myself, I'm deid sure I cudna lo'e ye better gien ye war twise my gran'father."

"He's her own poy!" cried the piper, much comforted; and his hand sought his head and lighted gently upon it. "Put, maybe," he went on, "she might not haf loved you so much if she hadn't been thinking sometimes—"

He checked himself. Malcolm's questions brought no conclusion to the sentence, and a long silence followed.

"Supposin' I was to turn oot a Cawmill?" said Malcolm at length.

The hand that was fondling his curls withdrew as if a serpent had bit it, and Duncan rose from his chair.

"Wass it her own son to pe speaking such an efil thing?" he said, in a tone of injured and sad expostulation.

"For onything ye ken, daddy — ye canna tell but it *mith* be."

"Ton't breathe it, my son!" cried Duncan in a voice of agony, as if he saw unfolding a fearful game the arch-enemy had been playing for his soul. "Put it cannot pe," he resumed instantly, "for

then how should she pe loving you, my son?"

"Cause ye was in for that afore ye kent wha the puir beastie was."

"The tarling chilt! She could *not* haf loved him if he had been a Cawmill. Her soul would haf clumped pack from him as from ta snake in ta tree. Ta hate in her heart to ta plood of ta Cawmill would have killed ta chilt of ta Cawmill plood. No, Malcolm! no, my son!"

"Ye wadna hae me believe, daddy, that gien ye had kent by mark o' hiv (*hoof*) an' horn that the cratur they laid i' yer lap was a Cawmill, ye wad hae risen up an' looten it lie whaur it fell?"

"No, Malcolm, I would haf put my foot upon it, as I would on ta young fiper in ta heather."

"Gien I *was* to turn oot ane o' that ill race, ye wad hate me, than, daddy, efter a'? Ochone, daddy! Ye wad be weel pleased to think hoo ye stack yer durk throu' the ill han' o' me, an' wadna rist till ye had it throu' the waur hert. I doobt I had better up an' awa', daddy, for wha kens what ye mayna du to me?"

Malcolm made a movement to rise, and Duncan's quick ears understood it. He sat down again by his bedside and threw his arms over him: "Lie town, lie town, my poy! If you ket up, tat will pe you are a Cawmill. No, no, my son. You are ferry cruel to your own old daddy. She would pe too much sorry for her poy to hate him. It will pe so treadful to pe a Cawmill! No, no, my poy. She would take you to her poosom, and tat would trive ta Cawmill out of you. Put ton't speak of it any more, my son, for it cannot pe. She must co now, for her pipes will pe waiting for her."

Malcolm feared he had ventured too far, for never before had his grandfather left him except for work. But the possibility he had started might do something to soften the dire endurance of his hatred.

His thoughts turned to the new darkness let in upon his history and prospects. All at once the cry of the mad laird rang in his mind's ear: "I dinna ken whaur I cam frae!"

Duncan's revelation brought with it

nothing to be done, hardly anything to be *thought*—merely room for most shadowy, most unfounded conjecture; nay, not conjecture—nothing but the vaguest of castle-building. In merry mood he would henceforth be the son of some mighty man, with a boundless future of sunshine opening before him; in sad mood, the son of some strolling gypsy or worse—his very origin better forgotten, a disgrace to the existence for his share in which he had hitherto been peacefully thankful.

Like a lurking phantom-shroud the sad mood leaped from the field of his speculation and wrapped him in its folds: sure enough, he was but a beggar's brat. How henceforth was he to look Lady Florimel in the face? Humble as he had believed his origin, he had hitherto been proud of it: with such a high-minded sire as he deemed his own, how could he be other? But now! Nevermore could he look one of his old companions in the face. They were all honorable men, he a base-born foundling!

He would tell Mr. Graham of course; but what could Mr. Graham say to it? The fact remained: he must leave Portlossie.

His mind went on brooding, speculating, devising. The evening sunk into the night, but he never knew he was in the dark until the housekeeper brought him a light. After a cup of tea his thoughts found pleasanter paths. One thing was certain: he must lay himself out, as he had never done before, to make Duncan MacPhail happy. With this one thing clear to both heart and mind he fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE WIZARD'S CHAMBER.

HE woke in the dark, with that strange feeling of bewilderment which accompanies the consciousness of having *been* waked: is it that the brain wakes before the mind, and like a servant unexpectedly summoned does not know what to do, with its master from home? or is it that the master wakes first, and the ser-

vant is too sleepy to answer his call? Quickly coming to himself, however, he sought the cause of the perturbation now slowly ebbing. But the dark into which he stared could tell nothing; therefore he abandoned his eyes, took his station in his ears, and thence sent out his messengers. But neither, for some moments, could the scouts of hearing come upon any sign.

At length something seemed doubtfully to touch the sense—the faintest suspicion of a noise in the next room, the wizard's chamber: it was enough to set Malcolm on the floor. Forgetting his wounded foot and lighting upon it, the agony it caused him dropped him at once on his hands and knees, and in this posture he crept into the passage. As soon as his head was outside his own door he saw a faint gleam of light coming from beneath that of the next room. Advancing noiselessly and softly feeling for the latch, his hand encountered a bunch of keys depending from the lock, but happily did not set them jingling. As softly he lifted the latch, when almost of itself the door opened a couple of inches and with bated breath he saw the back of a figure he could not mistake—that of Mrs. Catanach. She was stooping by the side of a tent-bed much like his own, fumbling with the bottom hem of one of the check curtains, which she was holding toward the light of a lantern on a chair. Suddenly she turned her face to the door, as if apprehending a presence: as suddenly he closed it and turned the key in the lock. To do so he had to use considerable force, and concluded its grating sound had been what waked him.

Having thus secured the prowler, he crept back to his room, considering what he should do next. The speedy result of his cogitations was that he undid his nether garments, though with difficulty from the size of his foot, thrust his head and arms through a jersey, and set out on hands and knees for an awkward crawl to Lord Lossie's bedroom.

It was a painful journey, especially down the two spiral stone stairs which led to the first floor where it lay. As he

went, Malcolm resolved, in order to avoid rousing needless observers, to enter the room, if possible, before wakening the marquis.

The door opened noiselessly. A night-light, afloat in a crystal cup, revealed the bed, and his master asleep, with one arm lying on the crimson quilt. He crept in, closed the door behind him, advanced halfway to the bed, and in a low voice called the marquis.

Lord Lossie started up on his elbow, and without a moment's consideration seized one of a brace of pistols which lay on a table by his side, and fired. The ball went with a sharp thud into the thick mahogany door.

"My lord! my lord!" cried Malcolm, "it's only me!"

"And who the devil are you?" returned the marquis, catching up the second pistol.

"Malcolm, yer ain henchman, my lord."

"Damn you! what are you about there? Get up. What are you after there, crawling like a thief?"

As he spoke he leaped from the bed and seized Malcolm by the back of the neck.

"It's a mercy I wasna mair like an honest man," said Malcolm, "or that bullet wad hae been throu' the harns o' me. Yer lordship's a ween over-rash."

"Rash, you rascal!" cried Lord Lossie, "when a fellow comes into my room on his hands and knees in the middle of the night! Get up and tell me what you are after, or by Jove I'll break every bone in your body."

A kick from his bare foot in Malcolm's ribs fitly closed the sentence.

"Ye *are* over-rash, my lord," persisted Malcolm. "I canna get up. I hae a fit the size o' a sma' buoy."

"Speak, then, you rascal!" said his lordship, loosening his hold and retreating a few steps, with the pistol cocked in his hand.

"Dinna ye think it wad be better to lock the door, for fear the shot sud bring ony o' the fowk?" suggested Malcolm as he rose to his knees and leaned his hands on a chair.

"You're bent on murdering me, are you, then?" said the marquis, beginning to come to himself and see the ludicrousness of the situation.

"Gien I had been that, my lord, I wadna hae waukent ye up first."

"Well, what the devil is it all about? You needn't think any of the men will come. They're a pack of the greatest cowards ever breathed."

"Weel, my lord, I hae gruppit her at last, an' I bude to come an' tell ye."

"Leave your beastly gibberish. You can speak what at least resembles English when you like."

"Weel, my lord, I hae her unner lock an' keye."

"Who, in the name of Satan?"

"Mistress Catanach, my lord."

"Damn her eyes! What's she to me that I should be waked out of a good sleep for *her*?"

"That's what I wad fain yer lordship kent: *I dinna*."

"None of your riddles! Explain yourself, and make haste: I want to go to bed again."

"Deed, yer lordship maun jist pit on yer claes an' come wi' me."

"Where to?"

"To the warlock's chaumer, my lord—whaur that ill wuman remains 'in durance vile,' as Spenser wad say, but no sae vile's herself', I doobt."

Thus arrived at length, with a clear road before him, at the opening of his case, Malcolm told in few words what had fallen out. As he went on the marquis grew interested, and by the time he had finished had got himself into dressing-gown and slippers.

"Wadna ye tak yer pistol?" suggested Malcolm slyly.

"What! to meet a woman?" said his lordship.

"Ow na! but wha kens there mightna be anither murderer aboot? There might be twa in ae nicht."

Impertinent as was Malcolm's humor, his master did not take it amiss: he lighted a candle, told him to lead the way, and took his revenge by making joke after joke upon him as he crawled along. With the upper regions of his

house the marquis was as little acquainted as with those of his nature, and required a guide.

Arrived at length at the wizard's chamber, they listened at the door for a moment, but heard nothing: neither was there any light visible at its lines of junction. Malcolm turned the key, and the marquis stood close behind, ready to enter. But the moment the door was unlocked it was pulled open violently, and Mrs. Catanach, looking too high to see Malcolm, who was on his knees, aimed a good blow at the face she did see, in the hope, no doubt, of thus making her escape. But it fell short, being countered by Malcolm's head in the softest part of her person, with the result of a clear entrance. The marquis burst out laughing, and stepped into the room with a rough joke. Malcolm remained in the doorway.

"My lord," said Mrs. Catanach, gathering herself together, and rising little the worse, save in temper, for the treatment he had commented upon, "I have a word for your lordship's own ear."

"Your right to be there *does* stand in need of explanation," said the marquis.

She walked up to him with confidence. "You shall have an explanation, my lord," she said—"such as shall be my full quittance for intrusion even at this untimely hour of the night."

"Say on, then," returned his lordship.

"Send that boy away, then, my lord."

"I prefer having him stay," said the marquis.

"Not a word shall cross my lips till he's gone," persisted Mrs. Catanach. "I know him too well. Awa' wi' ye, ye deil's buckie!" she continued, turning to Malcolm. "I ken mair aboot you nor ye ken aboot yersel', an deil hae't I ken o' guid to you or yours! But I 's gar ye lauch o' the wrang side o' *your* mou' yet, my man."

Malcolm, who had seated himself on the threshold, only laughed and looked reference to his master.

"Your lordship was never in the way of being frightened at a woman," said Mrs. Catanach, with an ugly expression of insinuation.

The marquis shrugged his shoulders. "That depends," he said. Then turning to Malcolm, "Go along," he added; "only keep within call: I may want you."

"Nane o' yer hearkenin' at the key-hole, though, or I s' lug-mark ye, ye ——" said Mrs. Catanach, finishing the sentence none the more mildly that she did it only in her heart.

"I wadna hae ye believe a' at she says, my lord," said Malcolm with a significant smile as he turned to creep away.

He closed the door behind him, and lest Mrs. Catanach should repossess herself of the key, drew it from the lock, and removing a few yards sat down in the passage by his own door. A good many minutes passed, during which he heard not a sound.

At length the door opened and his lordship came out. Malcolm looked up, and saw the light of the candle the marquis carried reflected from a face like that of a corpse. Different as they were, Malcolm could not help thinking of the only dead face he had ever seen. It terrified him for the moment in which it passed without looking at him.

"My lord," said Malcolm gently.

His master made no reply.

"My lord," cried Malcolm, hurriedly pursuing him with his voice, "am I to lea' the keyes wi' yon hurdon and lat her open what doors she likes?"

"Go to bed," said the marquis angrily, "and leave the woman alone;" with which words he turned into the adjoining passage and disappeared.

Mrs. Catanach had not come out of the wizard's chamber, and for a moment Malcolm felt strongly tempted to lock her in once more. But he reflected that he had no right to do so after what his lordship had said—else, he declared to himself, he would have given her at least as good a fright as she seemed to have given his master, to whom he had no doubt she had been telling some horrible lies. He withdrew, therefore, into his room, to lie pondering again for a wakeful while.

This horrible woman claimed, then, to know more concerning him than his

so-called grandfather, and, from her profession, it was likely enough; but information from her was hopeless, at least until her own evil time came; and then, how was any one to believe what she might choose to say? So long, however, as she did not claim him for her own, she could, he thought, do him no hurt he would be afraid to meet.

But what could she be about in that room still? She might have gone, though, without the fall of her soft fat foot once betraying her.

Again he got out of bed and crept to the wizard's door, and listened. But all was still. He tried to open it, but could not: Mrs. Catanach was doubtless spending the night there, and perhaps at that moment lay, evil conscience and all, fast asleep in the tent-bed. He withdrew once more, wondering whether she was aware that he occupied the next room; and having for the first time taken care to fasten his own door, got into bed, finally this time, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XLIV. THE HERMIT.

MALCOLM had flattered himself that he would at least be able to visit his grandfather the next day, but instead of that he did not even make an attempt to rise, head as well as foot aching so much that he felt unfit for the least exertion—a phase of being he had never hitherto known. Mrs. Courthope insisted on advice, and the result was that a whole week passed before he was allowed to leave his room.

In the mean time a whisper awoke and passed from mouth to mouth in all directions through the little burgh—whence arising only one could tell, for even her mouthpiece, Miss Horn's Jean, was such a mere tool in the midwife's hands that she never doubted but Mrs. Catanach was, as she said, only telling the tale as it was told to her. Mrs. Catanach, moreover, absolutely certain that no threats would render Jean capable of holding her tongue, had so impressed upon her the terrible consequences of

repeating what she had told her that the moment the echo of her own utterances began to return to her own ears, she began to profess an utter disbelief in the whole matter—the precise result Mrs. Catanach had foreseen and intended. Now she lay unsuspected behind Jean, as behind a wall whose door was built up, for she had so graduated her threats, gathering the fullest and vaguest terrors of her supernatural powers about her name, that while Jean dared, with many misgivings, to tamper with the secret itself, she dared not once mention Mrs. Catanach in connection with it. For Mrs. Catanach herself, she never alluded to the subject, and indeed when it was mentioned in her hearing pretended to avoid it; but at the same time she took good care that her silence should be not only eloquent, but discreetly so—that is, implying neither more nor less than she wished to be believed.

The whisper, in its first germinal sprout, was merely that Malcolm was not a MacPhail; and even in its second stage it only amounted to this, that neither was he the grandson of old Duncan.

In the third stage of its development it became the assertion that Malcolm was the son of somebody of consequence; and in the fourth, that a certain person, not yet named, lay under shrewd suspicion.

The fifth and final form it took was, that Malcolm was the son of Mrs. Stewart of Gersefell, who had been led to believe that he died within a few days of his birth, whereas he had in fact been carried off and committed to the care of Duncan MacPhall, who drew a secret annual stipend of no small amount in consequence; whence indeed his well-known riches.

Concerning this final form of the whisper, a few of the women of the burgh believed or thought or fancied they remembered both the birth and reported death of the child in question, also certain rumors afloat at the time which cast an air of probability over the new reading of his fate. In circles more remote from authentic sources the general report met with remarkable embellish-

ments, but the framework of the rumor —what I may call the bones of it—remained undisputed.

From Mrs. Catanach's behavior every one believed that she knew all about the affair, but no one had a suspicion that she was the hidden fountain and prime mover of the report: so far to the contrary was it that people generally anticipated a frightful result for her when the truth came to be known, for Mrs. Stewart would follow her with all the vengeance of a bereaved tigress. Some indeed there were who fancied that the mother, if not in full complicity with the midwife, had at least given her consent to the *arrangement*; but these were not a little shaken in their opinion when at length Mrs. Stewart herself began to figure more immediately in the affair, and it was witnessed that she had herself begun to search into the report. Certain it was that she had dashed into the town in a carriage and pair, the horses covered with foam, and had hurried, quite *raised-like*, from house to house prosecuting inquiries. It was said that finding at length, after much labor, that she could arrive at no certainty even as to the first promulgator of the assertion, she had a terrible fit of crying, and professed herself unable, much as she would have wished it, to believe a word of the report: it was far too good news to be true; no such luck ever fell to *her* share; and so on. That she did not go near Duncan MacPhail was accounted for by the reflection that on the supposition itself he was of the opposite party, and the truth was not to be looked for from him.

At length it came to be known that, strongly urged and battling with a repugnance all but invincible, she had gone to see Mrs. Catanach, and had issued absolutely radiant with joy, declaring that she was now perfectly satisfied, and as soon as she had communicated with the young man himself, would, without compromising any one, take what legal steps might be necessary to his recognition as her son.

Although, however, these things had been going on all the week that Malcolm

was confined to his room, they had not reached this last point until after he was out again, and meantime not a whisper of them had come to his or Duncan's ears. Had they been still in the Seaton, one or other of the traveling ripples of talk must have found them; but Duncan had come and gone between his cottage and Malcolm's bedside without one single downy feather from the still widening flap of the wings of Fame ever dropping on him; and the only persons who visited Malcolm besides were the doctor, too discreet in his office to mix himself up with gossip; Mr. Graham, to whom nobody, except it had been Miss Horn, whom he had not seen for a fortnight, would have dreamed of mentioning such a subject; and Mrs. Courthope, not only discreet like the doctor, but shy of such discourse as any reference to the rumor must usher in its train.

At length he was sufficiently recovered to walk to his grandfather's cottage, but only now for the first time had he a notion of how far bodily condition can reach in the oppression and overclouding of the spiritual atmosphere. "Gien I be like this," he said to himself, "what maun the weather be like aneth yon hump o' the laird's?" Now also for the first time he understood what Mr. Graham had meant when he told him that he only was a strong man who was strong in weakness; he only a brave man who, inhabiting trembling, yet faced his foe; he only a true man who, tempted by *good*, yet abstained.

Duncan received him with delight, made him sit in his own old chair, got a cup of tea and waited upon him with the tenderness of a woman. While he drank his tea Malcolm recounted his last adventure in connection with the wizard's chamber.

"Tat will pe ta ped she'll saw in her feeshon," said Duncan, whose very eyes seemed to listen to the tale.

When Malcolm came to Mrs. Catanach's assertion that she knew more of him than he did himself, "Then she pelies ta woman does, my poy. We are aall poth of us in ta efil woman's power," said Duncan sadly.

"Never a hair, daddy!" cried Malcolm. "A' poore's i' the han's o' ane, an' that's no *her* maister. Ken she what she likes, she canna pairt you an' me, daddy." "God forpid!" responded Duncan. "But we must pe on our kard."

Close by the cottage stood an ivy-grown bridge, of old leading the king's highway across the burn to the Auld Toon, but now leading only to the flower-garden. Eager for the open air of which he had been so long deprived, and hoping that he might meet the marquis or Lady Florimel, Malcolm would have had his grandfather accompany him thither; but Duncan declined, for he had not yet attended to the lamps, and Malcolm therefore went alone.

He was slowly wandering, where never wind blew, betwixt rows of stately holly-hocks, on which his eyes fed while his ears were filled with the sweet noises of a little fountain issuing from the upturned beak of a marble swan, which a marble urchin sought in vain to check by squeezing the long throat of the bird, when the sounds of its many-toned fall in the granite basin seemed suddenly centupled on every side, and Malcolm found himself caught in a tremendous shower. Prudent enough to avoid getting wet in the present state of his health, he made for an arbor he saw near by on the steep side of the valley—one he had never before happened to notice.

Now it chanced that Lord Lossie himself was in the garden, and, caught also by the rain while feeding some pet gold-fishes in a pond, betook himself to the same summer-house, following Malcolm.

Entering the arbor, Malcolm was about to seat himself until the shower should be over, when, perceiving a mossy arch'd entrance to a gloomy recess in the rock behind, he went to peep into it, curious to see what sort of a place it was.

Now the foolish whim of a past generation had, in the farthest corner of the recess and sideways from the door, seated the figure of a hermit, whose jointed limbs were so furnished with springs and so connected with the stone that floored the entrance, that as soon as a foot press-

ed the threshold he rose, advanced a step and held out his hand.

The moment, therefore, Malcolm stepped in, up rose a pale, hollow-cheeked, emaciated man, with eyes that stared glassily, made a long skeleton-like stride toward him, and held out a huge bony hand, rather, as it seemed, with the intent of clutching than of greeting him. An unaccountable horror seized him: with a gasp which had nearly become a cry he staggered backward out of the cave. It seemed to add to his horror that the man did not follow—remained lurking in the obscurity behind. In the arbor Malcolm turned—turned to flee, though why or from what he had scarce an idea.

But when he turned he encountered the marquis, who was just entering the arbor. "Well, MacPhail," he said kindly, "I'm glad—" But his glance became fixed in a stare: he changed color, and did not finish his sentence.

"I beg yer lordship's pardon," said Malcolm, wondering through all his perturbation at the look he had brought on his master's face: "I didna ken ye was at han'."

"What the devil makes you look like that?" said the marquis, plainly with an effort to recover himself.

Malcolm gave a hurried glance over his shoulder.

"Ah, I see!" said his lordship with a mechanical kind of smile, very unlike his usual one: "you've never been in there before?"

"No, my lord."

"And you got a fright?"

"Ken ye wha's that in there, my lord?"

"You booby! It's nothing but a dummy with springs, and—and—all damned tomfoolery."

While he spoke his mouth twitched oddly, but instead of his bursting into the laugh of enjoyment natural to him at the discomfiture of another, his mouth kept on twitching and his eyes staring.

"Ye maun hae seen him yersel' ower my shouther, my lord," hinted Malcolm.

"I saw your face, and that was enough to—" But the marquis did not finish the sentence.

"Weel, 'cep it was the oonaiteral luik o' he thing—no human, an' yet sae dooms like it—I cannot account for the grue or the trimmle 'at cam ower me, my lord. I never fan' onything like it i' my life afore. An' even noo 'at I unnerstan' what it is, I kenna what wad gar me luik the boody (*bogie*) i' the face again."

"Go in at once," said the marquis fiercely.

Malcolm looked him full in the eyes: "Ye mean what ye say, my lord?"

"Yes, by God!" replied the marquis, with an expression I can describe only as of almost savage solemnity.

Malcolm stood silent for one moment.

"Do you think I'll have a man about me that has no more courage than—that—a—woman?" said his master, concluding with an effort.

"I was jist turnin' ower an auld question, my lord—whether it be lawfu' to obey a tyrant. But it's nae worth stan'in' oot upo'. I s' gang."

He turned to the arch, placed a hand on each side of it, and leaning forward with outstretched neck peeped cautiously in, as if it were the den of a wild beast. The moment he saw the figure, seated on a stool, he was seized with the same unaccountable agitation, and drew back shivering.

"Go in!" shouted the marquis.

Most Britons would count obedience to such a command slavish, but Malcolm's idea of liberty differed so far from that of most Britons that he felt if now he refused to obey the marquis he might be a slave for ever; for he had already learned to recognize and abhor that slavery which is not the less the root of all other slaveries that it remains occult in proportion to its potency—self-slavery. He must and would conquer this whim, antipathy or whatever the loathing might be: it was a grand chance given him of proving his will supreme—that is, himself a free man. He drew himself up with a full breath and stepped within the arch. Up rose the horror again, jerked itself toward him with a clank and held out its hand. Malcolm seized it with such a gripe that its fingers came off in his grasp.

"Will that du, my lord?" he said calmly, turning a face rigid with hidden conflict and gleaming white from the framework of the arch upon his master, whose eyes seemed to devour him.

"Come out," said the marquis in a voice that seemed to belong to some one else.

"I hae blaudit yer playcock, my lord," said Malcolm ruefully as he stepped from the cave and held out the fingers.

Lord Lossie turned and left the arbor.

Had Malcolm followed his inclination he would have fled from it, but he mastered himself still, and walked quietly out. The marquis was pacing, with downbent head and hasty strides, up the garden: Malcolm turned the other way.

The shower was over, and the sun was drawing out millions of mimic suns from the drops that hung for a moment ere they fell from flower and bush and great tree. But Malcolm saw nothing. Perplexed with himself, and more perplexed yet with the behavior of his master, he went back to his grandfather's cottage, and as soon as he came in recounted to him the whole occurrence.

"He had a feeshon," said the bard with wide eyes. "He comes of a race that sees."

"What cud the veesion hae been, daddy?"

"Tat she knows not, for ta feeshon tid not come to her," said the piper solemnly.

Had the marquis had his vision in London, he would have gone straight to his *study*, as he called it, not without a sense of the absurdity involved, opened a certain cabinet and drawn out a certain hidden drawer: being at Lossie, he walked up the glen of the burn to the bare hill overlooking the House, the royal burgh, the great sea and his own lands lying far and wide around him. But all the time he saw nothing of these: he saw but the low white forehead of his vision, a mouth of sweetness and hazel eyes that looked into his very soul.

Malcolm walked back to the House, climb the narrow duct of an ancient stone stair that went screwing like a great auger through the pile from top to bottom, sought the wide lonely garret,

flung himself upon his bed, and from his pillow gazed through the little dormer window on the pale blue skies flecked with cold white clouds, while in his mind's eye he saw the foliage beneath burning in the flames of slow decay, diverse as if each of the seven in the prismatic chord had chosen and seared its own: the first nor'-easter that drove the flocks of Neptune on the sands would sweep its ashes away. Life, he said to himself, was but a poor gray kind of thing, after all. The peacock summer had folded its gorgeous train, and the soul within him had lost its purple and green, its gold and blue. He never thought of asking how much of the sadness was owing to bodily conditions with which he was little acquainted, and to compelled idleness in one accustomed to an active life. But if he had, the sorrowful probabilities of life would have seemed just the same. And indeed he might have argued that to be subject to any evil from a cause inadequate only involves an absurdity that embitters the pain by its mockery. He had yet to learn what faith can do, in the revelation of the Moodless, for the subjugation of mood to will.

As he lay thus weighed upon, rather than pondering, his eye fell on the bunch of keys which he had taken from the door of the wizard's chamber, and he wondered that Mrs. Courthope had not seen and taken them—apparently had not missed them. And the chamber doomed to perpetual desertion lying all the time open to any stray foot! Once more, at least, he must go and turn the key in the lock.

As he went the desire awoke to look again into the chamber, for that night he had neither light nor time enough to gain other than the vaguest impression of it.

But for no lifting of the latch would the door open. How could the woman—witch she must be—have locked it? He proceeded to unlock it. He tried one key, then another. He went over

the whole bunch. Mystery upon mystery! not one of them would turn. Befitting himself, he began to try them the other way, and soon found one to throw the bolt *on*. He turned it in the contrary direction, and it threw the bolt off: still the door remained immovable. It must then—awful thought!—be fast on the inside. Was the woman's body lying there behind those check curtains? Would it lie there until it vanished, like that of the wizard—vanished utterly, bones and all—to a little dust, which one day a housemaid might sweep up in a pan?

On the other hand, if she had got shut in, would she not have made noise enough to be heard? He had been day and night in the next room. But it was not a spring lock, and how could that have happened? Or would she not have been missed and inquiry made after her? Only such an inquiry might well have never turned in the direction of Lossie House, and he might never have heard of it if it had.

Anyhow, he must do something; and the first rational movement would clearly be to find out quietly for himself whether the woman was actually missing or not.

Tired as he was, he set out at once for the burgh, and the first person he saw was Mrs. Catanach standing on her doorstep and shading her eyes with her hand as she looked away out to the horizon over the roofs of the Seaton. He went no farther.

In the evening he found an opportunity of telling his master how the room was strangely closed, but his lordship pooh-poohed, and said something must have gone wrong with the clumsy old lock.

With vague foresight, Malcolm took its key from the bunch, and, watching his opportunity, unseen hung the rest on their proper nail in the housekeeper's room. Then, having made sure that the door of the wizard's chamber was locked, he laid the key away in his own chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

OF Azeglio, more than of any other man I ever met for the first time in advanced life, it might be said that you could never make up your mind whether it would have been more delightful to have known him in the days when he lived so well in his garret at twenty years, as Berenger sings, or in the mellower and riper days of his middle age. And then, as in so many similar cases, one asks one's self, "But should I have known him at all if it had chanced that our paths had crossed in those early days? I knew him *then*, at that subsequent period, because he was a celebrated man—because he was one on whom the world had already set its seal, and no sagacity, no knowledge of men, was needed to warn one that here was a man whom it was good to come to speech with. Should I have found out that much for myself had no stamp of the approbation and applause of his fellow-men helped me to the knowledge?" I could not but fancy that I should have been powerfully attracted to this man under any circumstances. There was something so winning in the still fresh and green enthusiasm of his mind, in the vivacity of his manners and modes of speech—there was something so irresistibly attractive in the bonhomie of the man—that I feel convinced I should under all circumstances have appreciated him. Would it have been better to have known him when he was young? There was no phase of his conversation more charming than his reminiscences of twenty or thirty years before. Was it only his unequalled power as a narrator that imparted such a zest and intensity of life to the scenes and surroundings of the times he was speaking of? Or was there, in fact, a richness of life, an exuberance of youthful energy and spirit of adventure, a frank superiority to the trammels and prejudices among which he was born, that must have made his youth charming in no ordinary degree? All this the readers of his two

volumes of *Ricordi* may enjoy to a degree which has rarely been provided for them by any other autobiography. Still, it cannot be that these records should have *all* the charm that his spoken recollections had. "Adde os vultumque hominis!"—no small matter in Azeglio's case. For though it has been, on the whole, decided by his countrymen that Azeglio was not an orator—*i. e.*, a parliamentary orator—yet the eloquence of conversation was his in no ordinary degree, and the *vultus hominis* was one eminently calculated to increase the charm.

As a young man Azeglio must have been singularly prepossessing both in face and figure. Indeed, he may be said to have been so even in the days when I knew him. He was above the ordinary height, and kept the spare, alert-looking figure of youth to the last. Some persons might perhaps have thought that in middle life his face carried too little flesh and the features were too sharp for what is ordinarily termed "good looks." But there was a nobility about the brow, a brightness of intelligence in the eye, and a wealth of sweetness, allying itself now with melancholy and anon with gentle mirth, about the mouth, that were exceedingly captivating. The lines of the jaw and chin were sharply cut, and were not hidden by any beard. The upper lip was remarkably short, but it was concealed by a large moustache. If any reader of these lines should at any future time chance to pass through Turin, he will see immediately facing him as he emerges from the railway-station a bronze statue of Massimo d'Azeglio, which he will, I trust, recognize at once from the above description of the man. It decidedly gives a better and more accurate idea of him than any of the engravings or photographs which have been published. The work is by a young and heretofore unknown artist, Signor Alfonso Balzico, and was uncovered and inaugurated on the 9th of No-

vember, 1873—the day after a similar ceremony had been performed with the marble statue of Cavour by the veteran sculptor Dufre. Cavour is of course the greater name in Italian history, and the inauguration of his statue was made the grander affair, though this inequality of glorification was said at the time to have been mainly due to the fact that Cavour was a Turin man from his cradle to his grave, whereas Azeglio, though born in Turin, was a Piedmontese of the provinces; so much are the Italians still under the sway of what the French call parish-steeple patriotism. The artistic triumph, however, was all on the side of Azeglio. Dufre's work, though a far more ambitious one, consisting not only of a statue of the statesman, but of many subsidiary allegorical figures, is unquestionably a failure. The well-known face of Cavour is a likeness: the never-failing spectacles take care of that. But if the head of the statue were removed, and that of Julius Caesar placed on the shoulders instead, the monument would serve for a commemoration of the latter, to all intents and purposes, as well as of the modern Italian. The mania for representing nineteenth-century worthies in Roman costume is in every case absurd and abominable enough; but any one acquainted with Cavour's little round-about, punchy figure will at once acknowledge that a worse opportunity for the display of the *toga* could hardly have been found. Accordingly, the sculptor seems to have renounced any attempt to make the figure a representative of his hero. Balzico's statue, on the contrary, is a particularly successful one. He had the advantage of dealing with a specially *sculpturesque* subject in the tall, spare, elegant figure of Azeglio, and he has known how to avail himself of it to the utmost. Azeglio stands in the bronze "in his habit as he lived"—a buttoned frock-coat, which was his ordinary dress. Signor Balzico has also given him a cloak, but it is an ordinary modern cloak, such as he also often wore. It hangs from the shoulders behind him, and conceals no part of the front of the figure. There is no sort of attempt to make "drapery"

out of it. The figure is that of a gentleman of the nineteenth century, without the smallest attempt to modify it in any way. Azeglio stands in an attitude which was a frequent one with him—the arms folded on the chest and the head a little bent toward one side, with that half-sad, half-satirical smile on his face which those who knew him can so well remember.

It has been well observed that one of the most noted specialties of the Italian national character of the Renaissance days, the many-sidedness, the versatility—one might almost say the universality of it—as seen in Leon Battista Alberti, in Leonardo da Vinci, in Michael Angelo and in many others of that halcyon time, was reproduced in Massimo d'Azeglio. Poet, novelist, painter, soldier and statesman, he reached more than an ordinary share of distinction in each of these pursuits. One can fancy him as much in his place at the learned and polished court of Urbino, or at that of the art-loving Este at Ferrara, as while contributing to build up the fortunes of modern Italy. It has been said, too, of Azeglio, that to stamp him thoroughly and unmistakably as an Italian of the Italians he had added in his time the character of a conspirator to all the other specialties which have been named. Azeglio would never allow this in his subsequent statesman's days. But the fact is, that in those days—from 1820 to 1850—it would be difficult to name an Italian who had any stuff in him or was good for anything who was not or had not been more or less of a conspirator; and I am disposed to believe that he knew more of those "casi della Romagna" which he described so well than was likely to come under the observation of a mere outsider.

Massimo d'Azeglio was born at Turin in 1801, and he must consequently have been forty-four when I knew him for the first time in Florence in, I think, 1845. I was then living in the ground-floor apartment of the house in the Via de' Giglio which Milton is believed to have inhabited when he was in Florence. As occupant of this floor I had the use of the garden, then a very pretty one, but

now no longer in existence, it having been built over in obedience to the ever-craving demands for building-ground within the walls of the Queen of the Arno. And during many a delightful and well-remembered half hour have I listened to his discourse as we paced up and down the orange-shaded walk between my study-windows and the jessamine bower that formed the extremity of the garden. The trees that shaded the path were huge plants of the sweet orange, in those famous pots which are a Florentine specialty, and some of which weigh as much as eight hundredweight when empty; and these had to be moved into a shelter prepared on purpose for them from November till April, for the sweet orange will not stand the Florentine winter. But at the farther end of the garden, behind and around the jessamine bower, was a clump of very large and ancient trees of the bitter orange, which is a hardier plant, and capable in sheltered positions of braving the Florentine winter; and it may well have been that these veterans had occupied the same position when Milton lived there, and he may have paced between them and the house with Donati, even as I did with Massimo d'Azeffio. The dome of the Medicean chapel behind St. Lorenzo, peering above the neighboring houses, looked down into the garden, and often "motived" our talk to the old glories and the old shames, and thence to the hardly-yet-to-be-whispered rising hopes of Florence. There was, however, nothing in the then political condition of Florence to cause bitterness in the mind of the most ardent of those who were longing for the realization of the dream of a united and independent Italy. Tuscany was by far the best-governed portion of Italy and the most prosperous part of the Peninsula. The people were contented and well off; the taxes were light; and only those who had made the idea of a united Italy the lodestar of their lives had any desire for change. But the very circumstance of the mildness of the Tuscan government caused Florence at that time to become the trysting-place of men whose hearts and whose

conversations were full of bitterness against the general order of Church and State throughout Italy. Conspirators and plotters of insurrection, driven out from every other part of Italy, found a refuge under the easy-going government of Leopold II., which was content to shut its eyes to the political antecedents of these somewhat dangerous guests as long as they *did* nothing, and whispered to each other their hopes and aspirations not too loudly. The last of the many more or less serious outbreaks, involving a greater or lesser amount of suffering and martyrdom among the patriots who thus made themselves the forlorn hope of their country's cause (but each one of them infallibly contributing something to the advancement of that cause), had been the tentative of insurrection in the Romagna. It was of that attempt, crushed for the time by the papal government, that Azeffio had written the little work which had so great a celebrity in its day, *I casi della Romagna*; and those were the woes and sufferings (not his own, be it understood, for he, a Piedmontese, had not been personally implicated, or, if implicated, had not fallen into the hands of the Philistines) on which our talk would often fall during those pacings up and down my Florentine garden. But if scannings of the movements and purposes of the different governments of Italy, speculations as to the future and the discussion of present hopes and fears made the more exciting portions of the talk, perhaps those which had the greatest charm for me were the rarer occasions when the painter, poet, novelist, conspirator (for such more or less I believe him to have been at that time) would for a while forget the anxieties and plans of the moment to recall passages of his early life.

Azeffio's father was a Piedmontese noble of the *vieille roche*, with all the stiff and obstinate prejudices of his order. The Piedmontese aristocracy of that day were by no means the worst in Italy; indeed, they were in many respects—in strength of character, in virility, in uprightness and a sense of the obligations which nobility carries with it—undoubt-

edly the best. But they were perhaps the most prejudiced and bigoted of all Italy. Family and feudal pride flourished among them to a greater degree than in any other part of the Peninsula. After the violent shock and overturn of the French Revolution there had been a reaction, as of a powerful spring that had been violently compressed; and all the habits and ideas of at least the aristocratical portion of society had rushed back into the old grooves with the utmost violence. It was the lot of the parents of the young Massimo, therefore, to find themselves at a very early period of his life very much in the situation of a hen who has had ducks' eggs assigned to her to hatch. Either from native power of intelligence, or from the general movement of ideas which was in the social atmosphere, or, as is most likely, from both these causes combined, the young Azeglio very soon showed a decided intention to find a course for himself out of the old ruts, and to break entirely with all those time-honored traditions which had made the law of life for his forefathers for so many generations. This tendency was no doubt further fostered by the circumstance of his having passed the early years of his childhood at Florence. It is a curious proof of the indelible impression which the intense vitality of the old Florentine republican life made on the national character of the people it formed, that even athwart all the degrading despots which have passed over the fair city since its halcyon days, Florentine manners have retained in a great measure their old simplicity and absence of the pride and ceremonial of rank. At Florence, Azeglio had the advantage of receiving the instructions of the Scolopian Fathers of that city. It was an advantage, for with the opinions of his father, and the traditions on which he acted, it was quite certain that his son would be handed over for education to priests of some sort, and the "Padri Scolopi" of Florence have always enjoyed a reputation for liberality, as well as for a more than ordinary measure of success in education. In Florence also Azeglio had an opportunity of seeing and

knowing one whose person and works left an ineffacable impression on his mind. A tall, lanky, severe-visaged, melancholy man, always dressed in black, might often have been seen in those days sunning himself on the Lung' Arno near the foot of the Ponte Trinità, in the immediate neighborhood of which he dwelt, or lounging in the studio of the painter Fabre. This was no other than Alfieri; not a cheery-spirited man at the best of times, but now soured and saddened by all that was happening to his country. For if the old régime, with its despotism in Church and State and its bigotry and refusal of all light, had been odious to him, the present yet worse tyranny under the iron military rule of Napoleon was even more an abomination to him. The French as a nation have been bitterly hated by many men, but never perhaps by any with the intensity of loathing and contempt with which Alfieri regarded them. At all events, no other has ever, if animated by similar feelings, had the power of expressing them in such scathing language. No doubt Azeglio often saw Alfieri in Fabre's studio, for the latter selected young Massimo for a model to sit for a picture he was painting of the Child Jesus.

One of the most amusing of his anecdotes of his boyhood had reference to the time when he had returned to his family from Florence to Turin. It would seem that the good Scolopi Fathers, however successful they may have been in teaching him the elements of the classics, had not been able to inculcate that submissiveness and passive obedience which is generally supposed to be the special result of a monastic education. On returning to Turin he had been handed over to a private tutor—the family priest, of course, for such a person was in those days as much a matter-of-course member of a noble household as a butler—an excellent man, he used to say, but one apparently who had not the gift of moderating his zeal or making instruction palatable. In a word, he so tormented his pupil with eternal doses of Latin and Greek, in season and out of season, that young Massimo, then a tall stripling of

some fourteen years, determined on revenge. The family was in "villeggiatura" near Moncalieri in the environs of Turin, and one unlucky day the tutor and pupil found themselves in the fields together at some little distance from any habitation, and perfectly alone. There and then the devil entered into the brain of the boy, and told him that the hour was come to pay back all that his tutor had made him suffer. He fell suddenly upon the poor man, and gave him such a beating that, to use his own words, he left him "all bloody." It may be presumed that a bloody nose was all that the terrible phrase in reality represented, but it must be owned that all the indulgence to be claimed by the culprit's fourteen years, and all the allowance that can be made for the aggravation of an enormous amount of Latin grammar, are needed for the excuse of such a proceeding. It does not read prettily in English, and it is curious to remark how utterly impossible it would have been for a similar fact to have occurred to an English boy and his tutor. In the first place, the social laws and etiquette which made it impossible for the poor priest to put forth his strength against the young marchese his assailant would of course be unknown among ourselves; and the pupil, let his rank be what it might, would have got the worst of it. In the second place, it need hardly be said that if any consideration made it impossible for the tutor to use his strength against his pupil, that consideration would have sufficed also to prevent the English boy from using *his* strength against the tutor. But the punishment which followed was yet more unlike anything that could be supposed to follow that or any other youthful escapade among ourselves. The misdeed was considered so serious a one that a very serious punishment was called for. The matter was accordingly laid before the bishop of the diocese, and an excommunication was fulminated against the youthful offender! He was forbidden to take part in any of the offices of religion, and was specially interdicted from the use of a rosary, which, as he said, had always bored him dreadfully, and the

getting rid of which made him think that an excommunication was rather a good thing. "It is very possible," he would add with a twinkle of the eye, "that this is the reason why excommunications have never had any effect upon me since." In fifteen days a grand letter came in great form from the bishop removing the excommunication, "by virtue of which I was readmitted to all the delights of the rosary—an indulgence which I received with the gratitude that may be imagined."

On the downfall of Napoleon everything in Italy returned with curious suddenness to its anterior *status quo*. Vittorio Amadeo at Turin set about governing by means of soldiers and priests exactly according to the old pattern, and Azeglio had, as became his birth, a commission in the king's newly-organized body-guard. The duties and occupations of such a career consisted of course in showing his handsome person, in a splendid uniform and on a handsome horse, upon every occasion, and in taking his full share of all the dissipation of a very dissipated capital. He soon tired of this gay and do-nothing life, and spontaneously changed it, despite considerable difficulties in the way of doing so, for an existence as much contrasted with it as it is well possible to conceive. One circumstance helped considerably to produce the change in his mind. His father, being sent by the king to congratulate Pius VII. on his return to the Holy City, took his son with him, mainly at the instance of his mother. After an absence of eight months he returned to Turin and his former dissipated life. But he had seen other things, had drunk at other fountains, and soon found that he needed something more than his guardsman's life could give him. Falling in at the same time with a certain Professor Bidone, who thought he saw in the young man that which made it a pity he should waste his life as he was wasting it, by his help and persuasion he suddenly broke with all his gay acquaintances and set himself to work hard. The change was so sudden that it injured his health, and he was advised to return to Rome. This time his mother

accompanied him. He passed a couple of years in Rome, working at various studies, leading a very regular life and entirely recovering his health. He then returned to Turin to resume his military career. But he was by this time another man. The old Turin life had become absolutely void and intolerable to him, and he very soon announced to his father his wish to give up the military profession entirely, to return to Rome and to become an artist. It was impossible that such a plan should have been otherwise than extremely distasteful to his father. It was to abandon the position and proper profession of a noble, and outrage the prejudices of all the friends and connections of the family. It savored strongly of a mind tainted by the ideas of the new liberalism which was so hateful to those who had just recovered what the French Revolution had taken from them. Nevertheless, the Marchese Azeglio acted under the circumstances the part of a wise and prudent father. He told his son frankly that he disapproved of his idea *in toto*, but that he would not prevent him from trying the realization of it. "But," said he, "if you have such a vocation, you must prove it. Go to Rome to be an artist if you have the strength of character to begin by being a poor student. I will give you only the sum which you have hitherto had for pocket-money and for your amusements." The young man jumped at the proposal. Full of confidence in himself and in the future, having too, as he admits, a sneaking taste for Bohemianism and a love of adventure, he started once more for Rome with as light a purse and as light a heart as any lad who ever trudged that road with a palette and maul-stick for his sole baggage. A circumstance that he relates of himself may serve to show with how perfectly whole-hearted a determination to accept the life he had chosen, with all its consequences and disagreeables, he started on his new career. His first lodging in the character of a poor student was in the house of the widow of an architect recently deceased, and the young marchese, ex-officer of the brilliant body-

guard and future cabinet minister, began his relationship with the widow by striking a bargain for the deceased architect's wardrobe. Nor did he attempt to make the smallest secret of the transaction. Sometimes he would meet some of the companions of his former butterfly existence, who would inquire whether that coat or those breeches had been much worn by the late Signor Basilio; all which quips and cranks the now earnest art-student would take in perfectly good part, or at all events would not suffer them to make him swerve one hair's breadth from the path he had appointed to himself. One only of his former habits he found it difficult to give up—the exercise of riding; and this he found the means of gratifying gratis by placing his knowledge of horses at the disposition of the keeper of a riding-school. Here is a passage from a paper which Azeglio contributed to a weekly journal called the *Cronista*, in which he gives a charming description of his manner of life in those days. I have frequently heard him speak of the same things and in the same tone, but the following passage is so bright, so fresh and so characteristic that I cannot refrain from translating it:

"I was between twenty and twenty-five; I had an excellent constitution, few cares and fewer coins; nobody knew that there was any such person as I in the world, and I was minded that they should know it. 'I will be an artist,' said I, 'and make the world talk of me.' No sooner said than done. From May to October for ten years—no inconsiderable bit of a man's life—I studied landscape. Now in one place, now in another, I planted my Penates in the house of some peasant, where I paid my board and lived with the family. I dressed pretty much as they did—as the better off among them did—that is, in a jacket of blue velveteen and breeches of the same. I rode an unshodden horse, as all do in the Campagna of Rome, with a saddle such as the herdsmen use—that is to say, with pommels half a foot high before and behind, after the fashion of the men-at-arms of the sixteenth century. I had

two wallets; a brown mantle embroidered with green silk; a dagger; a sort of lance—a *mazzarella*, as it is called—that is, a stick of mountain-ash six or seven feet in length, with a sharp point, which serves as a defence against the cattle which live half wild in the Campagna of Rome; then for arms a good gun, and a knife in the right-hand pocket of my breeches—good, too, of its kind—for the doing at Rome as Romans do. I used to be up with the sun, and the first thing was to prepare my painting-box and palette. Then I went down to the stable, saddled and bridled the donkey and loaded him with the following articles: a pair of panniers with my breakfast; a bottle of water and one of wine; a book to read; a drawing-book for sketches; a hanger for getting forage for the donkey and for clearing the ground where I was going to work (the hanger which my father had carried at royal hunts, and which had now come down in the world to the above humble position); rope, twine, nails, a halter, etc.,—all that was needed, in short, for planting a bivouac. By the side of the bridle, hanging in a bundle, were my easel, umbrella, camp-stool and the case in which I put the canvas I was at work on, to save it from the brambles and the attention of passers-by. Having made ready the ass in this fashion, I jumped on to the saddle with my legs hanging down on the left side to equalize the burden on the other side, with my double-barreled gun in my hand, my jacket hanging over one shoulder, after the fashion of the dandies of the district, and away into the Campagna!"

Here is another record belonging to that same happy time—the happiest, doubtless, of his life, though as yet nobody "spoke of him," and before he had done the world spoke enough of him (and more entirely in his praise than falls to the lot of most men)—which tells of the first patronage he ever met with as an artist. Told in his own words it is deliciously characteristic:

"Il Sor Fumasoni was the first who ordered anything from me. He met me one day and told me that the confrater-

nity of which he was the chief had set up a wooden crucifix as large as life in a little chapel which stood at the foot of the ascent that leads from the village up to the castle. The crucifix stood in a large niche, and what was wanted was to paint the walls of this niche so as to give the crucifix something of a background. This was the job Sor Fumasoni begged me to undertake, and asked me how much it would cost. I spoke to two artist-friends on the subject, and it was agreed that the work should be done for no charge beyond a dinner. Sor Fumasoni considered that he had made an excellent bargain, and we, knowing the extent of our own abilities, were of a similar opinion. One morning we all three set to work upon the job at once, without having settled among ourselves any general plan for the picture, but each one of us remaining free to paint whatever the Muse might suggest to him. I who worked on the right hand depicted a sea-view with a number of ships. The man who had the centre made a group of stone-pines, with cattle feeding under them. The third, on the left hand, produced a line of palaces, with the cupola of St. Peter's in the background. These three subjects were connected together by the circumstance that it is in the nature of fresco color when wet to connect itself with any other color close to it; but other connection there was assuredly none. Sor Fumasoni, however, admired the work much: he admired the freedom of the touch, and specially the rapidity of the workmanship, for, having been commenced at six in the morning, it was finished and perfect by noon. Thereupon our employer took us to a certain shady spot at the bottom of the valley, where an elegant repast was spread on the grass; and our dinner was a most jolly and cheerful one, eaten without a shadow of remorse at the idea that we were traitors in consuming it as the price of the atrocious daub which we had produced for our too indulgent Mæcenas."

The mode of life here described, led by the scion of a distinguished Piedmontese noble family, was far too strange a phenomenon to escape the attention of

the ever-watchful governments which then divided the Peninsula among them. Anything unusual, especially anything which had the aspect of revolt against the old social routine and ideas, was to them ground of suspicion and alarm. Love of art! Hump! Art was all very well in its way and in its proper place, but a young man of distinguished family riding about the country on a jackass and consorting on terms of equality with the peasantry! The chiefs of the police shook their sapient heads and opined that there must be something under it. So one day young Massimo, to his infinite surprise, received an "invitation" to attend at the official residence of the governor of Rome. The questioning which followed was conducted with the utmost courtesy, and almost with a deprecatory and apologetic air. "The questioning itself turned," says Azeglio, "on a mass of absurd puerilities which are not worth recording." The upshot was, that no ground whatever for political suspicions of any sort could be made good against him, and he was dismissed with apologies for the trouble that had been given him. But the tone and substance of these apologies were to the young Italian, who had grown to manhood in the social atmosphere of the nineteenth century, by far the most disgusting part of the whole affair. "I regret, I am sure, Signor Cavaliere," said the man in office: "these are very unpleasant duties. But what would you have? What can one do? Austria compels us to act as we do. The duke of Modena sends us notes. You know how it is. We cannot manage these matters otherwise: they are stronger than we are." "The Roman government was thus the first," says Azeglio, "to make me blush for my country."

He was destined to have his contempt and indignation excited at a later period by another Italian government, which acted in a similar way from simple cowardice and weakness. The rulers of Tuscany had never been persecutors (save in one or two cases of persons so lost to every feeling as to express *aloud* their tendencies to Protestantism—a line

of conduct so utterly unsympathetic to their fellow-countrymen in general that their fate excited no strong feeling of resentment) and had at all times shut their eyes, as much as they could, to the political offences of the subjects of the other principalities. Among their own subjects there was *as yet* (before 1847) but little political discontent. Of course as soon as the hope of a united Italy began to seem near the Tuscans caught fire from the surrounding conflagration, and it was seen that the idea involved the fall of the Tuscan government and autonomy. Accordingly, Tuscany, as I have already said, became a land of refuge for the victims of political persecution in the other parts of Italy. Every fresh outbreak of insurrection, crushed as they all were one after another up to 1848, was followed by an influx of refugees into Tuscany. Of course they brought more or less money with them: the Tuscans were never much given to receive with open arms the adherents of any political creed who came with no means of living. Either for themselves or by the help of friends in other parts of Italy the refugees paid their way, and as long as they did so they were welcome guests at Florence. And, as has been said, the easy-going Tuscan government desired no better than to shut its eyes to the antecedents of such guests. But its neighbors would not always allow it to do so. Naples, Modena and Rome were incessantly making complaints through their accredited agents, and demanding that this, that and the other unfortunate who had escaped from their clutches, and was living in Florence as quietly as possible, and avoiding everything that could draw the attention of any government to him, should be given up to them, or, if not given up, should at least be driven forth from Tuscany; which came to much the same thing. The Tuscan government, it must be admitted, turned a deaf ear to such applications as persistently as it could. It did not indeed dream of venturing to refuse to do what was required of it, but the man wanted could not be heard of: it did not believe there was any such

person in Tuscany. The police should be directed to make inquiries. Then, after as long a delay as possible, the police had failed to find him. The art how *not* to do any given thing was—and is—one understood and practiced in the highest possible perfection in Italy; and by dint of all the resources of this invaluable science the Tuscan government generally avoided either saying "no" to the demands of its neighbors or taking any serious action against the refugees. But sometimes the representations of the police authorities of the surrounding governments, baulked of getting into their hands some especially obnoxious or dangerous revolutionist, became too urgent to be neglected or withheld. Rome especially was a constant thorn in the side of the Tuscan government in this matter. The nuncio was, at a court so Catholic and orthodox as that of Leopold II., one whose words could not be allowed to fall to the ground. And it so happened that after the troubles in the Romagna there was in Florence a particularly large number of refugees belonging to that country whom the papal government was most vindictively anxious to get into its hands. It was just at that time that I was frequently seeing Azeglio at my house in the Via del Giglio and enjoying those garden-talks of which I have spoken.

Things were in this position when one lovely spring morning Azeglio came and found me in the garden. "We are in trouble," he said. "I am quite sure that you will help us if you can, and I think that perhaps you may be able to do so."

Of course I assured him of my readiness to do ought in my power to serve him.

"It is not exactly for myself that I want anything," he continued, "but for a lot of poor devils who will fall into the hands of the Philistines if we do not find the means of saving them; and matters have come to that pass that it is very difficult to manage the matter. There are about thirty of those compromised in the late rising whom the Roman police are after. They know them to be in Florence, and the nuncio has made a

formal demand for their arrest. The people here have fought the matter off as long as they can: they would be only too glad if the poor fellows could escape in any way, so that they might be relieved from the disgrace and odium of giving them up. But the Roman police are on the watch on all the frontiers; and in short these unfortunates—fathers of families, many of them—will infallibly be handed over to the horrors of a Roman dungeon, and many of them in all probability to the scaffold, unless we can find some way of spiriting them away; and I can think of but one way."

He then went on to propose that the English resident minister should give to every man of those unhappy refugees a passport representing him to be a British subject, armed with which there would be no difficulty in getting them aboard ships in the port of Leghorn. And I was to propose to the minister to use his diplomatic authority in this beneficent but certainly somewhat irregular, not to say unheard-of, manner. I confess that I was not a little startled, and the thing at first sight appeared to me to be out of the question. It was true that many things were done in those days that would make the hair of modern formal propriety stand on end. It was true that the English minister at the court of Tuscany, the late Lord Holland, was the most good-natured and kindest-hearted of men, and the last to allow a scruple of official punctilio to stand in his way when such an object as that we had in view could be served. It was true that I was intimate with him, and might in any case reckon on a sympathizing listener to the tale I had to tell. True also again, as Azeglio urged, that there would be nothing strange or improbable in the circumstance of these men being provided with British passports: England had plenty of Italian subjects. These men might be supposed to be Maltese or Ionian Islanders. They would of course assure the English minister that they were so. Then also I was to convey to Lord Holland the earnest assurance that the Tuscan government would be only too glad to see itself thus delivered out

its difficulty, though it was of course impossible for it to make any direct communication to the minister on such a subject.

I undertook the task proposed to me, though not without some misgiving at the exorbitant nature, as it seemed to me, of the request I was about to make. Lord Holland listened with all sympathy, as I knew he would, to my account of the danger which was threatening the poor fellows in question. But the statement of the case failed to convey to his mind any inkling of the audacious proposal I was about to make, and I shall never forget the unmistakable genuineness of the burst of laughter in which he indulged as he threw himself back in his easy-chair when at last I blurted out my request. "Well!" said he, "that is about as cool a proposal as I ever heard! Would it not be better to take a few thousand English passports for distribution to intending insurrectionists beforehand?" Nevertheless, I had a shrewd idea that my cause was won, and I returned to the charge, urging all the favorable considerations with good heart; and, to make

my story a short one, I returned to Azeglio, who had been waiting for me the while in my garden, with the promise that all the "Maltese and Ionian Islanders" who should wait upon the English minister, two or three at a time, in the course of that day, should receive passports declaring to all whom it might concern England's requirement that the bearer should be allowed to return to his own country unimpeded. Within an hour after sunset that night they were all on their way to Leghorn, and the nuncio was left to whistle for his prey.

Soon after that I saw Azeglio for the last time, as chance and our different non-crossing orbits would have it—for the last time in the flesh, the last time till I saw him again in Signor Balzico's representation of him, standing in the very attitude and with the very expression that I had seen him wear as he stood upon the occasion I have commemorated, inveighing with quiet but scornful bitterness against the vindictiveness of Rome's myrmidons whom we were plotting to defeat. T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

MURILLO'S TRANCE.

"**G**OOD PEDRO, while I quench these candles, hold
My lantern, for I promise you we burn
No waxlights at our chapel shrines till morn,
As in the great cathedral, kept ablaze,
Like any crowded plaza in Seville,
From sun to sun. I wonder if they think
That the dead knights—Fernando and the rest—
Whose bronze and marble couches line the walls,
Like little children cannot sleep in the dark?"
And, muttering thus, the churlish sacristan
Snuffed out the blinking points that only served
To worsen the wan gloom.

And mindful still
Of his Dolores' greed of candle-ends,
He chid, at whiles, some lagging worshiper;
Nor spared to hint above the dropping heads,
Grumblings, of sunshine being in Seville

Cheaper than waxlight, and 'twere best to pray
When all the saints were broad awake, and thus
Liker to hear.

So shuffling on, he neared
The altar with its single lamp alight.
Near by, touched with its glow, the chapel's pride,
Its one Ribéra, hung—a fearful-sad,
Soul-harrowing picture of the stark, dead Christ,
Stretcht on the cross beneath a ghastly glare
Of lurid gloom, that made more terrible
The God-forsaken loneliness. In front
A chasm of shadow clove the checker'd floor,
And hastening toward it, the old verger cried
Wonderingly back :

"Why, Pedro, only see !
The boy kneels still ! What ails him, think you ? Here
He came the first at matin-chime this morn ;
And all the day, as to and fro I've wrought,
Cleansing of altar-steps and dusting shrines,
And such-like tasks, I have not missed him once
From that same spot. What marvel if he were
Some lunatic escaped from *Caridad* ?
Observe ! he takes no heed of aught I say :
'Tis time he waked."

As moveless as the forms
Niched round, a youth before the picture knelt,
His hands tight clenched, and his moist forehead strewn
With tossings of dank hair. Upon his arm
The rude old man laid such a sudden grasp
As made him start, while in his ear he cried
Sharply, "Get hence ! Why linger here so late ?"

Slow on the questioner a face was turned
That caused the heavy hand to drop—a face
So young, so moving in its pallid pain ;
Brows knotted with a wistfulness so strange ;
Wide-gazing eyes, pathetic with a fear
That strained the tears back, lest one blinding film
Should for a moment cloud that agony
From their wild watch ; wan lips that once and twice
Essayed to speak before the words would come ;
And an imploring lifting of the hands
That seemed a prayer.

"I wait—I wait," he said,
"Till Joseph bring the linen, pure and white—
Till Mary fetch the spices—till they come,
Peter and John and all the holy women,
And take Him down. But oh, they tarry long !
—See how the darkness grows—so long ! so long !"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

VIOLINS AND VIOLIN-PLAYERS.

IN the year 1644 there was born in the Italian town of Cremona a child whose name is famous as that of the greatest maker of violins that ever lived. Little is known about Antonius Stradivarius except that he reached the great age of ninety-three, and worked at his art until shortly before his death. In fact, there is one of his instruments in existence bearing a certificate in his own handwriting with the date 1736, when he was ninety-two years old. He was a pupil of Nicolas Amati, a member of a family that for nearly two hundred years had been distinguished for skill in the manufacture of violins, and had made the name of Cremona synonymous with the highest excellence in their profession.

Several instruments made by Andreas Amati, the first maker of the name, for Charles IX. of France, were long kept in the Chapel Royal at Versailles, but they disappeared during the stormy days of the great Revolution, and only two of them were ever recovered. One of these, a violoncello with a tone of extraordinary power and richness, was sold at auction in London in May, 1827. It bore the maker's name and residence in Latin, and the catalogue said that the proprietor received a document when he purchased it, stating that it was presented to Charles IX. by Pope Pius V.

Skill in the manufacture of violins was hereditary in the Amatis, for the talent of Andreas, which was shared by his brother Nicolas, was possessed also by his sons Antonius and Hieronymus, who made some famous ones for Henry IV. of France. But the most celebrated maker of the family was Nicolas Amati, the son of Hieronymus, who, while following the models of his ancestors, produced better-proportioned and more finished instruments. Those of the large or grand pattern are equal in power and sweetness of tone to most of the violins of Stradivarius. The genius of the Amatis declined with Nicolas, for his son, who

is considered the last of the family, was inferior to his predecessors, and made but few instruments. As late as 1786, however, a descendant of the celebrated makers worked in an establishment at Orleans, where his violins were much admired. His varnish of rich golden amber, so characteristic of the Amatis, attracted great attention, but he refused to disclose its nature, saying it was a family secret, and left Orleans rather than divulge it.

Contemporary with Andreas, the eldest Amati, was Gaspar di Salo, a still more noted maker, who worked at Brescia from about 1560 to 1610, or a little later. His productions, though not highly finished, are remarkable for their clear and vigorous tone. Dragonetti, the celebrated double-bass player, used one of his instruments, and among the violins of the great makers owned by Ole Bull, his favorite is by this master.

Stradivarius was the worthy pupil of the greatest of the Amatis, and his old Cremonas have brought the most extravagant prices. There is, however, considerable difference in their quality, the best having been made between 1700 and 1725, his hand retaining its cunning till past fourscore. After that time his instruments were less perfect, and it is probable that his two sons, who were among his assistants, did more of the work than formerly, though still under his directions. At his death he left several unfinished instruments, which were completed by his sons, who placed his ticket in them, so that some doubt exists as to the entire authenticity of those made during his closing years. There are undoubtedly numerous counterfeits bearing his name, for, although he made a good many instruments during his long life, genuine ones are scarce. The taste and skill displayed in his model have never been surpassed. The wood united beauty with great capability for conducting sound; the tone of the strings was of remarkable excel-

lence, and the varnish was of a beautiful warm reddish or yellowish color, the secret of which is lost.

The increase in the value of instruments made by Stradivarius since his death is very remarkable. His usual price for a violin was about eighty francs. A similar instrument to-day would bring from eight hundred to two thousand dollars, according to its state of preservation, while his violoncellos command a much larger sum. The highest price ever paid for a violin, according to Sandys and Forster's work on the subject, was given for one made by Stradivarius, which was sold in 1856 for more than its weight in gold. One of his finest instruments, which derived an additional value from its having belonged to the celebrated violinist Viotti, was sold at auction in Paris in 1824 for thirty-eight hundred francs. These prices furnish a striking commentary on the experience of the elder Cerretto, who before he became a musician was an Italian merchant, and had dealt with Stradivarius himself in musical instruments. Some of the productions of the master he carried to England, but being unable to obtain as much as five pounds for a violoncello, the disappointed dealer sent them back as a bad speculation. A century passed away, and at an auction in London in 1827 of the musical instruments of Sir William Curtis, the well-known connoisseur, a violoncello of Stradivarius was put up at two hundred guineas, and bought in for two hundred and thirty-five. It bore the date 1684, and was said to have been made for a Corfiote nobleman, who placed it in a chest with cotton, where it remained for more than a century.

Other makers, hardly inferior to those above mentioned, were Jacob Steiner, a Tyrolese, and Joseph Guarnerius of Cremona, contemporaries of Stradivarius, who, however, survived them both. The former was a pupil of the Amatis, and married into the family, but being compelled to work at low prices to support his wife and children, his later productions are inferior to those of his free-and-easy bachelor days. Six florins was as much as he usually got for his violins,

which he had to peddle himself. Yet about a century after his death the duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe, paid thirty-five hundred florins for one of his instruments; and stranger still, fifteen hundred acres of land, on which a large part of the city of Pittsburg now stands, were given for a Steiner violin by an American gentleman who was aid to General La Fayette in the Revolutionary war. Mozart used to play on a Steiner violin, and at the festival in his honor at Salzburg in 1856 the instrument that two geniuses had touched was produced for sale. Now-a-days, however, the works of this maker are less valued than formerly, their peculiar tone being unsuited to the present style of playing.

The family of Guarnerius, distinguished as makers of violins, had their brightest ornament in Joseph, a pupil of Stradivarius, whom in his best productions he almost equaled. Paganini, the greatest master of the violin, used to play on one of his instruments; and the celebrated performer Spohr, in advising a friend to purchase a well-known specimen, told him it was one of the finest instruments in the world, and that he would have given his famous Stradivarius in exchange for it. Ole Bull also has a valuable production of this maker, and David, the great German performer, uses one which he bought for six thousand francs ten years ago. George IV. paid one hundred and twenty-five guineas for one of his violoncellos, and the late Prince Albert had a tenor which once belonged to Dragonetti, the celebrated double-bass player. There is, however, a good deal of difference in the quality of his violins, some of them having been made when dissipation had rendered him careless. It is said that others were produced while he was in prison, where he was confined for a considerable time, the jailer's daughter procuring for him wood and tools of inferior quality, and disposing of the instruments in order to obtain some comforts for him. As she bought the varnish from different makers, the variety of tints on his later productions is easily accounted for. He died in 1745.

The above-named are the masters whose works have a world-wide reputation. They have had many imitators, but no equals. One of the most successful of living makers is M. Jean Baptiste Vuillaume of Paris, who when Paganini broke his favorite Guarnerius violin not only thoroughly repaired it, but made another so closely resembling it that the great performer was puzzled to tell one from the other. M. Vuillaume, who was born in 1798, has received many honors for his productions; among them a council medal at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, the decoration of the Legion in November of the same year, and a grand medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. The family of Forster have a high repute in England as makers of violins, though instruments made in that country are not much sought after as compared with those of the Continent. Bachmann of Berlin, who died in 1800, made violins after the model of Stradivarius which rank next to those of Cremona. The leading German maker now living is Bausch of Leipsic. The violins of George Gemünder of New York have a high reputation in this country, and command from two hundred to three hundred dollars each. A. W. White of Boston is also a skillful maker and repairer of instruments of this class. The writer of this saw in his workshop the famous Amati and Joseph Guarnerius violins of Ole Bull, which the artist had left with him for treatment. The first violins of the principal Boston theatres and the violoncello of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club are the work of this maker. He has invented a simple but ingenious "chin rest," which is used by some of the best performers in the United States.

The superiority of the Cremona violins is in part due to their age, which takes away their noisy qualities, leaving only the pure tone. Noise, as is well known, even when louder than musical sounds, will not reach so far, and a modern violin, which when played by the side of an ancient one seems much the more powerful of the two, can hardly be heard at a distance at which the latter is distinctly audible. When Barthelemon led the

opera, connoisseurs used to go into the gallery to hear the effect of his Cremona violin, which there rose above all the other instruments, though it did not seem louder in the orchestra. Although the old masters worked when the concert pitch was lower than it now is, so that the neck of their instruments was shorter, the bridge lower and the body thinner than is required at the present day, yet these deficiencies are more than compensated by the effect of time in giving greater vibrating power to the wood.

It is interesting to compare the styles of the most celebrated makers, who, like all men of genius, had a striking individuality. The Amati violins are smaller than those of Stradivarius, and indeed than instruments of the present day. Not so powerful as the productions of the greatest of the masters, which are remarkable for their clear, ready expression, they have a peculiar sweetness of tone; but the Steiners excel them in beauty of finish, and have a piercing, flute-like quality; while the brilliant effects of the violins of Guarnerius recall the works of Stradivarius. In 1782 there was living in Cremona one Lorenzo Storioni, who was the last great maker of that famous place. His violins resemble those of Joseph Guarnerius, and their rich golden sound was admired by Vieutemps, who used one of them in 1861 for his solo instrument.

The origin of the violin is traced by recent writers to a remote antiquity, though it is a curious fact that instruments of this class were unknown to the Assyrians, Hebrews or Egyptians. Neither of these nations seems to have had any that were played with a bow, and the word thus rendered by some historians was the name of the *plectrum*, a wand used for striking the strings of the lyre. The viol mentioned by Isaiah in our translation of the Scriptures as played at the feasts of Israel was the Hebrew *nebel*, an instrument of the guitar or lute kind. Nor were bowed instruments known to the Greeks or Romans, lutes, lyres and harps being the principal kinds in which strings were used. The stringed instruments of Eastern nations are principally

of the lute or guitar class. Those with bows were generally made of a cylinder of sycamore or other suitable wood, though a cocoanut shell highly polished, with a prepared skin or a slip of fine satin-wood over the cavity, was also used. To this was attached a long and slender neck; the strings, two or three in number, being stretched over a bridge, while the bow was of bamboo and hair. Of this species is the famous *ravanastron*, which, according to Hindoo tradition, was invented by Ravanen, king of Ceylon, about five thousand years before Christ, and is still played by the poor Boeddhist monks who go begging from door to door. But the *thro* of the Burmese and the *kemangeh roumy* of the modern Egyptians bear a greater resemblance to the violin than this ancient Hindoo instrument, which was the crude prototype of the masterpieces of Cremona.

The Northmen had a rude instrument of the violin kind, and the *crwth* of the Britons appears to have been introduced into Scotland at an early period, as it was among the ornaments on Melrose church, founded in 1136. This and the Russian *goudok* were both of the viol or violin class; and it is a curious fact that the word *crwth* is still applied to these instruments in some parts of the British islands. It was a lively sense of humor that made Bishop Morgan in his translation of the New Testament into Welsh, printed in 1567, render "vials of wrath" *crythan*—*i. e.*, crowds or fiddles. In the seventeenth century, the word *crowd* was used by dramatists for fiddle. Thus, in Middleton's *Old Law* the servant says to the fiddlers who are to play at an approaching wedding, as was the custom in those days, "Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on; let no man lay a block in your way: crowd on, I say!" So in Marston's *What You Will*, where they are mentioned in a somewhat disparaging way:

"Now the musicians
Hover with nimble sticks o'er squeaking crowds,
Tickling the dried guts of a mewing cat."

That they were in the habit of attending convivial entertainments is evident from old plays. The *crowd* as an ac-

companiment for dancing is mentioned by Ben Jonson and Drayton, while in a curious tract of the period *crowdes* and *vialls* are enumerated among musical instruments used for sacred purposes. A prominent character in Butler's *Hudibras* is *Crowders the fiddler*, who strings his bow with his grizzly beard instead of horse-hair, and with his "squeaking engine" heads the warlike rabble. One Jackson, a milliner, who, having lost his leg in the service of the Roundheads, earned a precarious livelihood by fiddling from one alehouse to another, is said to have been the original of this satirical portrait.

A company of fiddlers was in the olden time not inappropriately called a *noise*, and poor performers were regarded by sensitive people much as organ-grinders are now-a-days. In Webster and Dekker's *Westward Hoe* a character called *Monopoly* says, "Where's this noise? what a lousy town's this! Has Brainford no music in it?" The Chamberlain of the Sun replies, "They are but rosining, sir, and they'll scrape themselves into your company presently." Rosining or tuning seems to have been as annoying then as now with unskillful performers. Rosin was used for bows at an early period, for in Wilkins's *Enforced Marriage* a musician says, "But, Cargo, I cannot play without rosin."

The modern violin is a modification of the viol of the olden time, which had six strings, a finger-board like that of the guitar, with frets for directing the position of the fingers, and was played with the bow. Though common in Italy, it was hardly known in England in the sixteenth century, and was brought into France by Baltazar, a Piedmontese, who at the head of a band of violin-players was sent by Marshal Brissac to Catherine de Medicis. It was at first only used at theatres as an accompaniment to the voice, but its beneficial effect in supplying the deficiencies of vocal music, by giving force and expression to the melody, led to its adoption in the Church. After viols became unfashionable, Charles II., following the example of the French king, introduced his band of twenty-four violins, led by the

celebrated Baltzar, which suggested Durfey's well-known song, "Four-and-twenty fiddlers, all of a row."

Anthony Wood has given an interesting account of the sensation occasioned by the introduction of a violin for the first time into a concert of viols at Oxford. It was pronounced by connoisseurs, after close inspection, to be a mere bauble which could never be successfully used in musical performances. The absence of frets, the ridges of wood upon the finger-board of the viol, was regarded as fatal to the efficient handling of the violin, but experience has shown that the removal of these mechanical helps gives a greatly increased power of expression to an instrument. Honest Anthony himself liked nothing better than to take his violin and with some of his musical friends, disguised as strolling fiddlers, go about the country, receiving money and drink for their performances. Another amateur player was gossiping Samuel Pepys, who prided himself on his skill in music, performing on the lute, violin, viol and flageolet, besides being something of a singer. On the 21st of November, 1660, he says in his *Diary*, "At night to my viallin (the first time that I have played on it since come to this house) in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me." Early morning as well as late evening hours found him at his favorite pastime, for this entry occurs December 3: "Rose by candles and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office." The good man had some musical aspirations which do not seem to have been realized, for he confides to us on the 20th of March, 1668, that he was "all the evening pricking down some things, and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing a better theory of musick than hath yet been abroad; and I think, verily, I shall do it." He mentions, 8th of October, 1667, the death of Saunders by the plague at Cambridge, "the only viollin in my time," thus ignoring a much greater performer of that day, the celebrated Baltzar, of whom

Evelyn said, two years before, "I stand to this hour amazed that God should give so great perfection to so young a person."

With the exception of some minor details, no improvements have been made in violins since the days of the Amatis. In the early part of this century a French army officer proposed to make a change in the model, so as to have it resemble in shape the old viol or modern guitar. His plan was submitted to a committee of the French Academy, who after three trials decided in its favor, but it was never adopted by the musical world, and the tone of the new instrument, which the *savans* considered equal to that of the Cremonas, was found not to last long. Other attempts to change the shape of the violin have proved equally unsuccessful. There have, however, been marked improvements in the bow during the past three centuries. It was originally an awkward affair, made of reed or some flexible wood, and much curved, with a strand of coarse hair stretched between the two extremities. Its present shape was not assumed till the seventeenth century, when a metal band with teeth was employed to alter the tension of the hair. The length of bows has increased in recent years. The "sonata," so called from its extreme length, was at the end of the last century only twenty-four inches long, while the usual length of the common bow now is about twenty-nine inches.

Of early performers on the violin, the most celebrated was Baltzar, the leader of Charles II.'s band. His appearance in England, which already boasted several fine players, seems to have created as great a sensation as the advent of Paganini two centuries later. Evelyn went into ecstasies over "the incomparable Lubicer," and Anthony Wood says that at a music meeting at Oxford, Professor Wilson stooped down humorously to see if he had not a hoof. He must not be confounded with Baltzar, the Italian performer of the preceding century, who redeemed the violin from the contempt into which it had fallen in the hands of wandering minstrels, and gave it a Eu-

ropean reputation. But Arcangelo Corelli, an Italian born in 1653, was the founder of the first school of the violin, and was equally distinguished as composer and player. Rome, where he presided at the opera, became the resort of students from all parts of Europe anxious to catch something of the master's inspiration. He found a warm friend in Cardinal Ottoboni, and led the "academia" or concert held weekly at his palace. Though remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, he had such a high sense of the respect due to his art that he did not hesitate to vindicate it at the risk of offending his patrons. When performing one evening at the cardinal's he saw that dignitary engaged in talking with another person. He at once laid down his instrument, and on being asked the reason said he feared the music interrupted the conversation. Yet he was always ready to acknowledge excellence in others, and observing on one occasion the skillful playing of a distinguished violinist who had called upon him without revealing his name, exclaimed, "I am called *Arcangelo*, but, by Heaven, sir, you must be *Archidiavolo!*" Though Corelli's performance lacked the dazzling execution of later masters, it was marked by touching simplicity, tenderness and grace. His celebrated pupil, Geminiani, used to say that its exquisite tone reminded him of a sweet trumpet. For years after his death in 1713 his scholars performed an anniversary selection from his works over his tomb in the Pantheon, close to that of Raphael.

Geminiani, his pupil, achieved great success in England, where he played before George II., with Handel accompanying him on the harpsichord, and for fifteen years was the acknowledged master of his matchless instrument. After residing thirty-six years in his adopted country, he went to Paris, where, by a not uncommon fortune of popular favorites, he found himself forgotten, and it was with difficulty that he contrived to live. He then went to Ireland, where the last year of his life was passed in the enjoyment of his well-earned fame.

A still greater master was Giuseppe

Tartini, who developed new powers in the violin, having first adopted it while in a cloister to which he retired after a disappointment in love. His skill led to his appointment as a member of the cathedral band, but his family were ignorant of his whereabouts till he was recognized by an acquaintance at a grand festival, when a gust of wind blew aside the curtain that concealed the orchestra. After perfecting himself by patient study, he was made first violinist to St. Anthony of Padua, where he remained for the rest of his life, declining the most tempting offers from the great European capitals and courts. Tartini's fame rests on his performances with the bow rather than the pen, though his compositions still have a practical value.

Veracini was a brilliant but eccentric violinist, whose playing early excited the emulation of Tartini. His strange wild style and vividness of tone electrified audiences unaccustomed to such passionate power. The daring ostentation which gained for him the title of *Capoposso* ("the Crackbrained") was exhibited at a musical festival in Lucca, where he attempted to displace an old priest who was performing as first violin, but being unknown to the Lucchese was rejected by that clerical director. Taking his seat on the lowest bench of the orchestra, he astonished the audience by the matchless purity and power of his performance, and amid the echoing *vivas*, which even the decorum of a church could not restrain, he turned in triumph to the hoary director, saying, "*Cosi si suona per fare il primo violino!*" ("That is the way to play the first violin").

Elegance, sweetness and pathos were the characteristics of Nardini, the finest pupil of Tartini, while Felice Giardini, who excited a great sensation in England toward the middle of the last century, dazzled the stolid Britons by his brilliant playing, though he lived to be almost forgotten there in his old age, and with enfeebled health and failing sight was glad to find employment as a supernumerary in the orchestra where he had once reigned supreme. Giornovichi, a Palermitan, who died in 1804,

was one of the most charming violinists of the last century, and his artistic delicacy captivated the most refined audiences of Europe. But Viotti, who appeared in Salomon's concerts in London in 1790, after having won great distinction in France and Germany, was the creator of a new era of the violin, and his masterly performances at once achieved favor for the romantic school, which now superseded the classic. The nobility and grandeur of his compositions and the dazzling brilliancy of his execution have ensured for him an enduring fame.

The present century has had many distinguished violinists, of whom Spohr, a German who died in 1859, was one of the most prominent. Though deficient in lightness, in largeness and breadth of manner he was unrivaled, and the honors showered upon him at home were supplemented by the plaudits of the highest English society and membership of the Institute of France. His compositions are still admired by scientific critics. De Beriot, a Belgian, whose name is unpleasantly familiar to admirers of Malibran, was a dexterous and sparkling performer, but is not much esteemed as a composer.

The greatest master of the violin, however, was Paganini, whose death in 1840 was an irreparable loss to the musical world. Ignoramus and connoisseurs were alike under the spell of his genius. In his hands the violin was an inspired instrument, now expressing the deepest emotions of the human heart and now instinct with unearthly and demoniac passion. All the sounds of Nature and art were reproduced by the gaunt, wild-looking man from the depths of his "Joseph Guarnerius," which at one time simulated the voices of old women, at another cries of deepest anguish, and again trembled with the crash of thunder. He was often led to descend to feats of dexterity unworthy of his art, but he atoned for them by rising to sublimities of expression that no other artist has ever reached. He put his soul into his instrument, and it was a beautiful fancy of the Italians that it continued to haunt the violin when all that was mortal of

Paganini had departed. No wonder that Rossini wept when for the first time he heard the master play! His great feat of playing the military sonata "Napoleon" on a single string was far less wonderful than the depth of feeling and passion which was sounded by his bow. Such was his precocity that at the age of six years he produced novel effects on the violin and performed feats requiring great power and quickness of expression; at eight he had tasked the talents of the best instructors in Genoa and composed an admirable sonata; and at nine, on his first appearance in public, he had excited unbounded enthusiasm by his wonderful performances. His eccentricities and extravagance, his sensuality and avarice, were stains on a career which blazed with transcendent splendor and went out in deepest darkness, leaving only the shadowy traditions of an unrivaled name.

Among living violinists, Ole Bull represents the bizarre type of which Paganini was an exemplar, without, however, possessing the supreme power that dignified even the eccentricities of that artist. Yet he is a man of unquestionable genius, and has trodden closely in the footsteps of the wizard whom he sold his last shirt to hear in his youthful days. His career has been a long romance, such as no novelist would dare to depict for fear of being charged with improbabilities. Born in a Norwegian winter sixty-four years ago (1810), he has the ardent temperament of the sunny South. His early artistic aspirations were thwarted by family and friends, and even the great violinist Spohr, with whom he wished to study, gave him such a chilling reception that in a moment of despondency he gave up music for the law. Returning to his first love, an unfortunate duel, in which he mortally wounded his antagonist, compelled him to leave the country. In Paris, where he next went poor and unknown, he was reduced to great extremities, and at last, being robbed of everything he possessed, including his violin, he attempted suicide by jumping into the Seine. Rescued from a watery grave, his condition excited the

sympathy of an old lady, widow of Comte Faye, who recognized in his features a striking resemblance to her dead son. Taking him into her house, she assisted him so liberally that he was enabled to make his first appearance in public as a violinist, and the romance was completed by his marriage to her daughter. The most brilliant successes soon awaited him in Italy, where he recalled Paganini, and was embraced by Malibran on the stage at Naples. He afterward made frequent and successful professional tours through Europe, and had an enthusiastic reception in this country. These musical expeditions were varied by a campaign in Algeria against the Kabyles and the establishment of a theatre in his native Bergen. He cherished plans for the advanced culture of his countrymen, and among them endeavored to establish a school of literature and art, but his prospects were blighted by the introduction of political sentiments into the performances at his theatre that brought him into collision with the police. These troubles resulted in serious losses, which, together with the death of his wife, led to his revisiting this country in 1852, and forming in Pennsylvania the Norwegian colony whose failure again sent the unfortunate artist into the world to repair his shattered fortunes. He met with great success in his concerts, but in an evil hour leased in 1854 the New York Academy of Music and undertook the management of Italian opera. The disastrous result of this enterprise caused him to return to Europe, where he acquired enough to enable him to settle down in this country, where he has passed some of the most eventful years of his life. Among the testimonials which he has received during his long career, one of the most interesting is a violin which he exhibited at a *conversazione* of the Musical Society of London in January, 1862. This celebrated instrument was made by Gaspar di Salo, the most distinguished of early makers, with caryatides by Benvenuto Cellini, carved by order of Cardinal Aldobrandini, who presented it to the museum of Innspruck. When that city was assaulted by the

French in 1809, the museum was plundered and the violin carried to Vienna, where the Councillor Rhehazek placed this unique gem in his collection of ancient musical instruments, refusing to sell it at any price. He left it, by will in 1842, to Ole Bull, who was the first to test its powers. The distinguished Norwegian has another violin by this maker, which is his favorite instrument. "The manner of Ole Bull," says a French critic, "is that of Paganini, whom he has taken for his model, and whose fantasticalness he has often imitated: he astonishes more than he touches. A nomadic artist *par excellence*, he has formed no school, nor written anything to preserve his popularity."

The highest place among recent violinists must be assigned to Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst, who was born at Brünn in Moravia in 1814. He studied in the musical conservatory of Vienna under Mayeder, who gave brilliancy and precision to his style of playing, but regarded Joseph Böhm as the instructor to whom he was indebted for the principles of his art. When only sixteen he visited Munich, Stuttgart and Frankfort, where his precocity excited great interest in musical circles. Two years afterward he repaired to Paris, and subsequently visited other parts of Europe, achieving great success wherever he went, and passing several seasons in London, where his brilliant playing was much admired. His powers were impaired in his later years by severe nervous affections, which injured the precision of his intonation and made his performances unequal. So acute were his sufferings in the paroxysms of his disease as to cause him to swoon while engaged in public performances and be carried senseless from the stage. From 1857 till his death in 1865 he was a martyr to these attacks. His style of playing was marked by deep feeling and great power of execution, and the slight affectation of his manner hardly impaired its poetical charm. Some of his bravura compositions are so imbued with the peculiar characteristics of his genius as to suggest to those who never heard him play the originality of his mode of execution.

One of his best-known productions is the charming "Elegy" for the violin and piano, which passed through many editions in France, Germany, Denmark and Russia. But the great abilities of Ernst were less admirable than his unaffected benevolence, which was manifested in various ways toward his fellow-artists. His talents and his purse were always at the service of struggling merit, and his own sufferings seemed to increase his sympathy for the misfortunes of others.

Among living violinists are David, Sivori, Vieuxtemps and Joachim, though the first named, who was born at Hamburg in 1840, and was the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, devotes his attention chiefly to teaching. The Conservatory of Music at Leipsic, in which he occupies a chair, has had many distinguished graduates from his school, and his compositions are highly appreciated throughout Europe.

Ernest Camille Sivori, born at Genoa in 1817, was a favorite pupil of Paganini, whose precocity he rivaled, having achieved at the age of ten a reputation which secured for him an attentive hearing in Paris and London, and the position of first violin at the Carlo Felice Theatre in his native city. Fourteen years afterward he made a grand professional tour through Europe and North and South America, exciting enthusiastic admiration by his performances. The instrument that he played upon was the violin bequeathed to him by his dying master, which, according to the Italian legend, was still animated by the soul of Paganini. Sivori has published several compositions for the violin, and has received various decorations from crowned heads.

Prominent among living violinists is Henri Vieuxtemps, a Belgian, born in 1820. His precocious taste for music led an amateur to take charge of his education, and at eight he played in public in several cities of Belgium, where his talent attracted the attention of De Beriot, who gave him lessons for twelve months. The next twenty years of his life were crowded with artistic triumphs in the great capitals of Europe. He also achieved a

high reputation as a composer, producing in Russia a concerto so superior to all his other works that the critics refused for some time to credit him with its authorship. Nearly thirty years ago Vieuxtemps made a professional visit to this country, and was received with enthusiasm. In 1868 he appeared in concerts in Paris and the French provinces with Carlotta Patti, and met with great success. He now holds the place of professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels. As a player he is distinguished for earnestness and vigor, as well as elegance and certainty of execution, and his compositions unite classic dignity with modern grace.

But the performer who of late years has attracted most attention in Europe is Joseph Joachim, who is of Jewish parentage, and was born near Presburg in 1831. While yet very young he became a student at the Conservatory of Vienna, and at the age of twelve his precocious skill in execution excited the admiration of connoisseurs, and secured for him a situation, which he held seven years, in the orchestra of the Gewandhaus. The school of David, of whom he was a pupil, has had no more distinguished ornament. In 1850 the young artist went to Paris, where his reputation had preceded him, and the same year he was appointed *chef de concert* at Weimar. Three years later he became chapel-master at the court of Hanover. He afterward made professional visits to various parts of Europe, and for a long time appeared annually in England. In the winter of 1865-66 he visited Paris, where he achieved great success in the popular concerts of M. Pasdeloup. In 1869 he was made director of instrumental music in the new conservatory at Berlin, a position for which he is admirably qualified. As a performer he is distinguished for purity of taste, fine quality of tone and superior skill in execution, while his compositions, which are of the school of Robert Schumann, unite classical traditions with originality. As Joachim is still a young man, it is not unreasonable to expect that his violin will be heard in this country. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

A TROUBLESOME LEGACY.

ON my way East from California I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant young gentleman, whose baggage first attracted my attention from the fact of its bearing my own name—B. F. Gifford. The familiar letters met my eye on the side of a leather portmanteau just after we left Sacramento, and bothered me for a moment or two by inexplicably duplicating my own, which I thought I had carefully stowed away under the seat. After gazing at it in astonishment, I took it out of the compartment in front of the one I occupied, and was balancing it in a perplexed way, undecided as to its destination, when its owner appeared and relieved me of the responsibility with some haste. Of course I explained my mistake, and expressed my surprise at the coincidence of our names, which made us acquainted at once; and this was a rather curious thing in itself, as I am very shy of forming intimacies of any kind, particularly with strangers.

The young man was about my own size and complexion, and he might have been a year or two my senior. He seemed my entire counterpart in manner and temperament, being impulsive and confiding to a remarkable degree; and acting on our amusing introduction, he fairly galloped into the friendliest sort of relations, which he opened by an obliging confidence.

"B. F." he remarked, pointing to my portmanteau, which I had produced in proof of my explanation—"Benjamin Franklin, of course, in both cases. Now, with the greatest respect for the sage whose name I inherit, I detest the name, and am proud and thankful to say that I have always proved its utter inappropriateness, as a protest against its selection by my parents."

I admitted that I shared at once the name and objection, but stated that my few remaining relatives had modified it by rendering it familiarly Frank, and

that I only retained the initials for business-purposes.

"Now, that's odd, and pleasant too," said my companion. "I have no relations, but a rather particular young friend has just agreed to call me Frank, and I think I shall like it very much."

At this point my new acquaintance developed a peculiarity that was all his own—to wit, a terrible cough, so harassing while it lasted that I was divided between alarm and surprise, for at first view there was nothing in his appearance to indicate such an affliction.

Having, however, been convinced of its existence, my sharpened senses soon detected other signs of disease in its unfortunate victim. The bright color that his good-looking face boasted was beyond a doubt hectic; his clothes were well made and skillfully padded, but a careful eye could easily discern his attenuation of form; his breathing was at times heavy and labored; and lively, versatile and buoyant as he proved, the poor fellow was a doomed consumptive.

His apparent unconsciousness of his condition for a short time almost canceled my trust in my own discernment. When he recovered from the paroxysm that had startled me, he observed in an easy way, while he yet shook in every nerve from the terrible effort, "I think I must have caught a little cold. It is disagreeable, but can scarcely be avoided when one travels at night."

His spirits were really surprising. He began at once to amuse me with an account of the Chinamen of San Francisco in the character of proprietors of laundries, and to relate anecdotes of his difficulties on the subject of lost shirts, but ill accounted for in "broken China," even while his chest heaved and a painful wheezing undertoned each word. Everything afforded him interest and entertainment on the road, from the dirty and ignoble savages crowding round the stations to ride on the baggage-cars to the

difficulties besetting the path of our lady-travelers with their chignons and general toilet arrangements. He had only gone over the way once before, but he seemed to know each remarkable point of view and its story better than the conductors themselves, and saved the trouble of referring to the guide-book at all the new stations by giving us a concise history of their settlement, natural features and improvements.

Only one thing damped his agreeable spirits, and he endeavored to conceal it as well as possible by attributing it to a variety of whimsical causes. This was a sudden failure in his appetite, which occurred before we reached the bleak alkaline heights of Sherman and met the early frosts that lay in wait for us there. First, he explained that he could not lose time in eating where there was so much to look at that was curious. He liked to watch the station-people, who, he declared, were the queerest kind of pioneers, living desolate lives relieved by two daily bursts of hungry humanity, that gobbled and fled like a horde of predatory ogres. Then he discovered a distaste to antelope on the platter—preferred to take his through his field-glass and in herds—and suspected condensed milk to be the foundation of custards, etc., where his taste demanded the fresh lacteal fluid. At last his strength forsook him, but we had reached Omaha when it gave way suddenly, and after a cheerful leavetaking of those of our fellow-travelers whose routes diverged at this point, Mr. Gifford, who had determined to rest a day, stood beside me in the hall of the rather bare-looking "best hotel" and tremblingly clutched my arm for support.

"I tell you what, my dear fellow," he murmured faintly, "after four or five days' shaking in those cars a man forgets how to stand firmly on his feet."

He was deadly white, and his breath came with an effort so labored that it seemed as if he must cease to make it presently. I held him up and called to a sturdy waiter for assistance, but to my astonishment he rallied, and with a poor ghost of a laugh said it must be the effect

of the whisky which he intended to take when he reached his room; and so, by a tremendous effort, got up stairs.

"It is nothing: I shall be all right in the morning," he said when I had got him to bed after a long fainting-fit. He had swallowed a little brandy, but protested vigorously against seeing a physician, and urged me to take my supper and go to bed without any anxiety about him. "For there's nothing wrong with me but a little jolting, which a quiet night will make all right; and I would not for the world have you lose your rest on my account," he said.

I was very uncomfortable about him, but I did not dare to excite him by pressing services which he declined to receive. I did not know a soul in the town to advise with, and although Mr. Gifford had been the most gushing of companions, he had never, as I then suddenly remembered, made the least allusion to his family or destination. I tried to conceal my perturbation, and appeared to yield to his wishes, but, impressing my stout friend the waiter into service, I enjoined on him to hover around the apartment of my fellow-traveler and summon me at the first unusual sound he should detect. I resolved to sit up in my own room, which was as near his as I could possibly induce the clerk to place me, and a little after midnight, when everything had grown quiet, and I was inclined to think I had exaggerated my friend's danger, I received a hasty call from the faithful waiter, and in a moment or two was at his bedside. He was perfectly quiet and composed, and evinced no signs of his late nervous excitement, but his voice was almost gone, so that I had to bend low over him to catch his words. "There must have been something in the names, after all," he said with a serious smile. "I took to you from the first; and though the favor I ask and the trust I am about to repose in you is rather a dreary way to evince my confidence and friendship, it is the strongest proof I can give you." Here he gasped a little, and his speech was interrupted frequently in the same way as he went on: "I have been absent from

what was my home so long that there is nothing left there that claims my thoughts now. The strongest interest I knew two hours ago was my determination to reach the East and meet a young lady for whom I accepted a singular trust nearly two years since in China. It is that which I now desire to transfer to you. Will you receive it?"

I said that I would, and fulfill it too so far as lay in my power. He seemed greatly relieved by my readiness and the earnest tone in which I tried to convey it to him; but I knew it rather by the wistfully grateful expression in his eyes than by his words, for his painful breathing impeded his speech, and made the rest of his communication fragmentary and in part unintelligible. I gathered from it that the one to whom he carried a certain package, which he now enjoined on me to deliver, was a young lady between whom and himself there existed the tenderest relations. He said that she was "loving and lovely," and that I was to help her to bear a double grief and endure a second disappointment, the exact nature of which was not made plain to me, owing to the frequent interruptions of his stifling cough. I was able to understand—more by signs and looks than direct expression—that he wanted me to open a small rosewood box which he carried in his valise and take from it a rather worn package of letters and a miniature in a blue velvet case, both bound together with faded blue ribbon. These were to be taken to the young lady, and her address was plainly written on a card tied up with them. Being assured on this point, I tried to convince him of my attention to all the rest, the meaning of which I could only guess at, and to relieve him as much as possible from the exhausting effort he was making to convey his instructions more clearly.

He kept repeating something about "the singular coincidence" and "the painful fatality," and alluding to the young lady's "twice-blighted love," but his faintness made it difficult for him to utter a complete sentence. Shortly after he became entirely speechless, and closed his eyes for the last time just as the cold,

chill daybreak lighted the room, making the gas look weird and yellow and crowding the shadows into the corner like a pall above the narrow bed where the dead man lay.

It was a dreary and rather responsible position for me to find myself in as sole executor and mourner for a person of whose existence I had not been informed a week before; but when the landlord and I took possession of his effects we found the task a much easier one than we could have anticipated. Mr. Gifford, without acknowledging his critical condition, had fully prepared for emergencies: we soon discovered a sealed paper, marked "To be opened after my death," which gave us complete and satisfactory directions for his funeral and made provision for all contingent expenses. Beside this document lay a letter addressed to a San Francisco lawyer, in whose hands he had left his affairs, and to whom the directions said that it should be immediately forwarded. This and his verbal charge to me were all that remained to be attended to after his interment; and as soon as it was all over I prepared to start forward again, much depressed by the mournful interruption in my journey and the melancholy mission it entailed.

I was always a shy and rather reticent sort of fellow, but I hope I am not without sentiment. I looked at the address, "Miss Adelaide Allison, Northwood, near —, —," again and again, and pictured to myself the drooping head and tear-stained face of the "loving and lovely girl." I had stood beside the coffin of my namesake and carefully scanned his pallid features, that I might be able to carry her the last sad memory of those faded lineaments. He was terribly changed: from the moment that his hope forsook him, and he gave way to the certainty of his doom, he had looked actually ghastly. It was as if an illuminating beam had suddenly gone out and left a dull clay surface, shrunken and cadaverous to look upon. His really fine hair was the only thing that remained to remind me of the merry-spirited gentleman whose luggage I had

unwittingly endeavored to appropriate at Sacramento, and I cut off a handsome curling lock to give the poor girl whose heart I was going to crush with the terrible tidings I had to tell her.

On my homeward way I spent my time in mental composition of the most unsatisfactory nature. I tried to think of all the forms of condolence I had ever heard, and from those models to arrange the communication in which to convey her lover's death to Miss Adelaide Allison as gently as such a painful blow could be made to fall. But the intensity of the desire to spare her an unnecessary pang only increased my natural diffidence and rendered every effort a failure, until I grew as nervous and remorseful about it as if I had killed him first and was obliged to confess it afterward.

When I got within five miles of Northwood, I found myself too cowardly to go one step farther without a compromise. I stopped in the railroad-town and made inquiries concerning the family, while I endeavored to recruit my energies and compose a new and fitting method of communicating the distressing news.

I learned that the Allisons were excellent people. The head of the family, familiarly called "the old judge," was a real gentleman and a widower with an only daughter, a dear, beautiful girl of whom everybody spoke in terms of praise and admiration. How I shuddered as I thought that it was to this happy, innocent creature I bore the blighting message of sorrow! In fancy I already saw her blooming cheek grow blanched and her smiling lips settle in rigid, ashy pallor as she listened to my fatal words. I could not bear the thought. I must prepare her and myself for what was to come: I must soften the blow to both. It was but a few miles to the house (called Northwood from its locality and surrounding groves), and a messenger should carry a preparatory note and take the keen edge off what must follow. It seemed a very easy thing to indite an introductory epistle, and I had begun with "MY DEAR MISS ALLISON: Although personally a stranger, I cannot address you without deep emotions when

I consider the sad and solemn character of the mission with which I am charged"—when I suddenly encountered the same difficulty that had beset me from the first: I could manoeuvre about the boundary of the gloomy subject very easily, but as soon as I approached it nearly my courage forsook me, and left me at once tongue- and pen-tied. A very intelligent lad, obligingly communicative and seemingly unemployed, had favored me with the information already gained: a moment's cogitation convinced me of the expediency of gaining this individual's aid; so I proposed to him that he should go to the Northwood villa and see Miss Allison in person on my behalf. I found him very willing when he learned the liberality of my terms, and, giving him my card, I instructed him to say that I would soon present myself, though with regret, as I brought the saddest news it was possible for an unwilling messenger to bear. After explaining to this discreet youth as much of the object of his visit as I considered it best for him to know, I despatched him, and waited in indescribable anxiety for his return, being prepared to start as soon as he reported his sorrowful progress.

Little more than an hour had passed when he came back, beaming and delighted with the success of his errand. "It was Miss Allison I was to see?" he began.

"Of course it was," I assented.

"Oh, I didn't understand it so at first, and so I went and asked for Miss Sarah, but she soon set me right. They are expecting you, sir. It is no surprise or shock at all—the other one's death, I mean: they heard all about it, and it doesn't seem to worry them much now; and Miss Adelaide is very anxious to see you, sir. She said 'she was eager to greet one who had first established a claim on her regard by his devotion to a mutual friend.' That's what she said: I learned it by heart on purpose to tell you."

Saying this, my messenger assumed an expression of waggish sentiment and smiled on me with benignity.

I was relieved, yet strangely perplexed. I was equally surprised at the family's

having already learned the death of my companion, and the quiet mode in which his betrothed chose to receive the startling announcement. It was not what I had expected; and although it spared me the tableau of agony, the terrible cry of disbelief struggling with reality, the merciful swoon followed by the horror of returning consciousness, and all the minutiae of the first stage of an overwhelming grief which I had unceasingly rehearsed to myself since I left Omaha, yet I was not quite satisfied.

"A few tears," I thought to myself, "a little incoherence, or at the very least some evidence of embarrassment, would have been natural and proper; but this set speech about her eagerness to greet the friend of the defunct, and so forth,—it is polite certainly, very polite, but it doesn't seem quite in character."

I took the package of letters from my valise and turned it over and over in my hand. The picture loosened as I did so, and I was forced to wind the ribbon around it again to make it secure. But first I took a peep at the face hidden beneath the velvet cover, just to see what kind of loveliness belonged to the "lovely and loving" who had proved herself such a philosopher in trouble.

The sweetest, dearest brown eyes in the world met mine with a frank and tender light in them that scattered my gathering doubts and discontent. A pure oval face crowned by fair hair looked up at me with full red lips just parted in a winning smile, and I found myself drinking in the whole picture like a sweet draught that went straight to my head and heart.

I discovered that I was susceptible as well as shy, but I had never seen any face that forced me so suddenly to the conviction before. There was everything in it to charm, to beguile, to fascinate. After gazing at it for a few minutes, I concluded that its owner could not be expected to cloud that heavenly beauty in useless gloom and regret. It was best to bow and be resigned to the inevitable decrees of Providence, and the dear girl had a Christian spirit, as I was glad to discover.

With this new view of the case I found sudden courage, and, making up the parcel, pocketed it and rode to Northwood. Entering a fine avenue bordered with elms that must have made a pleasant shade in summer weather, I approached the handsome residence of the old judge, whose house and surroundings spoke well for his taste and wealth.

I was expected, as it seemed: a servant-man waited at the portico to take my horse, and a neat-looking maid ushered me into a spacious and luxurious drawing-room, begging me to be seated "and she would tell Miss Addie that I had come."

I looked about me, and began to be conscious of an uncomfortable sinking at the heart: I longed to take another glimpse at the picture-face before I encountered the reality; but the rustle of a dress was close at hand, and I had only time to clear my throat nervously and make a desperate effort to arrest my deserting courage when a lady entered and stood beside me.

A glance showed me that it was not my lady—the original of the picture, I mean. There was a family resemblance, no doubt, but the present individual was older, thinner, less beaming and not at all lovely. She was considerably agitated, however, and had a very peculiar and noticeable flutter about her as she stood, one hand grasping the back of a reception-chair, the other pressed to her heart, and her parted lips emitting a sort of gasp at regular intervals. I was not so much startled by the tableau as might have been expected: it promised a parley which was in itself a preparation. This was no doubt some sympathetic friend or relative, herself past the tender season of youth and love, yet feeling strongly the situation of the fair Hebe whose face still lingered in my breast-pocket. It was my place to enact the part of consoler, and I proceeded to do it as a preparatory practice. I offered a seat, but the lady dropped on the sofa beside me, and covering her eyes with her right hand let her left drop in mine as she convulsively murmured my Christian name. I was astonished, and be-

came confounded as she proceeded to squeeze my fingers and weep hysterically.

"I scarcely know—" I stammered, but she interrupted me with—"How could you, dear Frank? It is so strange, so inexplicable! Even now my soul thrills with the tender memory of the lost, but still I know I am true to you—that I can and will replace the image of former love with the deep emotion of gratitude ripening into affection."

I moved away a little involuntarily, for she was coming very close, and I was getting frightened; but she clutched me affectionately and murmured, "There! there! I will not speak of the past again: I will begin to live in the present and the future. Like you, I am content to bury the sad and sacred tie with which destiny chose to bind us to each other." She broke off, and I felt a cold perspiration spring all over me as she drew back a little and, raising her tear-bedimmed eyes to mine, faltered, with a childlike air that showed her crows' feet to disadvantage, "Do you find me what you imagined me to be, or have delay and anxiety marred the face on whose mimicked lineaments you gazed so fondly?"

I had heard of flattered pictures, but, good gracious! this one must have been the work of an artist without any conscience at all, for it would have been folly to make the three days at Omaha and the grief she took so coolly responsible for the chasm that yawned between the rounded bloom on the ivory and the seams repaired with violet powder on the real face.

I had always regarded discretion and modesty as gems of womanhood, and I could not approve of the action with which my singular companion accompanied her inquiry. She actually dropped her head on my shoulder before I could find presence of mind to jerk aside and avoid such an impropriety. In this reprehensible attitude she continued to gush bewilderingly, while confusion and mortification deprived me of the power of speech.

"When I heard that I had lost him," she proceeded to murmur in the voice

of a turtle, "I gave way to a sorrow that was modified from the first by the knowledge of your presence at his deathbed. Love was a germ planted in tears to flourish in sunshine. I will indulge in these briny drops no longer, since you are come to wipe them away."

At this point she raised her head to smile, and I dodged so nimbly that she could not renew the application. Hers was not the beaming light portrayed in the blue velvet case: her lips did not part in their red fullness, but rather opened in a curved yawn to display a mechanical contrivance of the nature of gold wire at the corners of her mouth. She was likewise afflicted with an eruption in the form of pimples. These facts, taken in conjunction with her singular freedom of demeanor, gave me nerve to fold my arms and sit very upright as I began to relieve myself of my mission to this remarkable female, whom I could not but recognize as the object of my late fellow-traveler's affections, though I by no means approved of the adjectives he had used to describe her, nor the reckless fancy of the limner who was responsible for the beguiling picture.

"When I undertook, at the earnest request of my dying friend, to carry you his last message and the package which I now deliver," I said, "I was greatly startled by the suddenness of his fatal attack, and he was too weak to be very explicit." I had proceeded so far in my effort to relate to her minutely and carefully every incident of the mournful scene, and was about to place in her hands the letters, when she caught them from me, threw them into the open fire, and with an inexcusable indelicacy flung herself against my waistcoat as she told me in the most poetical kind of prose that I was "the phoenix who sprang from those sacred ashes."

I was shocked mentally and physically, for the lady wore a jetty head-dress that was very effective as a projectile, and was besides enough my senior to be entitled to my deep respect rather than my strong affection. I called to mind the dying man's murmured words about "fatal coincidences" and "twice-blighted

love," and began to think that a series of disappointments had unsettled her reason. Still, I retained my Napoleonic attitude, and, endeavoring to express equal respect and firmness in my tone, said quietly, "If you will not allow me to recount the sad particulars, let me at least offer my condolence in due form. Had I been better acquainted with the deceased, I might have better fulfilled my mission, but strangers as we were—"

"Oh, it was so kind, so noble, in you to devote yourself to him! It was that which won me, and I gave you my love ere my tears were dried." They began to flow again at these extraordinary words, and I found them glittering awfully on my shirt-bosom.

"But, madam," I remonstrated in shame and terror, "consider that I am a stranger—that I declare myself unworthy the boon—that I am at a disadvantage."

She sniffed hysterically, and answered, without letting go her painful hold on my waistcoat, "You are unjust to yourself. Your face only was unknown to me. You have laid bare your noble heart, and I have studied it carefully in your dear, beautifully-written letters."

"My letters!" I gasped, remembering the abortive little notes that had refused to arrive at maturity.

"Ah, yes," she cooed, assuming the dove tone—"those dear, sweet letters!"

"Look at me, madam!" I ejaculated, tearing myself from her tender hold with frantic energy and facing her with a resolution born of terror. "I never sent you a letter in my life. On the honor of a gentleman I assure you that I am the reluctant ambassador of my dying fellow-traveler, without the least idea of a personal nature, and that I now acquit myself of the duty, since you will not permit me to repeat his last words nor describe the sad scene."

I found the lady had two natures. She dropped her dove plumage and tone, grew red and pale by turns, and pounced upon me in a very cat-like way, almost screaming in my ear, "Do you deny your name? do you deny your written words? Remember, I have preserved the correspondence, and can prove that you

sought me." She positively glared at me as she paused for want of breath, and I, innocent and injured as I felt, was fain to cower before her.

When the identity of this strange female with the dead man's lady-love forced itself upon me, I had considered him a lucky fellow to escape from her blandishments even by the dreary means of consumption: now I was forced to regard him as a subtle and even malicious person, for he had evidently tried to decoy me into the snare from which death had rescued him. What she meant by a correspondence I could not imagine: I was too bewildered by her sudden change from softness to fury to reason clearly, but I felt that that versatile and jocose traveler had bequeathed me a troublesome legacy, and I was determined to contest the will.

I assumed an adamantine exterior, but I was conscious of an inward quaking all the time. I returned her glare with mild determination, and said, "The only letters with which I am acquainted in this case are those you so rashly flung in the grate. I am here, as I said before, to communicate the death of a gentleman whom I only knew through chance association on a journey. I expected to find a mourner, but was not prepared—"

"Hold! do not insult me further. Answer me truly: are you Mr. B. F. Gifford?"

I saw that she referred to my card, and replied in the affirmative.

On this admission her manner became intensified—so did her glare: "And did you not by the deathbed of a mutual friend become aware of some particulars of my former history, and acknowledge an interest which you endeavored to ripen into a—a-warmer emotion?"

"Never!" I cried with tremulous emphasis.

"What!" she continued, this time rising to a perfect shriek, "do you deny sending for my picture?"

I took up the velvet case, that had dropped on the cushion when she flung the letters in the fire. "I presume this is the article in question," I said, "but I never saw it until, at Mr. Gifford's re-

quest, I took it from his portmanteau with your correspondence."

"Mr. Gifford! what Mr. Gifford? Do you mean to trifle with me? is this some vile trick?"

"Never, madam: I am as serious as such a scene demands. What Mr. Gifford could I mean but my fellow-traveler, who died in Omaha ten days ago?"

"Omaha! ten days ago!" she repeated; and anger and excitement died out of her face, making it look very old and sallow. "Do you not come from China, and were not those Amos Boswell's letters that I destroyed?"

"I have never been in China," I said, "and I never heard of Amos Boswell. I met at Sacramento a gentleman whose name was the same as my own, and that fact served as an introduction which I am beginning to think a most unfortunate one. We journeyed together, and when we reached Omaha he died very suddenly, giving me the unpleasant task I find such difficulty in fulfilling."

Here, I am grieved to say, the lady acted still more unbecomingly, for, springing up and clutching herself by the bodice, she shrieked out, just as I expected her to swoon quietly away and subside into legitimate grief, "'Tis false! 'tis false! This is some contemptible subterfuge, some paltry invention! The idea of two persons meeting in such a way with precisely the same name! 'Tis impossible!—a shallow trick, and nothing more."

Thereupon she uttered a series of screams that were blood-curdling, gasping and beating her hands in the air for a few moments, quite regardless of her curls and jet things.

I wanted to run away, but I fancied she kept her eye on me despite her frenzy, and I didn't dare to. I knelt beside her and tried to put a sofa-cushion under her head, for I really thought she would beat it to pieces. I begged her to be calm, to listen to reason, to take something soothing — to do anything rather than scream and gasp—but she only increased the exercise, and while I was seriously thinking of joining her as an outlet to my excited feelings, a young

lady ran in pale and frightened-looking, but, despite her pallor and expression of alarm, the very original of the dear lovely picture in the blue case.

As soon as I beheld her I let the ornamented head of the frenzied female bump at will, and stood up abashed, bewildered, yet strangely relieved. She took no notice of me until she had raised the prostrate lady, whom she addressed as "aunt," and with great promptitude and determination slid her into a chair and composed her disordered dress. Then she turned a quick and rather surprised glance toward me, and said, looking from one to the other, "Pray, what is the matter? what has occurred?"

"Oh, Sallie, my dear child!" interrupted her relative just as I was about to explain, "this is Mr. Gifford, but he says that he is not *my* Mr. Gifford: he calls himself Frank, yet tells me that Frank died at Omaha, and that he came to break my heart and blight my hopes."

"Oh, dear aunt, I am so grieved!" cried the lovely girl with another look at me, half inquiring, half sorrowful.

"But it can't be, and it sha'n't be!" declared Miss Allison, recovering from her momentary mildness. "It is but a shameful trick they are playing me, and I will not permit myself to be victimized." She turned suddenly upon me at this point, and with a renewal of the glare vowed that I should find her no passive worm that would not turn when crushed. "You say your name is B. F. Gifford, and as such I shall hold you responsible for the correspondence and interchange of vows into which I have been betrayed."

"But, Aunt Adelaide," said her niece, growing very pale, "this gentleman does not wish to—to—"

I seized the opportunity, and while she hesitated poured out in a flood of concise but graphic eloquence, that astonished me even as it fell from my lips, an account of the whole affair from the moment I met the designing defunct, who had so cunningly retired from difficulties, until the blessed relief of her presence had saved me from insanity or self-destruction.

She listened with a changeful face, that grew more fascinating to me in every phase of expression it assumed, and without a word stretched out her hand for the miniature I still held. "This is my lost picture, aunt," she said, looking steadily at the convalescing gasper.

"Yes," murmured that lady, now becoming faint and tender. "Frank wanted my likeness, and I had a pimple on my left cheek which would have marred the picture. We have been always considered so very much alike that I borrowed yours, telling him that he could easily form an idea of me from it, though I am usually considered a trifle fairer than you."

"Was Mr. Gifford a young gentleman?" asked the niece with a sudden gravity, indeed almost severity, of manner. "You must know that my aunt never saw him: their acquaintance was altogether by letter, and occurred in an odd coincidence to your knowledge of him."

"He was barely thirty—I should say even younger—and being a gay and very lively gentleman, with excellent taste in dress, he managed to hide the ravages of the insidious disease to which he fell a victim until within a few hours of his death."

"It is a very sad affair, Aunt Adelaide," said the young lady with a strong common sense and excellent judgment that completed my captivation, "but there is a providence in everything, and he certainly was not a suitable person for you. Good old Mr. Boswell, papa's law-partner, who died in China and left Mr. Gifford his sentimental executor, must have forgotten to tell the young man that a disparity of years—"

"Sarah," cried Miss Allison sharply, "if you have nothing pertinent to remark, pray do not utter nonsense."

Her varied passions had lulled into a gloomy rigidity of surface: she was lofty, but rather tumbled in appearance as she rose and said, "This extraordinary affair must be looked into by my brother, who will not see me insulted or wantonly trifled with. Be good enough to leave your address and he will call on you, sir."

I gave it with great alacrity: the prospect of meeting a man in the affair was an unspeakable relief, and I rose to take my leave, after reiterating my regrets to the benefactress who had so kindly appeared at a critical moment.

"Papa will call," she said, "but pray do not think hardly of my aunt's excitement. It must have been a great shock, and Mr. Boswell having died during their engagement, she could not, at first, realize a second loss in the same way. She was excited, and will be calmer and, I trust, more resigned by and by."

The next day I received a call from the judge, an agreeable though rather abstracted sort of gentleman, who met me in a friendly and kindhearted way, but seemed to have forgotten the exact object of his visit until I recalled it by asking for the ladies, and inquiring in some trepidation for his sister Miss Allison's health.

"Ah yes! certainly she is very well—that is, I believe she is rather overcome on the subject of poor old Boswell's—no, no! I mean Mr. Gifford's—death. The fact is, she received a telegram last evening, after you left, from a San Francisco lawyer, stating that the poor fellow had behaved very handsomely and left her quite a little fortune in mining-stocks, which have advanced so much in value lately that Adelaide intends to dispose of them before they can depreciate. With that end in view she starts immediately per steamer from New York, and my daughter begged me to make our compliments, and—and—"

Judge Allison seemed to wander a little at this point, and I came to his rescue with wonderful presence of mind, for I was exceedingly anxious to see the lovely original of the blue velvet case again. "I shall be very happy to have the pleasure of calling again," I said.

"Yes, yes: I had almost forgotten. It is rather my way to forget. A sad habit, my dear sir—a sad habit! But pray come to dinner on Wednesday. I am sorry that Adelaide will not be able to be present to express her indebtedness, but, as I said, she sails to-morrow."

I was *not* sorry. I felt at rest on the

subject of the wound I had inflicted : the fine commercial tact she displayed reassured me as to Miss Allison's returning peace of mind, and the prospect of seeing her sweet niece undisturbed by her distracting presence gave me a joy sufficient to repay me for the miserable episode of the day before.

But it was not my story I started to tell : it was my namesake's legacy ; and,

terrible as it had first appeared to me, I find my thoughts reverting tenderly to the poor fellow's lonely grave, for I owe to his untoward introduction the happiness of winning the "lovely and loving girl" for my own, and can look on the original of the blue velvet picture with all the pride of ownership.

MARGARET HOSMER.

THE BEARER OF DESPATCHES IN LONDON.

MANY years ago I was made bearer of despatches from the American legation at Berlin to the American legation at London. A treaty had been negotiated between the United States government on one side and Prussia and several small German states on the other. The American negotiator was Mr. Henry Wheaton, one of the most gifted diplomats ever turned out of the American service—a man of pure life, rare learning and great talent, whose works reflect honor on his country, and will long continue to be received as authority by European parliaments and governments. I was selected to bear this treaty to Mr. Edward Everett, then our minister in London.

It is a fine thing in Europe to travel as bearer of despatches. You are surrounded by a halo. You have secrets in your bosom which the world little suspects. You have documents in your valise on which the fate of nations depends. Will havoc and the dogs of war be let loose upon countries now reposing in peaceful security ? Will vast commercial relations and enterprises be dashed to pieces and millions impoverished ? Will mighty armies be mobilized ? Will stocks come down with a crash, and stately merchants and solid bankers be knocked over like ninepins ? These and similar questions are understood to wait upon the portentous steps of the bearer of de-

spatches. Your fellow-passengers, when they discover what an important personage has been sitting unknown in their midst, pay you particular attention. Sometimes at the different stations you may see them pointing you out to their acquaintances as Sir Roger de Coverley did the Spectator to his country friends.

Besides these honors, your expenses are paid clean through and back. Still more. When you arrive at that awful crisis in the traveler's life, a custom-house, the magic words "government courier" (*porteur de dépêches*) open a way for you through the crowd. You press forward unopposed to the front and show your passport. One glance transforms the arrogant custom-house officer into a deferential admirer and an obsequious counselor. Instead of being treated like a thief, a smuggler, a brigand, a fugitive from justice, you are bowed down before like an emperor. The examining officer seems to consider everybody not a bearer of despatches a rascal, and everybody clothed with that lofty character a gentleman.

In fact, the passport you carry as bearer of despatches is, for the time being, a patent of nobility. You are conscious of a soothing waft of those delightful old feudal privileges so rapidly passing away in our prosaic age. You understand how charming it must be to enjoy a divine right which permanently

raises you above other people. For my part, I now offer myself as a candidate for Congress, and promise, if elected, to propose an amendment to the Constitution providing that when a man has once been bearer of despatches he and his heirs in the male line shall continue to possess that character for ever; that his expenses shall always be paid by the personage sometimes irreverently called Uncle Sam; and that when he travels everybody shall get out of his way.

"Your pieces?" inquires the examining officer, anxious to chalk them off and let you go.

"The portmanteau and the valise."

An examination, ostentatiously *not* an examination—a mere opening and shutting, a touching of the fingers under the cover, with the head turned away; then apologies, smiles, jests—and he bows you out as if it were an unsupposable thing that a bearer of despatches could have any underhand proceedings at all, especially with such vulgar articles as laces, jewels, cigars and the like; which, nevertheless, he presumes are hidden among the effects of every one of your traveling companions. A cab has been called. You give a shilling to the rowdy-looking gentleman who tells you he called it (no matter: Uncle Sam pays the shot), and you drive off in an aureole of triumph, leaving behind you in that dark, uncomfortable waiting-room the gloomy crowd of miserable, envious, suspicious-looking wretches who are not bearers of despatches. Most of them, no doubt, while your Hansom cab rolls you gently along toward your hotel for your bath, your lunch, etc., have one or two anything but agreeable hours before them. No despot more arbitrary than the custom-house officer, who holds in his hand, for the time being, the happiness and luggage of helpless travelers just landed in London! Practice gives him an instinct almost supernatural. He has only to look at you twenty yards off to see whether you have any contraband among your effects. He says to himself, "That lady wears her bonnet in a way which shows a Tauchnitz edition of some English author in her bandbox. Yonder

fellow's eye has an expression of cigars hidden in his shirts and nightcaps. We must give him a thorough overhauling."

Nevertheless, this acute perception sometimes leads its possessor astray. He not unfrequently lets off an old fox of a traveler, deceived by his jokes, his proffered snuffbox, the rattling of his keys and his easy offer to open his portmanteau; while I have known some poor innocent lady, who would no more smuggle a pin than pick your pocket, detained several hours, every piece taken out and fully unfolded, her elegant dress tumbled, her magnificent new Paris bonnet shaken out of shape, her portmanteau bored several times through with a gimlet, and herself invited into the ladies' room and subjected to a severe search, for no other reason than that her face had betrayed the natural anxiety of the female heart at the prospect of having her most precious treasures soiled, rumpled and desecrated by the untender, and perhaps unclean, hands of persons who take hold of a lace cape, a velvet cloak or a Paris bonnet as if it were a crowbar or a marlinespike.

I need scarcely record that I had nothing contraband. I generally smoke one cigar a day, and I had laid aside a small box containing a hundred which it had been my intention honorably to declare. This box, however, had been accidentally left behind, so that I had not a single cigar in my possession; and the thought had occurred to me several times, "How shall I best repair this accident?" For a good cigar is really a thing of some importance to a smoker. If he allows himself one a day, it is not pleasant to have that bad. A cigar, in fact, is like a wife. If you can't have a good one, that burns easily with a pleasant aroma, you'd better have none at all. There is, however, this advantage in the cigar. If you really don't like it, you can throw it away; whereas with regard to the wife you've got to smoke her up to the end, whether you like her or not. But this is a digression.

I reached the legation. Mr. Everett was at home waiting for me. From my boyhood I had heard of Mr. Everett. I

had read his speeches and spouted them at school. I had never seen him before. Some people had told me he was a cold man. I should like to know what they meant by *cold!* He received me with warmth; invited me to dinner that same evening at seven; gracefully and cordially opened his house to me during my sojourn of three weeks in London; frequently called for me in his carriage; took me to several soirées where I saw distinguished persons; and invited me to breakfast (we sat at table from ten till two) with a number of eminent men; among them that wonder of conversational power, Rev. Sydney Smith, whose continued stream of dazzling remarks I shall never forgive myself for not having noted down. I remember one of his sayings. He had spoken of the circumstance that many young factory-children every year in England have the tips of their fingers sliced off by the machinery. I forgot how many he said, but I think it was sixty. I asked what these children had to eat. "Eat?" he said. "Nothing. Cotton—cotton sandwiches."

From the legation to my hotel. Even bearers of despatches get very dirty on railways and steamers, and, happy as my feudal privilege had made me during my journey, my happiness was carried to a still higher point by a refreshing bath and a change of toilette. I then sallied forth again and called a cab. "Banking-house of Baring Brothers & Co.," said I to the cabman.

"All right!" was the answer.

After a considerable drive we stopped.

"Here you are, sir," said the man.

Intending to enjoy my walk home, I dismissed the cab. Inquiring my way through the building occupied by Baring Brothers & Co., at that time bankers of the United States, I reached at last the cashier's post, where, through a small aperture in the window, as letters are handed out at the post-office, rivers of gold were continually flowing out to those happy persons whose signatures were known. My object was twofold: first, to see my old friend Joshua Bates, one of the partners of this great house, whom I had learned heartily to esteem

and love during a former residence in London; secondly, to get fifty pounds. I was shown to the cashier's window. The cashier was at his post.

"Will you be kind enough," said I, "to give me fifty pounds?"

"Your name?"

I told it.

He laid down fifty gold sovereigns without the least hesitation. We had never seen each other before.

"Do you give fifty pounds," said I, "to every one who asks you?"

"Yes," said he politely, "to all whose signatures are known;" and he handed me a receipt already made out for mine.

A glance sufficed. A slight bow. He turned to his other avocations and I to mine. At this moment Mr. Bates appeared. "Engaged to-day?" he said. "Then we shall expect you to-morrow."

I commenced my walk home. It was a strange and interesting pleasure to find myself again in London after an absence of several years. When you turn the land-hemisphere of a terrestrial globe toward you, this mighty city occupies almost the central point. And perhaps this is the case not only with respect to land and water, but with respect to wealth and power, to civilization and religion. England possesses the treasures of art, the light of knowledge, the spirit of Christianity. Does she, without exception, walk in that spirit? Reader, does your government? does your nation? do you? No doubt there is unequal distribution; no doubt there is squalid misery; no doubt there is sometimes misgovernment. But of England we may say,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

The first time I visited England, under the influence of a few days' impressions I wrote to a friend: "England is a picture of happiness and a dream of beauty. All her meadows are green, all her window-curtains are white, all her mutton-chops are tender, all her chambermaids are beautiful. The idea of a war with such a country is simply absurd."

As I continued my walk along the crowded Strand, a low pleasant voice,

almost in my ear, said, "Don't look behind, sir."

If anything was likely to make me look behind, it was just that. But I didn't. I kept my course without turning my head.

Presently again: "If you want some very fine cigars, very cheap, follow me."

I did want some very fine cigars, and though I was bearer of despatches their being very cheap was no objection. I also wanted another thing, as the reader no doubt has already begun to suspect. My excuse is, I was a great deal younger then than I am now.

In a few moments a square-shouldered, decently-dressed man passed before me and crossed the street: so did I. Presently he turned a corner: so did I. He crossed again: so did I. He walked onward a considerable distance: so did I. He entered a narrow dark alley: so did I. After a variety of turnings and windings toward the very worst part of the town, through a region of squalid misery and pestilential air, he turned into a gin-palace: so did I. There were a number of rowdy-looking ladies and gentlemen with red noses standing at the counter, but no notice was taken of us. My silent pilot, always without turning his head, crossed the gin-palace and passed out of it in the rear, made his way rapidly along a gloomy, solitary court, entered a dirty, dismal-looking, unfurnished room, and out of that into another: so did I. We were now in a small dark chamber with only one window, about two feet square and ten or twelve from the floor, so that nobody could look in or out.

Strange as it may seem, not till this moment did I think what a foolish thing I was doing.

"Now, sir!" said my new friend, who, as I found when he turned his head, was anything but a handsome fellow. He unlocked a large closet crammed with an ample provision of cigar-boxes.

"Just look at them cigars! They're the best in the whole world, and at the lowest prices. Seven and a half pounds. Seven pounds. Six pounds. Ye can't get them cigars anywhere in the whole

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland without paying twice as much. Mr. So-and-so" (naming a son of one of the leading members of the British House of Commons) "has just bought for fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds!" exclaimed I. "My good fellow, I don't want fifty pounds' worth of cigars. I'm going in a few days where I can get cigars as cheap as these. I'll take a hundred, or, if you like, two hundred, but I sha'n't take any more."

The man looked at me with a very curious expression in his bad, ugly face, and pressed his lips hard together like one who has difficulty to control a fierce gust of passion. Then he answered: "Ye don't think I brought ye here, and exposed myself and my den to ye (for, ye must know, we're smugglers), only to sell ye a shillin's worth of cigars, do ye? If ye're a gentleman, as I supposed ye was, ye'll take enough to pay for trouble and risk."

There was a pause.

"If ye don't like cigars," said he, "perhaps ye'll take some other goods."

As he spoke, with a sudden energetic movement he threw open a trapdoor at my feet. I looked into it. Black as midnight. A most cheerful object under the circumstances. He stepped down and instantly rose again with an armful of articles. "Camel-hair shawls," said he—"real cashmere India shawls, both sides alike. Brussels lace, velvets, jewellry. Ye can sell any o' them articles for three times what I charge."

"Magnificent!" exclaimed I with affected admiration, for I was not contemplating the elegant articles, but my own elegant position. I perceived I was not only in a smuggler's den, but in a robber's cave. Not only robbery, but murder, was written in every lineament of the ruffian's face and sounded in every tone of his voice. What was I to do? Whatever I did, I must do it quickly. While he arranged the wares for my inspection I measured his proportions. He was far more than a match for me. Besides, had I been strong enough and bold enough to spring upon him or to attempt

to knock him down that trapdoor with any chance of success, a cry or a whistle would no doubt bring to his assistance accomplices as irresistible if not as numerous as the army of Roderick Dhu; and even a bearer of despatches in that case would be handled rather roughly. I saw but one course, and that doubtful and dangerous, but the only one my imprudence had left me.

"Well, old fellow," said I with a familiar air, "I tell you what, such a chance does not come every day. If you'll give me one of those articles cheap enough to enable me to make a *real* profit, I'll take something."

"Oh," said he, "ye shall have 'em just as cheap as dirt; only ye must pay before ye leave the room."

"Well," said I, "let us see if we can strike a bargain. Unfold that shawl: hold it up so that I can see it."

He held the shawl broadly up with both hands, his face and half his body hidden behind it.

"Splendid!" said I. "Hold it higher. Farther back, so that the light can fall on it. Now, what's the damage?"

"It's worth three hundred pounds, I give ye the honor of a gentleman. Ye shall have it for fifty pounds."

"Hold it a little farther back," said I. "It's worth the money, and I'll tell you what I'll take: I'll take—*my leave!*"

I dashed to the door. By the mercy of God it was not locked. I slammed it to after me and flew on my way. Not Byron's steed, the "Tartar of the Ukraine breed," with Mazeppa on his back, not Camilla skimming o'er the unbending corn, got over the ground much faster than I as I leaped across that gloomy court, burst into the gin-palace and out of it again, and winged my breathless and inglorious flight away from my pursuer, whose tread I could hear approaching nearer and nearer behind me. By what heavenly instinct, by what unseen guidance, I threaded that dark, filthy and not very nice-smelling labyrinth of turnings and windings I know not, but I *did* thread it, and suddenly found myself in one of the open, respectable streets. The tread of my pursuer ceased: I was safe.

I continued my walk home, but my thoughts now flowed in a new channel. The smuggler is a robber, and if need be a murderer. He lives by breaking the laws of man and God; and, all jesting apart, he who knowingly profits by his course, even to the extent of a single cigar, is a receiver of stolen goods. The more I thought of it, the more I was convinced that this man was, in the worst sense, a robber, and that smuggling was only a graceful veil worn to disguise his blacker profession. The immorality of my act was equaled by its folly. What a great danger I had plunged into! and for what a miserable consideration! Many a poor fellow has no doubt disappeared from the world in search of some object not more ridiculous than those "very fine cigars." No little mouse in pursuit of toasted cheese had ever more thoughtlessly run into an artful trap.

It occurred to me afterward the man must have known I had fifty pounds about me or he would not have inveigled me into his den. He had twice mentioned "fifty pounds." Is it possible that he had detected in me a stranger and a foreigner as I drove up to the Barings? Can it be that the keen-eyed hawk, hovering about the great banking-house and watching for his prey, had followed me into the building and seen me draw the gold? Had I been a bird of his feather, knowing the ropes and glad to turn an honest penny without asking questions, he would have had a jolly time with me, and perhaps struck up a permanent co-partnership.

But my pleasant friend had counted without his host. I could not repress a perhaps not altogether Christian satisfaction in imagining his disappointment and rage on finding himself outwitted. How he pressed those lips together! How his fury broke its bounds! What deep, sonorous and very improper expressions rolled from his ugly mouth while removing his "real cashmere India shawls, both sides alike"—his "velvets and laces"—his "very fine cigars, so very cheap"—to some safer receptacle, in the agreeable expectation of a speedy descent of the police!

I took my seat that evening at Mr. Everett's elegant table with a truly grateful heart; and as the servant, after the soup, poured into my glass a stream of sparkling St. Peray, the lines of one of our sweetest poets (too well known to need any mention of his name) occurred to me, although in a rather inverted sense:

Of all *glad* words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: It might have been—
but *it wasn't*.

I remember to have heard, but I can-

not vouch for the truth of the story, that Mr. Joshua Bates himself was one day decoyed to a remote part of London by a letter purporting to be from an American gentleman indisposed. On entering the apartment indicated he found a man with a revolver, who required him to sign a cheque for five hundred pounds, and told him no other injury would be inflicted upon him—that the door would be kept locked for two hours, after which he would be at liberty.

THEODORE S. FAY.

A TOUR OF THREE STEPS.

AND yet it is hardly three paces, either. A noticeable slice is taken out of the territory traversed by the bole of an ancient hickory. You see, the contemplative tourist must travel at ease. Like Dr. Johnson in his beau-ideal of a conveyance—a postchaise—he needs whereagainst to rest his back. It may be morocco or it may be bark. *N'importe*. For looking around effectively the eye must be steadied, even as the astronomer spares not granite and triple brass in solidifying the foundation of his telescope. So the back of our arm-chair—arms of root and back of shag—is four good feet through. Seat worthy any philosopher, ancient or modern; older than the throne of the Habsburgs, and venerable when that of the Georges was a scant and frowsy woolsack somewhere on the banks of Weser. Incomparably more solid too, not to be overthrown save by the sapping of saw or axe or the powers of the air, or by both combined as we find them in the forces brought to bear against Paul's stool in Hogarth's picture of the Sermon before Felix.

Full a fifth of our little domain thus covered by the throne of its temporary lord, his royal progress may as well be stationary. Monaco and Yvetot were boundless empires compared to ours.

Their sovereigns, however averse to motion, when they traveled were compelled to move. We, more fortunate, play the peripatetical anchor. On either hand extends, for the proper and comfortable distance, the goodly buttress, then shooting vertically, yet with a curve at the elbow, toward the centre of the earth. Faint parodies of this you may see in the rustic chair so much affected on porches and lawns; but Nature, in this as in greater things, beats art hollow, as needs must, art being the imitator. "What follows must go behind."

Now comes another anomaly. Observation, with extensive view, begins by shutting her eyes. We exclude all sensuous cognizance save of the dim hum of leaves and insects—a solid-colored curtain of sound picked out here and there by the chirp of the flycatcher, the slim note of the wood-thrush or the distant and intermittent tapping of the ivory-billed woodpecker. It corresponds with the pervading sea-sounds, of bilow, paddle, creaking spar and aeolian cordage, that make up your first sensation on a marine voyage. But, unlike them, the voice of the forest is wholly its own. There is nothing artificial in it. Its swells have been rising and falling, just as you now hear them, since

they struck the first human tympanum, and since long before. It is pre-historic music, dealt out by an orchestra older than Adam, and which, though the performers occasionally change, as a whole never loses breath or stops to "rosin up." All regardless of an audience it pipes away—a sound that goeth forth over all the land, unceasing and everywhere. We say, in our conceit, that we know all these immemorial players. We give them names, Latin, Greek and vernacular, generic, specific, ordinal, and all the rest of it. We classify them by anther, beak, shard-markings, mandible and antennæ. But this is only a *façon de parler*—a sonorous alias for ignorance. Our real acquaintance with them is about as slender as theirs with us. We have ascertained by profound research that the *culex* whose minatory hum is at this moment deepening toward our nose was hatched on the surface of a pool, sported in its depths in disguise of a wiggler, and rose therefrom, in complete panoply of so many lenses in his eye, so many hooks on his legs and so many joints in his proboscis, to make himself as disagreeable to humankind as in him lay. His notions of us are as thorough and exact. He knows we were made to be his natural food, and can select, with an instinct the trapper might envy, the tenderest parts of the cuticle and those localities of the bodily superficies least accessible to a slap. If we stray into any section of his habitat he is certain to find us out. He hears our voice, and has as useful a comprehension of it as we have of his. It calls him to his dinner. Doubtless he has as long a name for us as that we bestow on him, only not in one of the dead languages, veneration for the mosquitoes of twenty centuries ago being no trait of his. He ranks us probably by distinctions as varied and minute as those we establish for the different members of his sufficiently large family. His call to the feast passes through every gradation of the gamut according to the bill of fare—from a low grumble over the coriaceous integument of the navvy to an exultant treble over the throat of beauty.

The feathered members of the concert have less need of us, and the leaves less still. What they say to us is, if anything, simply, "Let us alone." Their voices concern but their own wants, and are articulate, like ours, only to each other. We may suppose their vernacular to be a modern dialect based on the dead tongue of the geologic dryads, as the Romance languages are on the Latin. Tennyson's assumption of the power to translate it, in "The Talking Oak," throws no light on the subject—grammar, syntax or prosody. His oak is but an Anglo-Saxon with skin of bark in place of the sartorial outfit that has succeeded the painted vest of Vortigern. (By the way, the tattooed cuticle of the unfortunate Pict may very well have been an object of envy and desire to his foes, and thus caused him to be hunted down, like the tiger, for his pelt, even as happens in our day to the similarly decorated Maori. On this theory the oft-cited bull disappears.)

They have a voice, however, and as assuredly it has a meaning. What more can be said of any language? Meaning, we say, and office as a means of communication. As to the birds, this is notorious, their supply of vocables being as fully commensurate with their needs as that of man. For the leaves, they are polished by the rustle of contact, even as men are by the jostle of crowds. Civilization goes with numbers, and is a product of cities. It needs no Buckle from the grave to tell us that. Isolated men and scanty leafage argue a stationary and stagnant stock. The breeze of political, religious or literary agitation sweeps over the masses as the winds of heaven through the sprays. Its approach is heralded from nation to nation as from bough to bough. Myriads of *stomatæ* gape for it and pass it on. It may come in excess or from the wrong quarter, and then it brings mischief and desolation. Laden with nutritious moisture or with parching heat, it blesses or bans; and whether it is to shrivel or to expand, to blast or bless, a sentient instinct gives somewhat of warning in advance.

Leaves, the unit of the tree as indi-

viduals are of the nation, maintain better discipline among themselves. True, the powerful will rob the weak when there is not enough of the common pabulum to go round, but each vegetates in its proper place. Out of millions, when no special disturbing cause is for the moment in operation, you will not find one intruding on another. Each has its due allowance and investment of air, though mayhap but a film. Each faithfully discharges its appointed function, and does its share in the building up and preservation of the arboreal commonwealth. Let us sit and learn as we note the murmur that marks their intercourse and their resultant unison of action.

Who of our leading naturalists undertakes to draw the sharp line between the animal and the plant—to say where the zoophyte ends and the vegetable begins? Has the hen's egg more life than the Venus's flytrap or the mimosa? Does the embryo exhibit more consciousness than the vine stretching toward its support or the rootlet running after water? Who assumes to say? Incomparably keener eyes than ours are still groping here for light. Where fact is at a standstill, it may be permitted to fancy to guess at the point whereat analogy widens into homology—to trace what there certainly is, and to surmise what further there may be, of life undistinguishably common to all organic nature. It was a very sober-sided Swede who discovered, or at least methodized, the loves of the plants. Some German analyst of the future may lay down the grammar of their language, and build up the pinnate and lanceolate alphabets from as meagre materials as those from which Rawlinson deduced the cueniform.

See! among the gravel scraped up by our idly-extended cane glitters a tiny crystal of quartz. We had not observed it. Till the movement of the sun or of our eye brought it within the touch of a detective ray, it lay perdu among its russet neighbors—red sandstone, old and young, of all ages and conditions, an average rustic gathering. As we look it seems to respond to the attention, and

flaunts its iridescent finery of red, blue and green sparks. Let us take up the gay little prism. Had we never seen or heard of such an object before, how could we hesitate to set it down as a work of human art—some byplay of a lapidary, the planing off of some of the angles and sides left unfinished, and both terminal pyramids a trifle one-sided? There are the faint furrows, as of a saw, preliminary to the last polish. Why the workman should have selected a figure wholly made up of right lines, and they running in so many directions, is clear enough. It causes the light to flash from the stone, which no curved surface could have done. It is quite conceivable, therefore, on the supposition aforesaid, that this may have originally been a round or an amorphous bit of gravel, distinguished only by its transparency, and reduced painfully and slowly by human craft into the geometrical shape it now wears, in humble imitation of Fingal's infinitely more herculean task of hewing out his Causeway of basalt. The Giant who built Staffa must have had the combined strength of Anak's entire family: any little Amsterdam grinder might have turned out the morsel we hold.

This little mathematical solid we class as inorganic, duplicated though it be so constantly among organic tissues. Crystals of snow, crystals of silex, crystals of carbon, crystals of animal and vegetable substances, all produced by the same force, and each by some innate determining spirit kept true to its kind, speak to us, with one and the same voice, of a life, if not of Life. The growth we see here is genuine growth—growth with plan and system, like that of a leaf or a tooth—and not mere agglomeration. It is about as conscious as the monad, if there are any monads, and certainly much more shapely than protoplasm, if there is any protoplasm. It is a pleasanter blocking-out of primordial animate existence. We like the idea of dating back to rock-crystal. What more solid base could our genealogy boast? What more elegant standpoint for the *pied de grue*?

Scrambling over the heap just illuminated by our gem comes a black diamond of similar size and of indisputably organic structure. This is an ant—pendant to so many apophthegms and jewel that has pointed so many morals. Go to the ant, thou sluggard! But here he comes to us. We beg her pardon: here *she* comes, such being the gender generally and rightly, though till of late unknowingly, ascribed to the representative ant. The neuter insect, which makes the bulk of all the colonies, is, as with the bee, an undeveloped female. With nothing in the world to think of but work, varied with a little fancy fighting like the king of Dahomey's Amazon guard, she performs that duty in the exemplary style we are all so familiar with. At present the fatigued-party of the day is engaged somewhere among the upper regions of our hickory, gathering solid rations or milking aphides. Zigzagging up and down among the great clefts and ridges of the bark, an irregular stream meanders. In fact, there are many streams or sparse processions. Nor, now that we look closer, are they all of the same species. Generally large, some are red and some black. The two colors keep sedulously apart, giving each other the cantle of the causey. This is the urbanity of chivalry, for when forced together they fight to the death. A feud exists as keen as that between green and blue in the Byzantine hippodrome. Pugnacity is a trait of our little mentor that none of the moralists, from Solomon down, have thought worth while to commend to our imitation. That they will fight to the bitter end, and to the bitter extremity, no schoolboy who has entrusted his bare ankles for half a minute to a peopled hillock will hesitate to agree. We speak not of the gigantic Orientals, red and white, of India and Africa, but of the domestic breeds. They are all troubled with an infirmity of temper. The alembic shows that in them the milk of insect kindness is exceptionally acidulated, formic acid, the base of an anæsthetic blessed of human sufferers, being a gift to the lord of creation from these hard-working little Tartars. Drs.

Wells and Jackson must both veil their heads before this primeval patente.

But, presto! our humble teacher inculcates another lesson: Take heed to your steps lest ye fall. Bustling rapidly but not unobservantly along, his larboard legs strike crumbling ground. After a vain effort at recovery, the starboard propellers follow suit. The miracle of throwing an insect off its balance has been achieved by another insect, and not an adult either, the assailant being in the larva stage of metamorphosis. A wretched grub, neglected, unimproved and unpetted of the moralists, has set a trap for our ancient teacher, and has her safe at the bottom of his sandpit. As Formica rolls down the side, the bottom of the crater passes suddenly into a state of violent eruption. Torrents of sand or of fine mould are ejected with such rapidity as soon to bury the victim. Thrift and industry succumb to violence and craft, just as sometimes happens in a bigger world and among creatures of a higher type.

How these pigmy nations throng! The bole behind us has the bustle of Broadway, and each of scores in sight has a corresponding current. Ancient denizens here long before man existed anywhere, they manifest none of the decrepitude of age. The species either renews its youth or has never lost it. With no Malthus, Martineau or Collings to lecture them on the laws of population and the ruinous results of close interbreeding, they display an activity and vigor that could not well have been exceeded when the first ant whetted his callow mandibles on the first tree. Antedating man, may they not outlast him, as they have much more ponderous animals? This pre-emption right, however, he does not recognize. The land, saith he, as he observes likewise to Captain Jack, belongs to those who improve it. Hence his paramount claim. But is it well based? Do those portions of the earth which have been longest under his culture exhibit much improvement? Do we find it on the bare plains of Libya, Syria and Chaldea? The desolation wrought by him is made the more con-

spicuous by the very ruins that rise "where Balkh amid the desert stands." They show that he has labored there, and that his labors have been followed by exhaustion, barrenness and death. Nothing of this do we see in the path of the insects. They bore into the earth and let in on rock and clay the reducing and mellowing effects of air and water. The conversion of decaying vegetable matter into fertile mould their tireless teeth promote. Plant and flower and seed spring and trem where they tread. They build while man wastes. They repair after and for him. They aid Nature, instead of compelling her to renovate.

Civilization is a highly exhausting crop: intervals of fallow must alternate with it. And these intervals, it would appear, are apt to be longer than those of production. The earth, since as before the historic era, lies most of the time, from a human point of view, idle. Certainly it is not really so. The scheme of the universe admits no vacuum. That particular species of the *Primates* to which we have the honor to belong will one day accept this fact into its positive philosophy, and partly doubt its being the sole aim and ultimate triumph of creation. *Vir*, meanwhile, should be less tolerant and exclusive.

We observe at this moment eight or ten separate and distinct kinds of beetle going side by side, and in perfect *entente cordiale*, through the varied processes of their humble life. Each is labeled and distinguished in the collector's cabinet with its sesquipedalian allowance of dog-Latin; but in actual life they decline any such isolation. Black, brown, ring-streaked and speckled, of all sizes and shapes, they move contiguously about their common domain, as the sixty species of South African antelope do on the skirts of the Karroo, excluding only the carnivora, like the spider and the lion. So there may be half a dozen kinds of birds chattering peaceably in the branches overhead, distrustful only of the hawk.

Contrast with this the usage of man. Fancy *Simia Troglodytes*, Esq., newly migrated from Borneo for the benefit of

his liver, installing his family in Fifth Avenue, buying a seat at the Gold Board and a pew in Dr. Poultice's church! A relative of far more undeniable cousinship than he, marked only by a less pallid complexion and a slight elongation of the *os calcis*, would find it simply impossible. The fraternization common between species, genera and families of the lower animals is impracticable between mere varieties of their self-styled autocrat. The ancient heirs possess their broad inheritance, the earth, in peace. Man's more recent occupation of it is, on the other hand, a continuous internecine struggle. When will his *detur digniori* be awarded? Which of his own household does he acknowledge as the coming race? Would not any of its members hoot at the suggestion, for that crown, of any of the others? Would not the reader almost as soon see Europe repossessed by the elephant as by the Esquimaux? Were the coal-seams stored, was the virgin mould of the prairie laid, conceivably for the Bushman? Yet are we farther above either of these children of sun and ice than a being with six ounces extra of brain and five more degrees of facial angle—a space, say, as narrow as that separating Humboldt from his fossil fellow-German of Neanderthal or from the idiot in the next street—would be above us?

Whe-ew: what a rap! Avast there, Bun! Be more handy with your work aloft, and don't drop blocks on deck in that reckless way. Doubtless the shell-bark is capital eating, and we can sympathize with your selection of it for an occasional, if not a steady, diet. But green, with the husk on, measuring six inches around and weighing as many ounces, it is a *bonne bouche* pleasanter to drop than to stop. Were the theatre-gods to substitute it for peanuts, rebellion in the parquet would be speedy and certain. Could it have been a practical joke on your part? Did you mean, *Sciurus*, to scare us? Possibly your idea was to rehearse at our expense, and on a highly reduced scale every way, the classic incident of the eagle, the tortoise and the bald-headed philosopher. If so,

it was a good hit, plump and palpable. "A centre shot, by Hercules!" as Clay exclaimed (changing one word) when Calhoun retorted, *in re* the Adams coalition, "The gentleman from Kentucky did not leave his motives to be guessed at."

Had we been all the profoundest philosophasters of past and present rolled into one, the dropping of that nut by a quadruped we could put in our pocket would have smashed our cogitations. It would suffice to have shattered, for the nonce at least, the most perfect and protracted chain of deduction. Add a few ounces weight to the disturbing cause, and it would have been shattered for ever, and another metaphysical system sent stillborn to the limbo of the abstract sciences. Imagine Newton's apple falling from a higher tree and striking him pat on the fontanelle! What would have become of gravitation and the *Principia*? We should have seen, at once, the hero perish and the apple fall; and all through accident or design—which? Is Bun at this instant chuckling in his cheek-pouch or innocently gnawing another nut? Who can tell? So we waive the inquiry into final causes, content to look only at practical results. These are not so serious as those which befell Pyrrhus, thanks to our tile's proving a friend instead of an enemy. The tingle produced is, however, abiding enough to keep our friend aloft in our mind for a space, slightly as, to judge from the sound of chatter and crunch that comes down through the leaves, the incident has impressed *him*. If he had motive, it was certainly as intense and absorbing as with the Charlotte Corday of the Epirote, who would infallibly have

"throwed another brick," failing the first; or even as with the monkey that pelts with cocoanuts.

It is queer, and not particularly conducive to human self-conceit, to put the squirrel in our place and note the essential parallelism of his proceedings with ours. Like us, he would have been startled, and more or less dismayed. Self-preservation would have been his first thought, and until he discovered the source of the occurrence he would, like us, have moved out of the way. But that question solved, he would, like us, have moved no farther. As we revert to our ruminations, so he, being a rodent and non-ruminant, would have returned to his nuts.

Bun's lares may or may not be enshrined in our tree. Probably they are, since, as an ill-natured anti-Jacksonian used to say, the hickory is usually rotten-hearted. If they are, he is but one of many tenants, holding but an *entresol* in a tenement-house of many floors. To say nothing of the birds, there are borers under the bark; spiders and caterpillars swathed in silk in its crevices; chrysalides swinging from the sprays like so many papooses; grubs everywhere, from the substance of the green leaf to the crumbling mould in the hollow trunk; bees perhaps within and hornets without; a parasitic flora, more or less ample, of lichens, fungi, etc.,—material, in short, for a small library of scientific monographs and non-scientific reflections. From "the topmost twig that looks up at the sky" to the deepest rootlet that seeks the central fire, all is aglow with multiform life. Our little kingdom is literally too many for us. We abdicate.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

ROYAL MANNERS OF OLD RUSSIA.

NOw that travel, politics and M. Turgénieff's novels are constantly bringing Russia before us, are we not all struck by our ignorance of that vast country? Some few of us may have been to St. Petersburg and brought away curious fairings from Nijni Novgorod: some few may know the short history of the czars back to Peter the Great, who by an effect of chronological perspective looks about as distant as Charlemagne; but previous to him who can tell us anything about the great conquest of the Golden Horde? The French, who if not the profoundest are the most prying intellects of Europe, are looking into the subject: their literary men are giving us studies on the popular superstitions, ballads, legends—in short, on the folk-lore—of Russia, on her geography and statistics, her manners and customs in times past and present. An industrious Russian, a Mons. Zabiéline, has published a work in two thick volumes on the private life of the czars during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of which an accomplished Frenchman has given a long notice in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The original work is the result of the most extensive and laborious examination into archives and records of every description, from state papers to the account-books of the imperial household. M. Zabiéline gives every detail of the daily life and expenses at the palace, besides throwing light into many obscure corners of history. One of the most interesting subdivisions of his subject is the life of the czarinjas and czarevnas, or imperial princesses, hereditary and elect. The summer palace of the Terem at Moscow, for centuries the residence of the imperial family, is still extant, although imbedded in a mass of wooden buildings: the old portion can be distinguished from the later by its chequered red-and-white roof surmounted by numerous little bright-colored cupolas.

Within, to modern eyes, the apartments look small and dark, but the decoration is gorgeous: the walls and vaulted ceilings are covered with colossal figures of saints with brilliant halos, on a golden background. The suites set apart for the women resembled a series of oratories; texts of Scripture were inscribed on the cornices; in one corner of the anteroom stood a sacred image before which burned a lamp of fine glass or precious metal. Sometimes the whole room, including the floor, was covered with cloth, generally red, green or purple, on which a particolored patchwork of finer materials was stitched; later, stamped and gilded leather tapestry, silk hangings, fresco-painting, and even wall-paper, came in, but not until comparatively recent times. A prominent feature in these rooms was the huge stove of green or blue tiles, such as we still see in many parts of Northern Europe. The furniture consisted of great, clumsy wooden stools and benches, leather divans, large carved chests with silver locks and hinges, such as are to be found now-a-days in peasants' houses, serving either as clothes-press or bed; dressers covered with velvet on which were ranged great gold and silver dishes, samovars or kettles, flagons and goblets encrusted with jewels and of the strangest shapes—cathedrals, elephants, swans. The whole toilette apparatus was contained in a small box—mirror, combs, tweezers and sundry little pots of rouge, white and other cosmetics. A few richly-bound books of devotion, generally in manuscript, ranged on shelves or in cupboards, formed the entire library. Mechanical clocks and other toys from Germany, Eastern carpets and ornaments, swings and cradles hung to the rafters by silken ropes, crept in to help the fair prisoners pass the time. For prisoners they were: harem-life in our days is not so strict as was their seclusion in this gynæcæum. Women were perpetual minors in Russia, the czarinjas

not excepted: if the death of father or husband removed the natural guardian, he was succeeded by brother or uncle. In default of proper male kindred a woman became the ward of the Church. When a czarina traveled or drove abroad it was always in a close-curtained carriage or litter: she never went out on foot save at night, and then surrounded by attendants carrying screens, that no eye might behold her: if any one was so unfortunate or so impudent as to catch a glimpse, death was not thought too severe a punishment for him. Even physicians were allowed to visit the imperial ladies only in the last extremity: the bed-curtains were drawn close, the pulse of the invisible patient alone was to be examined, and that through a wrapping of fine muslin; yet the doctor was often held accountable with his own life for that of his patient. Thus they lived unseen by all the world, and seeing nothing of it except between the folds of their curtains or the chinks of their lattices. Their occupations were chiefly devotional. Silvester, the spiritual director of Ivan the Terrible, drew up a guide for princesses and other women of rank, called *Domostroi, or Domestic Economy*, in which the only recreation allowed in the intervals of prayer and the visits to the numerous chapels of the palace was reading the lives of the saints. At certain seasons of the year pilgrimages to the principal monasteries of Russia were performed by the czarina in great state; and these tedious expeditions were welcomed as a break in the routine of the palace-life—a chance of breathing a different air, of seeing the sunshine, of casting her eyes on a new set of faces. Music, games, even chess, were forbidden: there were no legitimate resources except religious exercises and those of the toilette, which the unfortunate princesses prolonged by the utmost elaboration and by painting every portion of their countenances. Jesters were allowed, so the imperial gynæcæum was filled with dwarfs and buffoons of both sexes. Deformed and abnormal human beings of every description were sought for to beguile the tedium of this insufferable

existence: in their stupid barbarousness they had idiots and maniacs to divert them. It is an immense relief to hear that minstrels were allowed, even in the women's apartments; not gay and gallant troubadours, of course, but old, blind bards, who, however, sang of war and magic and far countries and lovesick princes.

There was one most singular exception to the rule of seclusion and invisibility of the imperial ladies: when the czar entertained a guest of extraordinary distinction, at the close of the banquet the czarina, at her husband's request, descended the staircase which led from her rooms in her royal robes, with a golden goblet in her hand. She first touched it with her own lips and then offered it in turn to the guests, each of whom, after a profound salutation, kissed her. The scene is at once classic and Oriental, full of antique and patriarchal dignity; but one would fancy that the excitement must have been too great for the best-regulated czarina that ever wore a crown; for it is to be remembered that these were not women to the manner born: more than one of them had been a barefoot peasant-girl before her beauty raised her to the imperial bed. Until the schism between the Eastern and Western Church created an insuperable barrier between Roman Catholic princes and those of the Greek communion, the sovereigns of Russia had sought brides among the other thrones of Europe, and sent their daughters and sisters in exchange. While the Lower Empire subsisted even in name, and the Danubian principalities remained to Christendom, the czars could still command a little run-down royalty in marrying. But the capture of Constantinople and the conquest of the adjacent states by the Turks deprived the august suitors of their last resource until the Reformation opened a new door to them. The heiress of the fallen Greek dynasty, Sophia Paleologa, wife of Ivan the Great, introduced Greek influences into the Kremlin. There was said to be a very ancient precedent among the Byzantine emperors for choosing a wife as Ahasuerus chose Esther. Sophia's son, cut

off from all equal choice, sent envoys with letters to all the boyars and princes throughout the empire, commanding them to assist in an examination of the young girls of their respective districts, rich, noble, poor or serf, that a selection might be made and the most beautiful sent to Moscow for his inspection: the inhabitants were warned that any one who disobeyed or tried to conceal his daughter would be visited with condign disgrace and punishment. No one durst disobey the edict: the young girls were passed in review, and fifteen hundred esteemed worthy of their master's approbation were sent to Moscow. To form an idea of the sacrifice we must try to fancy what Russia was in the fifteenth century. Those immense distances, those sparsely-settled districts, those rude habits which dismay the traveler of to-day, when stages and railroads and hotels and all the forms of modern progress are at hand to smooth the path, then presented all their formidable pristine difficulties. The risk, the cost, the fatigue of a journey from the remotest provinces to the capital were appalling. Yet these hardships had to be faced; the tumults of hope and fear controlled, all the hatred and jealousy of rivals encountered, and the bitterness and mortification of disappointment endured. On arriving at Moscow further examinations were made, and various competitors dismissed unseen by the czar, until the number reserved for the actual exhibition was comparatively small. They were all lodged in one large house, and slept in dormitories of twelve beds. In each room was a throne on which the czar seated himself: the young girls knelt before him in turn. After he had contemplated each at his leisure, she dropped a pocket-handkerchief embroidered with pearls at his feet, and withdrew. Ivan the Terrible, the second who adopted this custom, married three times, and always in the same fashion. His first and favorite wife was Anastasia Romanoff. When about to make a third choice two thousand girls were sent from every part of the empire: of these, only eighty-four passed the subsequent examinations, and finally but

twelve, who were then turned over to physicians and midwives for certificates of health. Of this dozen the czar, after much deliberation, chose one for himself and one for his son. Thus in two reigns the custom became fixed in the manners of the nation, and the people soon came to regard it as a right of their daughters, which gave the humblest-born beauty a chance of becoming empress. Thus, a girl who but a few weeks before had been gathering mushrooms in the fields for the support of her family, came to find herself wife of the emperor of all the Russias. How did she adapt herself to such a position? How did the autocrats tolerate her homely ways? The French commentator on M. Zabiéline observes that the difference was but slight then between the daughter of the proudest boyar and the poorest peasant: it is the development of education and luxury which makes the true distinction of classes. In Russia three centuries ago all were nearly equally illiterate and dirty.

When the monarch had made his choice the bride-elect was at once treated as an august personage: she was lodged in the Terem among the sisters or daughters of the czar, in charge of his mother or of ladies of high birth and standing; she was given a coronet such as the imperial princesses wore, and saluted as czarevna; the nobles and officers of the court came to *kiss the cross before her*—*i. e.*, make oath of fidelity; she was publicly prayed for among the members of the imperial family, but under a new name, which she was henceforth to bear, as though rebaptized for her new life. It was a life beset with danger, and the period between the sovereign's choice and the marriage was the most hazardous of all for the object of his favor. The mortality of these young girls, chosen from thousands for their health as well as their beauty, was too terrible to be mysterious. So many of them died before they knelt at the altar or the coronation that the triumph of success did not console them for the terror of the risk they incurred. The czars of Moscow administered the empire as if it were

a patrimony which they had the right to share with their kinsmen and dependants: the state was a mere family property. When the sovereign was young he was generally surrounded and controlled by his maternal relatives; the chief posts were occupied by the next of kin, secondary ones by those more remotely related, while inferior grades were filled by third and fourth cousins; the whole realm was in the hands of one family; the duration of the power of each has a name in Russian history—*vremia*, "the moment;" the leaders were known as "the men of the moment." The czar's marriage was the signal for a general change of ministry. It was rare that the family of the new czarina did not succeed in ousting the incumbents and seizing on their offices; a new "moment" was inaugurated; naturally, the bride's influence was used for her own relations, and whether she exerted it or not, their right was recognized. It is easy to imagine the rage of the one party, the greed of the other—the furious enmity to which the poor young girl often fell a victim. Plots of the blackest description were woven round her from the moment when the crown of the czarevna was placed on her brow: every one employed about the Terem, from those who filled the highest to those who filled the meanest offices, became the object of bribes and intrigues. If she could be made away with before the wedding-day the competition must begin again, with the chance of the successful candidate being a member of the family of "the moment." But even after the marriage she could not feel safe; Ivan the Terrible's first two wives died, as he believed, of poison; no sooner had he chosen a third than she sickened, and efforts were made to induce him to relinquish his choice. He persisted: a fortnight after their union she was dead. Then his fury broke forth and a terrible butchery ensued: in his defence before the bishops of the Church he professed himself convinced that each of his wives had been taken from him by poison.

The young emperor Michael Romanoff was separated from the bride of his

choice by the intrigues of the Soltikoffs, the men of the moment, who bribed the court-physicians to pronounce a slight indisposition (brought on, it was thought, by their drugs) incurable. The young man, who had fallen in love with the girl, resisted to his utmost. He was but twenty, however; the physicians persisted in their declaration; the council of boyars, under pressure of the Soltikoffs, pronounced against the marriage; and the autocrat, overborne, saw the woman he loved and her whole family sent into exile for the pretended deceit they had attempted. He held out for a long time against further projects of marriage, still clinging to the hope of having his bride restored, but circumstances were too much for him: he finally accepted a wife of his mother's choice, Maria Dolgourouki. The day after their nuptials she began to droop, and in three months she was no more.

Another source of anxiety was the question of male heirs. If the czarina did not give her husband a son in due time, she was sent to a convent and he took another wife. Tragic stories are told of the prayers, pilgrimages and anguish of the poor women to whom Heaven sent daughters only. The fate of those daughters was enough in itself to fill them with despondency. There was no husband possible for an hereditary princess of the imperial family: she could not marry a Catholic or an infidel, so that all princely matches were out of the question. Although the czar might choose a consort among the lowest of his serfs, his sister or daughter might not carry the royal blood into the house of the highest boyar or vaivode: to the imperial family every subject was a slave. So, destined to celibacy from the cradle, there was no alternative for these poor princesses between the cloistered life of the Terem and the convent itself. By degrees election to the rank of czarina became a subject of absolute dread to the majority of the Russian nobles, on their own account as well as their daughters'. The emperor Alexis, father of Peter the Great, paying a visit to one of his boyars, was struck with the

order which reigned in his household : the boyar presented to his royal master a young girl, Nathalie Narychkine, orphan of an old friend, whom he had taken home on account of her destitute condition, and who managed his house for him. The czar was extremely struck with her beauty and intelligence : he was a widower. A few days afterward he signified his wish to marry her. The boyar, terrified at the thought of what this tremendous honor might bring down upon himself and his adopted daughter, fell at his sovereign's feet, imploring him at least to observe the customary forms. Accordingly, sixty maidens were assembled at the Kremlin, but Alexis was true to his secret choice, and Nathalie became empress and mother of Peter the Great. Here the old régime ended. That imperial reformer was forced to marry for the first time according to the long-established mode. We all know that the second time he compared and consulted with nobody, and moreover that his ugly and valiant little wife went with him on his travels, to sea, to war. He gave balls to which he bade the nobles bring their wives, threw open the doors of the gynæcæum, tore down the curtains, the screens, the veils, and out rushed all the women of Russia, too much pleased with their freedom to lament their lost chances for the imperial crown.

S. B. W.

ROME IN SUMMER.

EVERYBODY who is anybody has gone away, and Rome is herself again. Yes, herself—her own old self as she used to be, and to a great extent ever will be as soon as she is left to herself. The king has gone ; the ministers have gone ; the foreign diplomatists have gone ; the senators have gone ; the deputies have gone ; the tourists have gone. The foreign residents have flown away in a thousand directions, each to his best-loved summer haunt—some to Italian seaside places and mountain-valleys, some to Switzerland, some to England, some to the Tyrol, and some, even of those who intend to be back again in Rome next winter, to America. And it

is difficult for those who have never witnessed the transformation to conceive the degree and the nature of the change which this summer exodus produces in the aspects and ways of living of the Eternal City. Those who go do so because they for the most part find it intolerable to stay. But those who remain have an air which seems to say, "Poof ! there, that's over ! now let us enjoy ourselves"—the kind of tone which may be observed among a knot of intimates who continue together after a large company of comparative strangers has broken up and taken its departure—a sort of dressing-gown-and-slippers attitude of relief, when the starched proprieties required by the presence of strangers are no longer needed. Modern civilization, a plant of Northern growth, delights in frock-coats, starched shirt-fronts and club-houses in the morning, and swallow-tailed coats, white chokers, hot-meat dinners and hotter ball-rooms in the evening. Your uncivilized Southern man disports himself in Adamitic costume beneath his brilliant skies, and finds his fanciful delight in the mere animal enjoyment of care-free life. Rome and its genuine native population may be figured to one's self as holding a middle and oscillatory position between these two extremes. Wound up, braced up, strung up by her "great destinies," and by the Italian as well as foreign but essentially non-Roman element which makes the Pope's city its home during two-thirds of the year, it swings back like a pendulum in the opposite direction during the remaining third.

Rome lives and is fed by the Italian and transalpine foreign element which makes its home more or less temporarily within its walls. It used in past time to live and be fed by the Catholic sentiment of Europe, which poured into it unfailing supplies of wealth with no stinting hand. Had it possessed neither of these sources of vitality, the seven hills would long ago have become a desert, even as the district around them is a desert. And it is undeniable that when every year Rome sees the exodus from her gates of all that is not Roman, she sees the departure

of her means of living. But she sees also the end of the time of exertion, bustle, activity and labor, loathed as none can loath it save those to whom every exertion of a muscle for whatever purpose is a pain. The time for *dolce far niente* has come: what matter if the time for short commons be come with it? Better, far better, is a dinner of herbs and a nap in the shade than a stalled ox and the necessity of bustling about to get their napoleons from the *forestieri*. No man is so sober and abstemious as your Italian, especially he of Southern Italy. Only do not ask him to work and he will live upon a crust—nay, half a crust—with all the cheerfulness and contentment in life. And Rome is now abundantly content to live in her own easy fashion on what she has been enabled to lay up during the winter and spring.

Let us take a stroll through the listless city; not of course till the "Ave Maria." The afternoon hours have been spent in a siesta, and that finished in a frugal meal taken in thoroughly Roman fashion—in the shirt-sleeves, and with a flask of Velletri on the table; not a black bottle—a thing, however made familiar by foreign habits and demands, utterly unknown to Italian skies and manners (so much so that no word exists in the language to express the thing)—and still less a decanter (the invention of non-wine-producing climes)—but the genuine Italian flask with its rushen "breeching" to protect its infinitely light and fragile body. The rest of the meal will have consisted of a half-starved fowl, some fried artichokes and sliced lemons to squeeze over them which perfume all the room with their fragrance, a salad, some excellent cheese and a few fruits. A cup of coffee, if it may be, and certainly a cigar follow this not apoplectic repast. And then, lazily pulling our coats over unbuttoned waistcoats, we saunter out into the quiet city. The night is not hot. Rome is privileged in this respect. The "notti Romane" are almost always made delicious by a breeze from the not distant Mediterranean. Doctors have probably told you, if you be a Northern

foreigner, that among the foremost of the precautions necessary for the avoidance of Roman fever is that of not going out, save in a closed carriage, at night. But clearly the natives do not observe any such rule, and gradually one lays aside one's thought of fever and does at Rome as Romans do. Perhaps not wisely: I am not pre-, but only de-scribing. I have frequented the streets of Rome at all hours, and never had the fever: that is all I can say. Well, we stroll down the great steps that lead from the Trinità di Monti to the Piazza di Spagna. The whole magnificent flight is shining white in the full moonlight. These stairs used to have a bad name after nightfall in the good old papal times, but that, at least the new régime has changed for the better. They are now as safe as Bond street or Broadway. They are usually the haunt of a picturesque crew of painters' models, old men, women and children, dressed in what is conventionally understood by artists and the foreign visitors, for whom they work, to be the Roman peasant costume, waiting to be hired by their patrons. A good deal of female and childish beauty is often to be seen among this somewhat Bohemian band, but now they are all away, keeping holiday, it is to be supposed, like the rest of the Roman world. We leisurely descend the great steps, all Rome lying at our feet, to find the Piazzi di Spagna almost as deserted. Here and there in the corners of the huge staircase we pass wild and picturesque-looking figures such as Salvator Rosa loved to paint. But they do not detract from the stillness and deserted appearance of the scene, for they are stretched at their full length upon the marble slabs, fast asleep, having retired to their quarters for the night—quarters far more pleasant in every point of view than the hovels which the Roman poor inhabit. But this *al-fresco* sleeping, pleasant as it is and deliciously sweet as the air seems, fills yearly the Roman hospitals with fever patients. The municipality makes laws against it, and even opens dormitories for those who have no lodgings of their own. But laws are not made to be observed in Rome. The cool marble

steps of the Trinità di Monti and of the various churches are far more pleasant than the public dormitories, and the Roman workman follows his taste and his habit.

By the side of the boat-shaped fountain in the Piazza di Spagna a couple of lemonade-sellers' stalls have been established—a special feature in the Roman streets as soon as summer has come and the strangers have gone. A little shelter of wood is run up: a colored calico curtain or two in front, and a gilt-framed looking-glass at the back, with perhaps a plaster bust of the Rè Galantuomo, make the place look smart. A marble counter has been erected in front of the dealer; the water from the fountain has been conveyed to it by a pipe and a cock; an enticing and abundant store of freshly-gathered lemons are piled up behind him, scenting the whole neighborhood with their delicious fragrance. No respectably starched Briton or ditto American would think of stopping to patronize so democratic an establishment when the eyes of all his compatriots were on him. But bah! we are in holiday time now. We stop by the side of a long, attenuated figure dressed in a long, more than threadbare, coat down to the heels, which looks as if it had been by some slight process of conversion made out of a worn-out cassock, while its wizen wearer looks as if he had not tasted any food more nourishing than black coffee and farthing cigars for a fortnight, and demand "Two lemonades." "Whole ones?" asks the seller. Yes—we are in lavish mood—two *whole* lemonades! They stand before us on the wet marble slab in a trice, deliciously cool, and oh, so fragrant! People in London and Paris talk about lemonade, and think they drink it, but nobody who has not drunk lemonade made from fruit just from the tree knows anything about it. I will not deny that a more liberal allowance of the saccharine element would have improved our draught. But the coolness was perfect, the fresh fragrance of the lemon was exquisitely delicious, and the charge one penny (with ten per cent. off for the depreciation of

the paper currency), two cents, seeing that we had gone to the extent of a *whole* drink. Our skin-and-bone *convive* in the cassock-coat had indulged in only *half* a lemonade, price five centimes.

We wander onward toward the Corso, passing a variety of groups turning the public street into their drawing-room with the most perfect disregard and apparent obliviousness of the fact that they are obstructing the public way. The sitters seem to be wholly unconscious of their offence: the passers, who have to find their way round them as they may, appear as wholly unaware that they have anything to complain of. Many of these *al-fresco* family parties manifest a degree of free-and-easy nonchalance in the matter of costume which might seem extreme to Northern eyes if indulged in in the sacred retirement of the family circle. Yet very observable withal among the female component parts of these groups is the essentially Southern characteristic of a frank, unaffected coquetry and attention to the setting off of personal charms, combined with an extreme of slatternliness. The grand forms of full-fleshed Roman matrons, with superb shoulders and well-developed busts, by no means grudgingly displayed by a dirty calico wrapper, alas! no longer white, sit with the airs of a Cleopatra, the centre of admiring circles. "Desinet in—something very disagreeable—mulier formosa superne." Feet clad in dirty, draggled, down-at-heel stockings are thrust into shapeless slippers, and not concealed by any consciousness on the part of the owner that she has anything to hide. But the enormous wealth of coal-black hair has been arranged with consummate art, and made to shine with total disregard of the expenditure of grease. The grand black eyes flash out under brows that have been carefully smoothed, and long lashes the evenness of whose fringe has not been neglected. Such a figure as that described is most characteristically and intensely Italian; and the reader who will reflect a little on the sentiments and habits of mind which cause what the lady exhibits to be exhibited, and what she does *not* con-

ceal to be left open to observation, will find therein a key to two or three notable features of Italian character.

We saunter on into the Corso. What a changed scene from the Corso of a few weeks back! The throng of carriages with fashionably-dressed women in them, and the crowd of pedestrians stationing themselves on the pavement to look at them, were such as to render the street almost impassable. Now not the sound of a wheel is to be heard. The Corso is not so deserted as the other parts of the city, but the passengers are comparatively few, and all are sauntering with an air that unmistakably tells you that the utmost extent of their business in life is to get a whiff or two of the cool evening breeze that is blowing up from Fimmicino. At length we reach the Piazza Colonna, that square space with a Roman column in the middle of which the post-office forms one of the sides. There all the life of the city seems to have concentrated itself. It is a case of plethoric hypertrophy of the heart. The whole piazza is packed as closely as it will hold with rows on rows of rush-bottomed chairs occupied by men, women and children of all sorts and conditions. Among all the faults and virtues of the Italian character social exclusiveness has no place. All are occupied in listening to a band which in the centre of the piazza is playing various pieces of opera music very carelessly and very badly. Italy is *par excellence* the land of music. It has been printed so often that it must be so. But I beg leave to add, as a rider, that it is very much *par excellence* the land of music out of tune. Neither in England nor in Germany, nor indeed, for aught I know, in America, will you hear in a month as many notes from voice or instrument out of tune as you will hear in Italy in a day. Why is this? Certainly not because Italian ears are wanting in quickness to perceive the fault, but, I suppose, from sheer laziness, want of care and want of trouble on the part of the musicians.

We have soon had enough of the music on the piazza, and turn away from it to saunter homeward.

Some day perhaps I may offer the reader some further sketches of the "notti Romane" in the dog-days. But it will not be in this year of grace. For, much of special charm and local coloring as there is in this Southern summer life, too much of it is not good for Northern humanity, and I am off across the mountains to fresh woods and pastures new, whence my readers, if they will give ear to my chat, may perhaps hear from me.

T. A. T.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PURVEYORS OF RAILWAY LITERATURE.

In the very busiest part of that very busy thoroughfare, the Strand, on the site of what was in days gone by a lordly mansion with its gardens sloping to the then translucent Thames, stands a magnificent business building. On that side of it by which you pass from the Strand to the river several peculiar spring-carts are usually waiting, and if you have anything of an observant eye these cannot fail to arrest your attention. Smart, light and strong, with horses groomed in a style which would excite the envy and admiration of the gamest young Jehu who "tools his team" through the mazes of Fairmount or Central Park, you see before you a means perfectly suited to its end—the rapid despatch of news—for these carts bear upon them the words "W. H. Smith & Co., 186 Strand," and the huge handsome stone building is the head-quarters of this great firm.

Thirty-five years ago there lived in a mean thoroughfare not many steps from the aforesaid grand mansion a bookseller in a very moderate way of business, bearing the not uncommon name of the above-mentioned house. He had started with next to nothing, but by degrees crept up into a comfortable business. When the railways began to spread their ramifications through the country he bethought him that people would be wanting some literary *pabulum* to beguile the tedium of a journey, and secured space for a bookstall at one of the principal stations. The thing "took." Another and another bookstall followed, and to-day the great firm of W. H.

Smith & Co. "runs" the railway bookstalls throughout England and Ireland. It does business on a really gigantic scale, and is a power in the state. At Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, Belfast, and other great centres of trade it not only has bookstalls, but large establishments in the city. Even the newspaper magnates of the *Times* and the *Telegraph* have to "kotoo" to these great people, who are the principal dispensers of their wares. It is Messrs. W. H. Smith & Co. who take the first twenty thousand copies of the *Thunderer* published every morning. It is their carts which rattle down the silent street *en route* for the early trains in the small hours. They practically control the news market, for they accommodate the lesser newsmongers. You want three *Times*, four *Telegraphs*, five *Standards*, three *Graphics*, and so on. Well, instead of running about to all their offices, you get them at wholesale price at Smith's, and are secure of having them at the earliest hour possible.

The head of the firm, Mr. W. H. Smith, a man as excellent as he is able, is member of Parliament for Westminster in the Conservative interest, and has great weight in the House. It is very much on the cards that this gentleman, who has ably perfected what his father commenced, will, before he closes his career, write "Right Honorable" before, and "Bart." as well as M. P., after his name, and with the hearty good-will both of Whig and Tory.

A YANKEE CICERONE.

ONE of our cousins from the other side of the water writes us the following account of his stage-ride between Lakes George and Champlain last September:

I was much amused by the oratorical efforts of an unmistakable Yankee who accompanied us in the stage between Ticonderoga and Ti-ha landing, and who

is, I was informed, proprietor of the vehicles. He very frequently ordered our driver to stop, and proceeded to declaim on some object of interest, as, for instance, an oak and an elm which have the same trunk, and of which he said, "What God hath joined let no man put asunder;" and also a spot where he asserted that four thousand Frenchmen defeated sixteen thousand Englishmen. But the best opportunity for the display of his powers was when we arrived at the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga. Here we halted whilst he made us a long speech, the concluding portion of which was, "It was taken from the English by that glorious general, Ethan Allen, since which time the American flag has floated over its walls, and will continue to do so until the day when the angel Gabriel shall stand upon the earth and with loud trump call together the nations of the world." I did not notice his speeches, although several times he said to the occupants of the stage, "I see there are some Englishmen who do not like my remarks;" but when we reached our destination, and most of my fellow-passengers had gathered round him, I said, "You were not strictly correct in saying that the American flag has floated over Fort Ticonderoga since Ethan Allen took it, for General Burgoyne took the fort from the Americans." Our orator was not in the least abashed. He winked at me, and said, "You are quite right, but I merely tell my version of the story;" and then he added, addressing his listeners in a louder voice, "Since this young Englishman has introduced General Burgoyne's name, let me tell him that that general marched from Ticonderoga to Saratoga, where, finding that the waters did not agree with the stomachs of himself and his men, he surrendered to the American general like an English gentleman."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Recent Art and Society, as Described in the Autobiography and Memoirs of Henry Fothergill Chorley. Compiled from the edition of Henry G. Hewlett. By C. H. Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Passages from the Life of Charles Knight. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Memoir-writing is, without doubt, one of the "lost arts." Like the kindred arts of conversation and letter-writing, now equally extinct, it reached its apogee in the last century, when all the refinements of life, in a highly concentrated form, were the monopoly of a class which knew for the most part no higher objects than luxury and amusement, but pursued them with a discrimination and delicacy of taste that might almost be styled aesthetic. That was the age of celebrities and of bon-mots, as ours is the age of notoriety and hubbub. The world will never know the distinguished men and women of the nineteenth century as it knows those of the eighteenth, for instead of clear artistic delineations revealing the subject and its surroundings, it will have only piecemeal representations from which to form a confused and indistinct image. Biography now-a-days is either a mere record of intellectual and spiritual activity and growth, or it is a medley composed of scraps of diaries and letters, anecdotes of which the main interest generally consists in their relating to persons of note, facts and memoranda which would scarcely hold the reader's attention if they related to his own grandmother, and whatever else may serve to make up a jumble which is put forth as a picture of a man and of his times. This pretence is emphasized in the case of Chorley's *Autobiography, Memoir and Letters* by the misleading title given to the American edition. Of "art and society" the book affords the merest glimpses, some notices and criticisms of musical composers and performers being all it has to offer on the former subject, while its connection with the latter seems to be founded on its mention of the many persons, chiefly literary celebrities, with whom Chorley was acquainted, and the sketches and anecdotes he has given of a few of them. His best descriptions are those of Rogers, Lady Morgan and Paul de Kock, but even

these are rather analytical or explanatory than graphic and lifelike. Chorley's true field was criticism, and his failure as a novelist is sufficiently accounted for by the lack displayed in his reminiscences of any vivid power of characterization. The more intimately he knew people the less he seems to have been able to portray them, for he then goes into particulars of a mere negative kind, such as the fact that Rogers and Lady Morgan had no musical taste or knowledge; which only his personal interest in the deficiency would have led him to note. As a musical critic Chorley attained a reputation and authority not undeserved, though partly due to the influence wielded by a journal which during the early years of his connection with it had no competitor as an arbiter of the public taste. His judgments were distinguished less by originality or subtle penetration than by the union of competent knowledge, well-trained perceptions and an appreciative if not absolutely unprejudiced spirit with clearness and vigor of expression. His early life and the struggles through which he broke away from uncongenial pursuits, and gained the position for which he was best fitted, are related in the autobiographical portion of the book, which, if it lacks the vivacity that might have made it a suitable companion to the *Diary and Correspondence of Moscheles*, contains a good deal that is readable along with much that will bear to be skimmed.

Not so much can be said of or for Charles Knight's *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century*, this being the title of the work in its original, unabridged form. It is a disappointing book, for Mr. Knight's long career covered an eventful period, and brought him in contact with people who had something to do with making it eventful. Unhappily, the idea of writing such a record came to him at late period of life, without any due preparation, any adequate materials, or, it would seem, any just notion of the requirements of his self-appointed task. "I never kept a diary," he tells us; "I was not always careful in preserving letters;" and he seems to have considered his neglect on these points a considerable advantage by obliging him to have recourse to "association" in aid

of his memory, "as the Indian can see his road by old footmarks which he alone can recognize." In Mr. Knight's case the old tracks are recognizable by most people, being mostly such events as are already sufficiently well known, while his qualities as a companionable guide do not often tempt us to retrace the route. Very few of the details he gives us are either curious or enlivening. The establishment of the Useful Knowledge Society and of its organs, the *Penny Magazine* and *Penny Cyclopaedia*, is a subject which cannot be made exciting at the present day even by the exhibition of the balance-sheets of outlays and receipts; and the same remark applies to other meritorious enterprises in which Mr. Knight had a prominent share as founder or agent. Proper names, like those of Brougham, Macaulay, Praed and De Quincey meet us on every page, but after due trial fail to excite a magic strong enough to arrest the hand which diligently turns the leaves. At the accounts of two incidents only has it gained a brief respite—one being an illustration of the immense stride made in a certain direction during the last half century, as evidenced by the treatment received by the representatives of the press on the occasion of a public ceremonial; the other, a little scene in a publisher's sanctum, which aspirants to literary distinction will, we fear, be disposed to regard as a proof of the stationary condition of one important matter in a world otherwise subject to change: "A. 'I presume, sir, you have at length been able to peruse my novel?'—C. 'H'm! chair . . . my reader . . . clever . . . not quite adapted to public taste . . . glut . . . trade very dull . . . perhaps next season.'—A. 'Would a volume of poems?'—C. 'Poems? . . . oh! . . . drug . . .'—A. 'But so many come out!'—C. 'Yes . . . on commission . . . Messrs. —— will publish for you . . . print on your own account . . . sell five-and-twenty . . . not our line . . . excuse . . . gentleman waiting.'"

The Land of the White Elephant. By Frank Vincent, Jr. With Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If the course of empire takes its way toward the West, that of travel seems at present to be tending mostly Eastward, in which direction it may still be supposed to run with as little smoothness as that of true love. Mr. Vincent, however, spares us the recital of any

difficulties or embarrassments he may have encountered, and makes no effort to arouse admiration for his adventurous spirit or for his keenness and coolness in dealing with coolies and compradors. With a still rarer self-denial he omits the narrative of his three years' journey round the globe (which in the same space of time had itself made so many noiseless revolutions), and confines his account to "Farther India," or the countries of Burmah, Siam, Cambodia and Cochin-China. This is, indeed, not untrdden ground: on the contrary, it is perhaps that portion of the East which, next to British India, has been most frequently explored and fully described by travelers from the West. But we shall not easily be surfeited with information in regard to a land teeming with population and with the evidences of an extinct civilization, as well as of a present civilization scarcely less curious. Moreover, almost all Eastern countries are now in the transitional state occasioned by the introduction and assimilation of Western customs, and it is not undesirable to note the progress of this change and the results produced by it at every stage. At present it is chiefly in the habits and ideas of the princes and of the noble and wealthier classes that the mingling of two opposite currents is conspicuously observable; but it is gradually affecting the mass of the population, and already we are obliged to abandon our notion—never, probably, a correct one—of the Oriental character as sluggish and stationary. The court of Siam, with its American-taught and English-speaking kings, has been made of late tolerably familiar to American readers, partly through articles in this Magazine. Mr. Vincent's descriptions are those of a traveler, not of a resident; yet he gives us some interesting details, while his account of the king of Cambodia—an intelligent little man having bare feet and blackened teeth, but wearing a stem-winding repeater that told the days of the week and month and the stages of the moon, having atlases and a pictorial History of England on his table, and living in a splendid palace of modern and convenient construction—is more novel and striking. But the most valuable portion of the book, though one in which the writer has had the aid of able guides, is that which relates to the wonderful ruins of Angkor, supposed to have been the capital of the ancient kingdom of Khaman. Here, as in Egypt, Assyria and Peru, are abounding remains of an unknown

past that excelled the known ages that have succeeded it in the knowledge of art and in the grandeur of its conceptions. M. Mouhot pronounces one of the temples at Angkor "grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome," and Mr. Vincent declares that "the first view of the ruins is almost overwhelming." When to the impressions produced by the magnitude, elegant proportions and high finish of detail is added the mystery of its origin—the unsolvable problem of when or by whom it was built—the beholder may be supposed to have at command all the elements of a first-class sensation. Mr. Vincent, happily, does not write in a sensational style, but in an unpretentious and unaffected manner, which, if it leaves something to be desired in the way of vivid painting, commends the writer to our confidence and respect. The illustrations—gathered, we apprehend, from various sources—add to the value as well as beauty of the volume, which readers, whether in search of entertainment or of instruction, cannot afford to overlook.

The Maid of Orleans: An Historical Tragedy. By George H. Calvert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Voltaire wrote a long poem and Schiller a tragedy on the story of Joan of Arc, but neither of them certainly came before the public in a white muslin volume bearing on one side a dark-blue shield stamped with golden fleurs-de-lis and a sword supporting a royal crown on its point. It is in this garb, at once chaste and heroic, that Mr. Calvert's Maid of Orleans presents herself. We open the book and find that there are over thirty *dramatis personæ*, besides "priests, knights, sergeants, heralds, citizens, soldiers." Yet so sprightly are these figures that the action is not hampered by any unnecessary delays:

Emily. From Poitiers yesterday there was no courier:
Is't not a sign that father's coming home?
Duchess. Ha! here he is. (*Enter the Duke of Alençon.*) ACT II. Scene 2.
Emily. Oh, father, shall I not see her again?
Alençon. Thou shalt. . . . Thou'l hardly know her,
Attended as she is with martial suite
Of heralds, squire and chaplain. Here she is. (*Enter the Maid.*) ACT II. Scene 2.
Mother. Where is son Pierre, who would go with her?
Why does he not come back? (*Enter Pierre.*) ACT IV. Scene 3.
Mr. Calvert's respect for history has pre-

vented his introducing any character, incident or expression of an imaginative origin, with the exception of an episode which was too easily suggested not to have been used by other writers, though his mode of introducing it is all his own:

King. Thou must let thy king give thee, dear Maid,
Warm tokens of his gratitude, his love. (*He puts his arm round her waist.*)
Maid (starting away from him). Avaunt!
Act V. Scene 2.

Now and then a Shakespearian sound is given to the verse by such epithets as "green, unfurnished girls," and the mention of the various dukes who figure in the play by the short forms of "Alençon," "Vendôme," "Burgundy," etc.; but the resemblance does not go far enough to be spoken of as a fault. The author, as his previous writings have shown, is a man of cultivation and reflection: he knows the rules of English composition and when to call in "alliteration's artful aid"—witness the speech he puts into "Alençon's" mouth when accused of laughing at the Maid's high claims. The angels, he says, were he disposed to smile, would

Smash on my lips such smile—a smile sardonic.

Our space does not admit of further analysis, which indeed the simplicity of the construction makes superfluous. Joan's execution is accompanied by a grand transformation scene and tableau: "*Above the smoke the Maid is seen to ascend, stretching out her hands in attitude of blessing. Angels just over her.*" The people, horror-stricken and convinced, fall on their knees, crying,
O God! have mercy on us! mercy! mercy! (*The curtain falls.*)

Books Received.

- Beaten Paths; or, A Woman's Vacation. By Ella W. Thompson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Kindergarten Toys, and How to Use Them. By Heinrich Hoffmann. New York: E. Steiger.
History of the International. By Susan M. Day. New Haven: George H. Richmond.
The Promise and the Promiser. By Anna Shipton. Boston: Henry Hoyt.
Tempest-Tossed. By Theodore Tilton. New York: Sheldon & Co.
Across America. By James F. Rusling. New York: Sheldon & Co.